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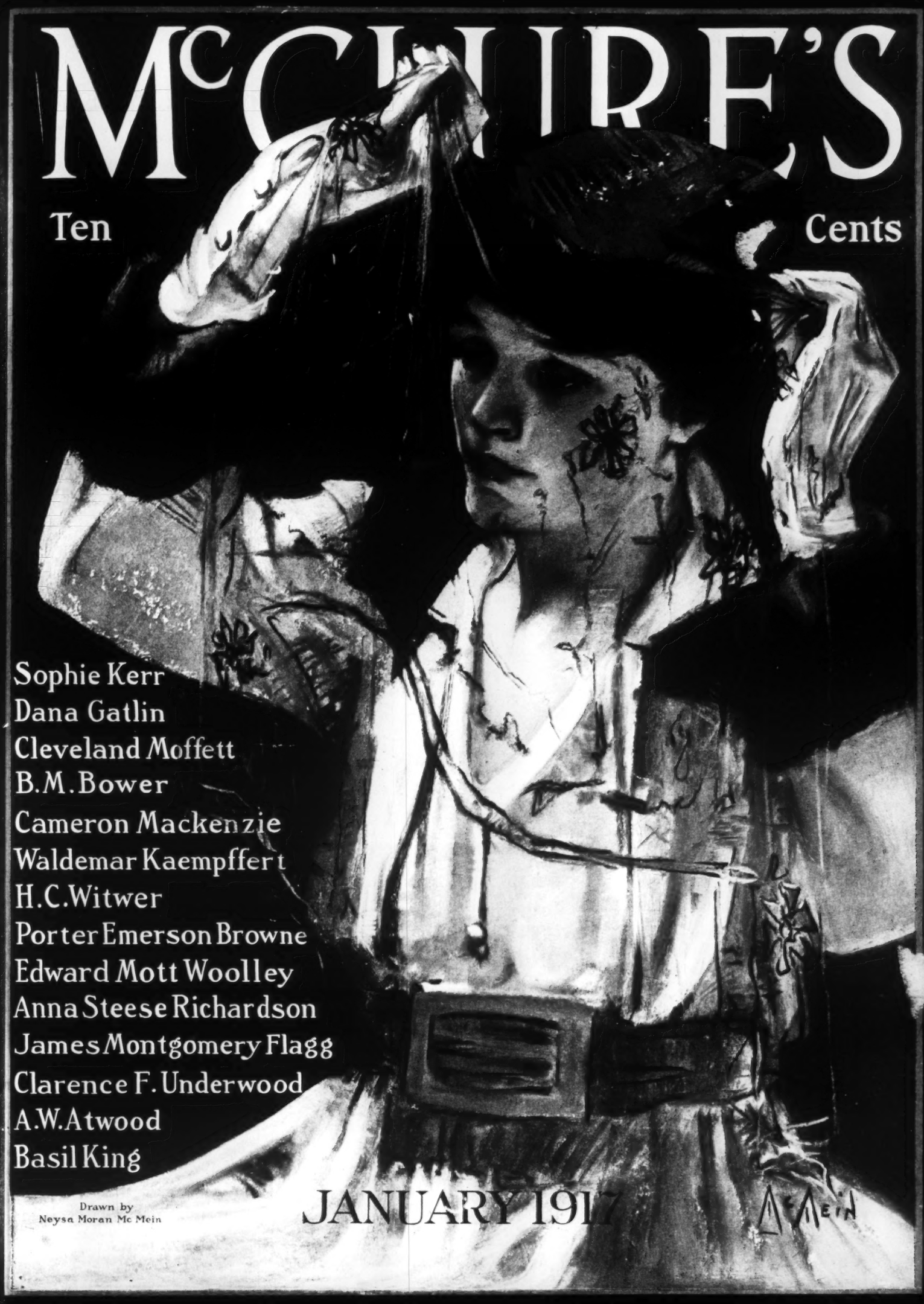

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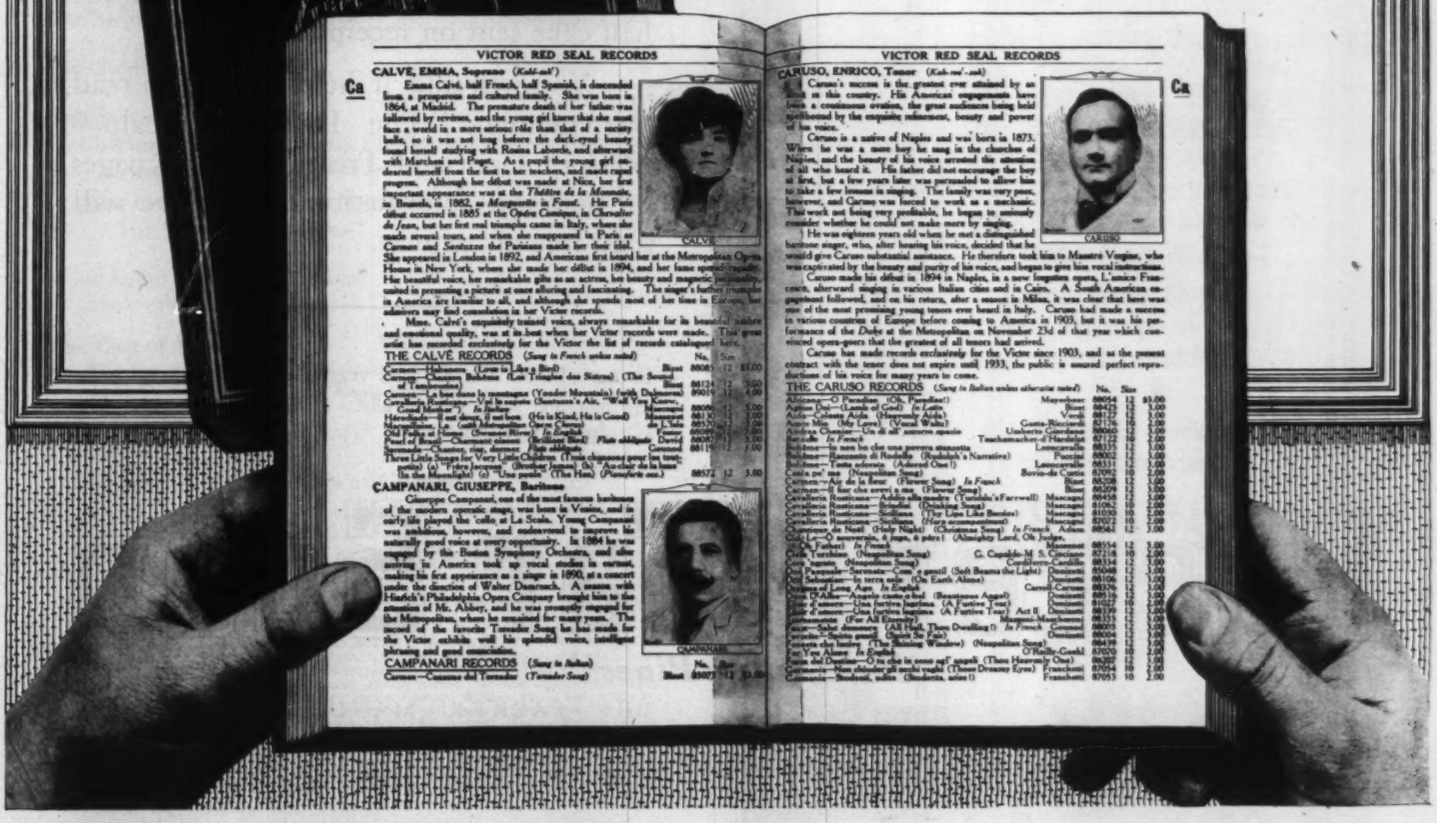

VICTOR RED SEAL RECORDS

CALVÉ, EMMA, Soprano (*Kahl-vay'*)

Ca

CALVÉ

Emma Calvé, half French, half Spanish, is descended from a prosperous and cultured family. She was born in 1864, at Madrid. The premature death of her father was followed by reverses, and the young girl knew that she must face a world in a more serious rôle than that of a society belle, so it was not long before the dark-eyed beauty found herself studying with Rosine Laborde, and afterward with Marchesi and Puget. As a pupil the young girl endeared herself from the first to her teachers, and made rapid progress. Although her début was made at Nice, her first important appearance was at the *Théâtre de la Monnaie*, in Brussels, in 1882, as *Marguerite in Faust*. Her Paris début occurred in 1885 at the *Opéra Comique*, in *Chevalier de Jean*, but her first real triumphs came in Italy, where she made several tours, and when she reappeared in Paris as *Carmen* and *Santuzza* the Parisians made her their idol. She appeared in London in 1892, and Americans first heard her at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, where she made her début in 1894, and her fame spread rapidly. Her beautiful voice, her remarkable gifts as an actress, her beauty and magnetic personality, united in presenting a picture at once alluring and fascinating. The singer's further triumphs in America are familiar to all, and although she spends most of her time in Europe, her admirers may find consolation in her Victor records.

Mme. Calvé's exquisitely trained voice, always remarkable for its beautiful timbre and emotional quality, was at its best when her Victor records were made. This great artist has recorded exclusively for the Victor the list of records catalogued here.

THE CALVÉ RECORDS (*Sung in French unless noted*)

		No.	Size	
Carmen—Habanera (Love is Like a Bird)	Bizet	88085	12	$5.00
Carmen—Seguidilla (Les Tringles des Sistres) (The Sound of Tambourines)	Bizet	88124	12	3.00
Carmen—Le bon dieu la montagne (Yonder Mountain) (with Dalmorès)	Bizet	95019	12	4.00
Cavalleria Rusticana—Voi lo sapete (Santuzza's Aria, "Well You Know, Good Mother") *In Italian*	Mascagni	88086	12	5.00
Hérodiade—Il est doux, il est bon (He is Kind, He is Good)	Massenet	88110	12	3.00
Orfeo—Che faro senza Euridice (Orfeo Gluck)	Gluck	88570	12	3.00
Old Folks at Home (Swanee River) *In English*	Foster	88087	12	3.00
Pearl of Brazil—Charmant oiseau (Brilliant Bird) *Flute obbligato*	David	88088	12	3.00
Serenade—Chantez, ris, dormez (Sing, Smile, Slumber)	Gounod	88119	12	3.00
Three Little Songs for Very Little Children (Trois chansons pour les tout-petits) (a) "Faire broyer" (Breaking Beans) (b) "Au clair de la lune" (In the Moonlight) (c) "Un matin" (The Hen) *(Pianoforte acc.)*		88572	12	3.00

CAMPANARI, GIUSEPPE, Baritone

CAMPANARI

Giuseppe Campanari, one of the most famous baritones of the modern operatic stage, was born in Venice, and in early life played the 'cello at La Scala. Young Campanari was ambitious, however, and endeavored to improve his naturally good voice at every opportunity. In 1884 he was engaged by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and after arriving in America took up vocal studies in earnest, making his first appearance as a singer in 1890, at a concert under the direction of Walter Damrosch. A season with Grau's Philadelphia Opera Company brought him to the attention of Mr. Abbey, and he was promptly engaged for the Metropolitan, where he remained for many years. The record of the favorite Toreador Song he has made for the Victor exhibits well his splendid voice, intelligent phrasing and good enunciation.

CAMPANARI RECORDS (*Sung in Italian*)		No.	Size	
Carmen—Canzone del Toreador	(*Toreador Song*)	Bizet 95073	12	$3.00

VICTOR RED SEAL RECORDS

CARUSO, ENRICO, Tenor (*Kah-roo'-soh*)

Ca

CARUSO

Caruso's success is the greatest ever attained by an artist in this country. His American engagements have been a continuous ovation, the great audiences being held spellbound by the exquisite refinement, beauty and power of his voice.

Caruso is a native of Naples and was born in 1873. When he was a mere boy he sang in the churches of Naples, and the beauty of his voice arrested the attention of all who heard it. His father did not encourage the boy at first, but a few years later was persuaded to allow him to take a few lessons in singing. The family was very poor, however, and Caruso was forced to work as a mechanic. That work not being very profitable, he began to seriously consider whether he could not make more by singing.

He was eighteen years old when he met a distinguished baritone singer, who, after hearing his voice, decided that he would give Caruso substantial assistance. He therefore took him to Maestro Vergine, who was captivated by the beauty and purity of his voice, and began to give him vocal instructions.

Caruso made his début in 1894 in Naples, in a now forgotten opera, L'amico Francesco, afterward singing in various Italian cities and in Cairo. A South American engagement followed, and on his return, after a season in Milan, it was clear that here was one of the most promising young tenors ever heard in Italy. Caruso had made a success in various countries of Europe before coming to America in 1903, but it was his performance of the Duke at the Metropolitan on November 23rd of that year which convinced opera-goers that the greatest of all tenors had arrived.

Caruso has made records exclusively for the Victor since 1903, and as the present contract with the tenor does not expire until 1933, the public is assured perfect reproductions of his voice for many years to come.

THE CARUSO RECORDS (*Sung in Italian unless otherwise noted*)

		No.	Size	
Africana—O Paradiso (Oh, Paradise!)	Meyerbeer	88054	12	$3.00
Aida—Celeste Aida (Heavenly Aida)	Verdi	88422	12	3.00
Amico Mio (My Love) (Vocal Waltz)	Gaeta-Bicciardi	87176	10	2.00
Andrea Chenier—Un di all' azzurro spazio	Umberto Giordano	87122	10	2.00
Carmen—*In French*	Tschaikowsky-d'Heralde	87122	10	2.00
Boheme—Io non ho che una povera stanzetta	Leoncavallo	88335	12	3.00
Boheme—Ah Mimi tu più non torni (Rodolfo's Narrative)	Puccini	88002	12	3.00
Boheme—Testa adorata (Adored One!)	Leoncavallo	88331	12	3.00
Canta per me (Neapolitan Song)	Bovio-de Curtis	87092	10	2.00
Carmen—Air de la fleur (Flower Song) *In French*	Bizet	88208	12	3.00
Carmen—Il fior che avevi a me (Flower Song)	Bizet	88209	12	3.00
Cavalleria Rusticana—Addio alla mamma (Turiddu's Farewell)	Mascagni	87058	10	2.00
Cavalleria Rusticana—Brindisi (Drinking Song)	Mascagni	61062	10	2.00
Cavalleria Rusticana—Siciliana (The Lily Girl Bertha)	Mascagni	61030	10	2.00
Cavalleria Rusticana—Siciliana (Have a commandment)	Mascagni	87027	10	2.00
Campana di Natal (Holy Night) (Christmas Song) *In French*	Adam	88541	12	3.00
Faust—O sovrano, o re, o padre! (Almighty Lord, Oh Judge, Father) *In French*	Meyerbeer	88354	12	3.00
Forsythia (Neapolitan Song)	G. Cappelle-M. S. Corcoran	87218	10	2.00
Core 'ngrato (Neapolitan Song)	Cardillo-Cardillo	88334	12	3.00
Del Sebastiano—Serenata (Oh, I am small (Soft Beams the Light)	Denza	88333	12	3.00
Del Sebastiano—In terra ogle (On Earth Alone)	Denza	88106	12	3.00
Dream of Love, Ages *In English*	Carroll-Caruso	88376	12	3.00
Elisir D'Amore—Una furtiva lagrima (Beauteous Agnes)	Donizetti	88139	12	3.00
Elisir d'amore—Una furtiva lagrima (A Furtive Tear)	Donizetti	61027	10	2.00
Elisir d'amore—Una furtiva lagrima (A Furtive Tear) Act II	Donizetti	88139	12	3.00
Entreaty (For All Eternity)	Mascagni-Mascheroni	88333	12	3.00
Faust—Salve dimora casta e pura (Thou Dwelling!) *In French*	Gounod	88031	12	3.00
Fenesta—Spirto gentil (Gentle Sir Fair)	Donizetti	88004	12	3.00
Fenesta che lucive (The Shining Window) (Neapolitan Song)		88439	12	3.00
Fior 'Ca Alane *In English*	O'Reilly-Gerald	87070	10	2.00
Forza del Destino—O tu che in seno agli angeli (Thou Heavenly One)		88307	12	3.00
Germania—Non chiudere gli occhi vaghi (Thou Dreamy Eyes)	Franchetti	87054	10	2.00
Germania—Studenti, udite (Students, listen!)	Franchetti	87053	10	2.00

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Volume XLVIII
Number 3

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

JANUARY
1917

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Editor* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

The Bitterest Pill

Another Absorbing Story of Men, Women, and Politics

by

SOPHIE KERR

Mrs. Ashe had been sitting there all the time. What had she heard?

IN Miss Janey Pennewill's prim head there is a local Almanach de Gotha, a spicy and complete backstairs memoir of her times, and a manual of etiquette for official society, gathered with a terrifying thoroughness from years of society reporting in Washington. Since life has never brought her any warm and engrossing personal interests she has focused her attention on the beings who figure in her columns, and she knows them — their family trees, their incomes, their pretensions, their possibilities, their hopes, their scandals, open and hidden.

Under these circumstances, it is natural that when Miss Janey honors you with a story from the past, you listen, for she has had a keen eye for the dramatic interplay of human strength and weakness, folly and wisdom, gaiety and sadness, that makes high lights on any picture of the Capitol City. Moreover, Miss Janey does not hesitate to call a spade a spade.

"What I can never understand," she said to me, one heavenly Sunday afternoon in April, when we had walked out to the Mall, "is the itch people get to know people who don't want to know 'em. I tell you, my dear, I was a girl of sixteen when the war broke out, and my best friend said to me (and she was naturally as gentle, lovable a creature as ever breathed, but she was a Northerner), and she said to me, 'Janey — I hope to wade knee deep in Southern blood,' and I answered back that I should never see the Stars and Stripes again without spitting on it. It sounds perfectly ridiculous now — but that's the way we felt then. Feeling was certainly high. But upon my word, it's mild compared to the feeling between women in society every day about invitations, or precedence, or just plain jealousy. I've seen such things ——"

She waited — her mild gray eyes fixed on a carriage drawn by handsome bay horses, whose showy prancings seemed old-fashioned amongst the darting motors. And then she told me this story:

Whenever I see a pair of fine bay horses like that I think of Mrs. Haley, for hers were shiny and prancy, and the harness was silver-mounted, and the carriage varnish-glittered — she liked things high-colored and gay. She was part of it, for she was yellow-haired and had pink-and-white skin and bright blue eyes and a figure like an hour-glass — that was the style then. It would have just about killed Mrs. Haley to go around in these straight up-and-down Mother Hubbard dresses the women wear nowadays. She had a fine, full figure.

Women don't take to that type usually, but I liked her from the very first time I put my eyes on her. Colonel Henry G. Driggins was the owner of the *World* then, and on account of him being distantly connected, I had accepted a position on his newspaper — conducting the society column. He'd met Mrs. Haley somewhere, and when she came to Washington, she landed right over in his office first thing.

After she left, Colonel Driggins sent his personal messenger to ask me if I would favor him by calling in at his office. When I went over there presently, he rose and placed a chair for me and he said:

"Miss Janey, how would you like to take a position as social mentor to a wealthy widow from the North?"

"Mercy, Cousin Henry G.," I said, "it sounds intriguing. Who is she?"

"It's Mrs. Matthew Henderson Haley — Haley's Digestive Pellets! She has purchased a magnificent residence on Dupont Circle, and is having it thoroughly renovated and newly decorated, sparing no expense. She expects to reside there and enjoy Washington society."

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"She has just as much chance," I said, "as the office cat."

"H'm — I'm not so sure," said the Colonel. "You don't know what her income is. Be that as it may she desires to have a house-companion, a lady of family and good breeding, who can arrange her social campaign and prevent any blunders. I thought the position might interest you, especially as the remuneration would be ample."

That did interest me — I admit it. "Your position on the *World*," went on Cousin Henry G., "would always be open to you if you found Mrs. Haley uncongenial."

So then I went around to the hotel where Mrs. Haley was stopping and called on her. She had rented a big suite of rooms, furnished with every elegance, and she had pots of growing flowers and bowls and vases of cut ones all around. I don't believe I ever knew a woman who was so fond of flowers. There was a real businesslike looking desk, too, with letters and piles of papers all over figures, and right down on those figures pink rose petals were dropping from a great bowl of roses.

Then she came in, looking more like a handsome wax doll than a live woman. But with her first words I knew she wasn't any doll, but a great big live personality, ambitious and eager and smart, but kind of lovable, like a child, too.

"Wouldn't it be better for you," I said, for I wanted to be fair, "to get somebody who's in society, rather than somebody who simply knows about it? There are plenty of poor relations who are available — I could get you one woman who's sister to an admiral, and goes everywhere."

Mrs. Haley considered, and then, in that high, sweet, unfinished voice of hers that didn't go a bit with her appearance, she said, hesitating: "I'm afraid she'd be patronizing. You see, Miss Pennewill, I know a good many people here that I've met at Saratoga, and Old Point and Cape May, but my life's been different from most women's. I married young." She stopped and looked me square in the eyes. "I like you," she said. "I'm going to tell you things straight. I was rolling pills in Matt Haley's first little factory, and getting two dollars and a half a week for it, when he saw me and fell in love with me and married me. My people thought he was a godsend, and I thought so, too, for I was nothing but an ignorant girl and we were poor — as dirt. I've taken off my shirtwaist and washed and ironed it and put it back on again many a time — it was the only one I had. And I usually went barefoot in the house, to save wear on my shoes and stockings."

"I've been poor myself," I told her — though, heaven knows, I'd never been white-trash poor like that.

"After Mr. Haley began making money, I studied some, but I didn't make much headway. And I watched everybody at the hotels who was anybody and saw how they did things. But there is always a difference between people who imitate and people who do things because they've been brought up to it. I never felt easy. So now you see why I don't want a woman who's had the real thing all her life. I want somebody who will be just plain business — *but* — she's got to know as much as the other kind. Do you see?"

"Yes," I said. "I see perfectly. I reckon we would get along."

"I think so, too," she said. "When can you come?"

It was all settled just like that. Within a week I was living at the hotel with her and drawing a salary that fairly made my eyes stick out. I went so far as to tell Mrs. Haley it was too much.

"It's not too much," she said, "for I'm satisfied that you're the one I need. If I didn't think that, I'd never pay so much. I'm too good a business woman for that."

And a business woman she was. All that great big patent-medicine concern had been bequeathed to her, and she managed it. She had an advisory board — lawyers, gray old crabbed things — and she had managers for all the different departments, but she kept her hands right on everything, and if things weren't moving the way she thought they should, she moved 'em.

Every morning of the world she'd sit at that desk, with its bowl of flowers, and she in a silk and lace negligée, looking like a fancy picture, and she'd go over reports and figures and dictate letters that fairly made my head ache to hear. As long as I've worked, I've never called myself a business woman since I knew Mrs. Haley. I wouldn't have the face to do it.

But it was about the business that we had our first argument. She'd had some new visiting-cards engraved, and spelt her name H-a-l-e-i-g-h — and when she brought them to me, I said they wouldn't do. She must spell her name right.

"I thought — I thought — if I spelled it differently, Miss Pennewill, lots of people who didn't know me wouldn't connect me up with the business. Everybody looks down on patent medicine so and makes so much fun of it." She said it wistfully, like a child.

"You can't hide the business," I told her, "and so the thing to do is to acknowledge it, and if people make fun of it, make fun of it, too. You needn't feel sensitive about it — my heavens, look at the Baltimore smart set — it's full of patent-medicine fortunes — and Philadelphia's got a touch of it, too. You'll have to learn not to mind."

Sophie Kerr, who is writing this big series of political stories

She thought it over. "That's sense," she said finally, and threw the box of cards into the wastebasket.

I had plenty of work to do from the first, for I meant to have Mrs. Haley properly press-agented, and I began by not having her press-agented at all. I wouldn't give out her photographs, or any information about how she was having the big house she'd bought on the Circle done over. I wouldn't let the contractor or the architect talk, but now and then, little dribs of information got about — that she was having the whole interior made over like a historic Italian castle; that the ceilings and the fireplaces had been brought direct from Italy and the furnishings would come from there, too. It roused up the whole curiosity of Washington, and that means a lot.

Then my next move was the charity game — it's been worked by every climber who ever got on the social ladder, I suppose, and it always will be. It is not so good a lever in Washington as it is in New York, but it helps quite materially. Mrs. Haley gave subscriptions to a good many charities and finally we got what I was fishing for — an invitation for her to serve on the board of one of them, where there were two or three women she'd positively have to know if she was going to be anything. She held off a little, but not enough to let them withdraw the invitation, and finally she reluctantly accepted. I wouldn't let her go to every meeting — just enough so as to keep her place on the board and meet the others. Heaps of women who get a chance like this spoil it all by over-eagerness.

MEANWHILE, I'd taken Mrs. Haley in hand personally and I will say that she was as docile as a child. First of all, her clothes. I put her on a color scheme — black, white, emerald green and gray. Nothing but that. It gave her distinction, and would make a good newspaper story after she'd arrived. Pinks and baby-blues and lavenders, that she was fond of, I made her discard. "They make you look theatrical," I said, "and you can't afford to look theatrical — yet."

The hardest work for us both was when I began to teach her to talk. I made her talk, almost all the time. A woman who wants to get into society can't have any better gift than easy conversation. I talked to her at meals, and made her answer — I talked to her when we drove, or when we walked, and made her express herself. It was a regular current-events class mostly, and though at first it nearly killed both of us, pretty soon she began to respond. She began to read the papers more closely and form opinions, and argue. She had a good natural mind, you see, only she'd never used it that way.

It was interesting to see how it all changed her. Her voice took on deeper cadences and had more meaning; her face got less doll-like, and her manner was easier. She'd been beautiful before, but she was interesting now. More magnetic. She was pointed out a great deal.

Yes, it all worked out perfectly. And, to cap the climax, just before we were ready to move into the new house, Mrs. Haley came in from one of the board-of-charities meetings all excited.

"Miss Pennewill," she said, before she even took a glove off, "I've met Mrs. Ashe."

"Really!" I exclaimed, as excited as she was. "Tell me about it."

"She came with Miss Totten," said Mrs. Haley, "and she sat right beside me. Miss Totten asked her so that she could give us a little talk about the infirmary — it seems they've built a model infirmary in some institution Mrs. Ashe is interested in — so she told us about it. Isn't she wonderful?"

"Did you meet her?" I asked. I was afraid they'd put something over on Mrs. Haley. Those women liked her money, but they weren't above doing mean things to her.

"Yes, I met her," said Mrs. Haley. "She was pleasant — not cordial. She spoke of the house — just a word."

"Aha!" I said. "Then she wants to see the inside of it. What did you say?"

"I just smiled," said Mrs. Haley, "and told her that I'd enjoyed planning it."

"Splendid," I said. "Just right! It looks as though the most of our work was done before we even get started."

For if there was any leader in Washington society with real power, it was Mrs. Ashe. She had everything — her husband had been the leader of his party in Congress for eighteen years! Think of it. And they had no end of money — most of it was hers, but he had some. Over and above this, she had the genius for social leadership. She always did the right thing at the right time, in her own individual way. She entertained royally, and what is more, her parties weren't dull.

She wasn't a good-looking woman — she didn't even dress well. But she was like royalty — absolutely assured. She took her place as if it was divine right. And yet, she wasn't arrogant. Just assured.

If she took up Mrs. Haley, Mrs. Haley was made — socially. But she hadn't taken her up yet and there was one big obstacle — *men*.

Men followed Mrs. Haley just as naturally and as persistently as the lamb followed Mary. It's just the same with any of those big blonde women, with the blue eyes and the ultra-feminine voice. Add a great, whacking fortune to it, and you can imagine!

One-half my time while I was with Mrs. Haley I spent just shooing men away, telling them she wasn't at home, making myself an unpleasant third party when they called, and advising her what to say when they wrote letters and notes. Goodness gracious, but she had to be careful. There was a young attaché belonging to one of the South American legations — he was always hanging around, threatening to commit suicide. I told him once I'd cheerfully get him some strychnine if he'd only keep his word and take it. And there were others — heaps of others — married and single — we're very continental in our standards in Washington, you know.

There was one thing that favored Mrs. Haley, and that is that there are always certain types of women who will be friendly with a woman who has men dangling after her. They figure that if the men are there, they are sure of getting some attention, even if they're not the center of attraction. The only trouble with that phase of woman-nature is that it isn't the most desirable women socially who are that kind. Still, a few of them might do. We just had to have some women, now that we'd actually got into the new house.

It was a perfect rapture, that house. It was dark and somber and yet full of color; and though the furniture was big, it wasn't clumsy or ugly. As you walked through it, you got picture after picture, one room leading up to the vista of another. It wasn't too perfect, or too much like an art gallery, either. It was livable. Of course, I didn't belong in it, but to see Mrs. Haley trail down that staircase, in gray brocade and emeralds, with her hair shining gold under the lights and her arms and shoulders as white as milk — well, it made me think of Venetian princesses and doges and gondolas.

"What are we going to do?" she'd ask me, over and over again. At last I had an inspiration. "You shall give a series of breakfasts," I said. "Nobody's ever done it, so it will be a novelty. It doesn't need a big list of guests and if any of 'em don't come, it won't be noticed."

That was how Mrs. Haley's famous series of breakfast parties began. The first one was in a glass-enclosed sun-room, with flowers and birds and butterflies all

Mrs. Ashe called the nearest servant and said, so that everyone could hear her: "I think there must be some mistake . . . Please take this person to the door"

about, and the fountain playing. We'd planned a conservative list of guests, but I saw to it that Miss Totten, who had introduced Mrs. Haley to Mrs. Ashe, was invited. We asked Colonel Henry G. Driggins and some more men, mostly oldish and very respectable. It was hard finding enough women who meant enough, but we got a pretty fair lot together at last.

Did they come? They simply fell over themselves. It was just at the opening of the season and things were rather dull; nothing had been really started. And the things we had to eat! And thanks to my making her talk all day long about everything, Mrs. Haley was as composed and calm and sat there chattering to this one and that as if she'd been to the manor born. I was proud of her.

Before we sent out invitations to another breakfast, Mrs. Haley had been invited to six teas, four receptions and three big dinners. Everyone who had called had brought friends, and though most of them were very small fish, there were one or two large ones. We had a fine big list of people to choose from for that second breakfast. It was just as successful as the first. Mrs. Haley was just pleased to death. She raised my salary.

Invitations began to pour in, and I can tell you I weeded them. Mrs. Haley never went anywhere except where it counted, and she never went early and she never stayed long. It's attention to little things like that that make all the difference between social success or failure. When she got the invitation to Miss Totten's first dinner party, I knew that everything was all right. I was as excited as she was.

"Here's your chance," I said. "Mrs. Ashe will be there and probably Senator Ashe, too."

Then Mrs. Haley surprised me. "Oh, how I want to meet him!" she said. "He is one of the few really great men this country has produced. I've read every speech he's ever made, and watched his career almost from the first. He seems to me to be a real American, like Clay and Jefferson and Hamilton and Marshall."

"If he's there, tell him so," I suggested dryly. "There never was a politician born who didn't think just those things about himself that you've been saying. He'll think you're a woman with wonderful discernment of judgment."

"What shall I wear?" asked Mrs. Haley. And, in considering this really vital problem, I forgot all about Senator Ashe — for the time being. I put some hard thinking on it and at last I said, firmly, "Silver gray chiffon. You've got the color to wear gray and look radiant, and it will fade the skin of every other woman there. Nobody's gown will kill yours if you wear gray. It's exquisite and distinguished. And French."

I won her over at last, and when she got the dress, she owned I was right. It was all misty and delicate, with glints of silver in it, and it gave her just the subtlety and mystery that a franker color couldn't. She didn't wear any of her conventional jewels, but, on a little platinum thread, she had a fiery opal, cut square, flashing rose and green and blue, and on one hand she had a big square ring — an opal set in Genoese work, with sparks of diamonds and rubies and emeralds repeating its color.

I sat up for her — reading, as usual, in a little library that was tucked away back of the great big one, and wasn't part of the scheme of the house. It was just plain American, with an open fire and some plain old mahogany furniture. I fixed that room for myself, and I sat in there whenever I was alone in the house. It [*Continued on page 60*]

"Mr. Jones Is Not In"

by EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

YOU remember "Dictated, but Not Read," of course. Here, Mr. Business Man, (and Miss Business Woman) is another of Mr. Woolley's sensible talks, this time dealing with service, as it applies to you and me in the workaday world

"PLEASE take my card to Mr. Johnson Y. Jones."

The Keeper of the Office Gate took the bit of pasteboard from a nifty young man who stood just outside the sacred rail, and, after scrutinizing it suspiciously at two or three angles of vision, inquired ominously:

"Does he know what it's about?"

The caller at the portal of Jones, Jones & Jones did not bear the earmarks of a suppliant, but held his head rather high and seemed aware of the fact that his clothes were the product of a good tailor. His attitude was neither timid nor bold, but confident, and the gleam in his eye bespoke no inward tremor.

"Mr. Johnson Y. Jones will understand," he said, with a trace of stiffness, "if you will be good enough to hand him my card."

The Keeper of the Office Gate rose slowly, and, after dividing his gaze distrustfully between the pasteboard and the nifty young man, ambled away through a door that led to mysterious regions. He was an antiquated chap to whom a certain pathos attached, and far be it from me to hold him up to scorn. He was following orders. But the very atmosphere of the office gate suggested developments worth observing.

Presently the Keeper ambled back, still bearing the card.

"Mr. Johnson Y. Jones is not in," he said, sticking the engraved piece of stationery on a spindle that was already well filled. Then he sat down and resumed his newspaper.

It happened that I sat there in the outer office myself, awaiting the arrival of another partner, Mr. Jackson X. Jones; and, having acquired with my years some habits of philosophy, I watched the little drama with intent to analyze it, for I knew the Keeper had lied. I had seen Johnson Y. Jones go in only a few moments before.

"When will he return?" asked the visitor.

The official prevaricator for Jones, Jones & Jones, without raising his eyes, merely growled:

"Can't say!"

The young gentleman stood for a moment with a hostile droop about his jaw, as if inclined to resent the manner of his reception. Then he accepted it for what it was worth, and departed.

I sat pondering this episode for some minutes, when the door from the mysterious regions opened slightly and the cautious eyes of Johnson Y. Jones peered forth. Finding it safe to show himself, as he supposed, he emerged and stalked through the outer office toward the exit, observing to the Keeper of the Gate as he did so:

"If that machinery salesman comes back better tell him I'm out of town till next week."

Mr. Jones was a good-looking man, and his hat and overcoat were those of a gentleman, but his petty deception somehow seemed to give him the furtive air of a sneak. Surely there seemed something wrong with his philosophy when he must thus escape from his own office, a fugitive at the hands of a salesman.

Then came a sudden dénouement. The salesman had turned back, perhaps to leave a message or to wait for Johnson Y., and the two met on the threshold.

There was no need for explanations. Jones was caught, and he plainly showed by his embarrassed air that he was not pleased. But the salesman simply said to him, with a curious inflection, however:

"I have a proposition that will interest you, some day when you are going to be in."

Let us imagine the rest of the story, and, without going beyond the bounds of every-day life, we can make a plot for the movies.

This under-dog of a salesman within a few years becomes a partner in his house, makes a lot of money, invests in bank stock, and is elected president of the Tenth National Bank, where Jones,

Jones & Jones happen to be heavy and importunate borrowers.

Now the new bank president knows Johnson Y. and Jackson X. Jones to be untruthful, lacking in sincerity, and deficient in the great art of handling people. He knows that the house of Jones has made countless enemies, and that its boasted good-will is dubious. Besides, there rankles in his heart that unnecessary sting. So he forces Jones, Jones & Jones to the wall.

The modern business concern is more philosophic than Jones, and sows seeds of friendship, not enmity, knowing full well that these are days of fast-shifting fortunes. For contrast let me cite a large wholesale house that has long since eliminated the hired prevaricator from its staff. Evasion is prohibited and lies are taboo.

"Is Mr. Smith in?" asks some caller, perhaps a seedy one.

"He is in," says the man at the information-desk, "but he happens to be engaged until eleven o'clock. Just wait a minute and I'll have somebody see you."

It is a rule at this establishment to send nobody away without being accorded an interview with some member of the staff. Above all things, the house wants friends.

Moreover, the modern house knows that lies told to visitors reflect themselves deeply in the morale of the organization itself.

This philosophy of contact is getting to be an important part of mercantile and industrial training. And where you once found the cold and impersonal bank you now find red blood.

"I'd like to speak to Mr. B, the vice-president," says somebody over the wire. No inquisitive telephone-girl demands his name or business, for this is explicitly interdicted. The connection is made without parley or grilling — and this is one of the great banks of New York.

This same bank takes a special interest in imparting to its young men the "how" of good contact in correspondence, and, as horrible object lessons, for instruction purposes only, it uses some curious rubber stamps, the impressions of which I have seen:

"Seen, but not read."

"Mr. Blank personally received this letter, but was called away by a golf fiend before he had time to read it."

"Signed by John Doe, second assistant secretary to Mr. Blank's secretary."

SURELY, times are changing! There is a certain large corporation that once had a staff official whose title was Manager of Publicity. After some negotiation through the mails, I made a journey of a thousand miles in the expectation of getting material for a magazine article bearing on an important question of the day. I was received with excessive politeness, and made to believe that every avenue of information would be opened to me. Would I come in the following Thursday? Next it was the following Monday, when a few scanty facts were put before me. If I would wait a few days I could have some more, for Mr. So-and-so would return from a journey.

Mr. So-and-so didn't get back; nor did Mr. Something-or-other, who had additional facts. Thus it went for three weeks, until I realized that the whole scheme of this office was a fabric of lies; that the aim was to tire me out and still make me believe that unfortunate circumstances had interfered with my undertaking. The Manager of Publicity was in reality a clever Manager of Concealment, a parlous wit.

I abandoned this assignment because of its prohibitive cost.

Some years later I had occasion to go back to that office. Gone was the Publicity Manager, and the vice-president not only received me but put me in touch, on the instant, with the information I wanted.

This corporation awoke rather late to a realization of the vast damage its high-salaried confidence man had done it. Its enmities had spread in expanding ripples, until the aggregate of epithets hurled at it was appalling.

The most difficult thing is to strike the right balance in handling people, without contumely on the one hand or sycophancy on the other. The manager of a big hotel told me that this problem troubled him and he was trying to infuse sincerity into his staff, even to the brush-boys and porters. He has called off the riot for perquisites.

"One day in another hotel," he said, "I was seized by two ruffians of the lavatory who insisted on dusting and brushing me, despite the fact that I had gone through this process twice within ten minutes. It was no service that was rendered me, but simply a hold-up for tips. So when I got home I issued a rule to my boys:

" 'You will not lay hands on a guest without first asking, politely: "Shall I brush you, sir?" '"

There is another great hotel — in fact more than one of this kind that I know of — where the superabundance of service and obsequiousness in the dining-room is such that guests who have rooms at this caravansary often prefer to dine where there is less hypocrisy and watchful waiting for emoluments, and where they can get better actual service. The whole system is clogged with assistant head waiters, captains, waiters and omnibuses. The servitors anticipate every move, and fawn on you like nurses truckling to a sick child, until your soul grows sick with the dissimulation of it. You long for the old days again, when mother passed your piece of pie across the table and the service you got was genuine.

That is what the real business man today is trying to achieve — genuine service.

When you come to analyze service you perceive that it isn't what you get for nothing, but what you pay for ungrudgingly. It is what the business house profits from, not what costs it money.

Whatever satisfies or pleases a person, is service. Once while going through the plant of a large mail-order house I saw twenty-odd girls working at a long table, on which lay yards and yards of mailing-list names. These girls were checking the spelling of every name, and the addresses; also, they were cross-checking the names and addresses to make sure that duplicate pieces of mail should not be sent to the same house.

"Every time we send out a letter or other piece of mail on which the name is spelled wrong," said the advertising manager, "we make a dent in our usefulness and profits. We get in wrong on our personal contact, for we arouse in the mind of the prospective customer a resentment, and contempt for our efficiency. It is just as unpardonable to have two letters of the same kind go to one family."

Then I recalled that in my own experience a certain firm had been bombarding me with circular mail addressed to one "Wholly," all of which had gone to the waste-basket. I didn't know anything about that house, but I judged it on circumstantial evidence, and to me it looked like a two-spot.

Indeed, I have been named almost everything, and not long ago an automobile salesman wrote me a personal letter in which I played the star rôle as "Dear Mr. Whole."

Perhaps I was unduly prejudiced, but I wouldn't buy a car of that pinheaded salesman, even if it could climb the Matterhorn on high!

To give bad service is to do things without using our heads. There is one pretty fair test by which to judge every contact between the house and its customers — and, in fact, the same test may be used in judging any individual act whatever. It is this simple question: *Has the thing been done right?*

You don't need to be a Solomon in order to judge an act by that standard. The first requisite is ordinary intelligence, and the second is the mental viewpoint. Most men have the former, but relatively few the latter. That is why so many things are done wrong — it is why we get poor service at every turn.

A curious thing about service is that anybody can gain by giving it, even the most lowly clerk. Men go up by doing little things right. Even a carpenter can give good or bad service. The head of a contracting firm said to me:

"I went into a house I was building, where one of my carpenters was laying a maple floor, and I noticed that along the outer edges of the room were several bad knots.

" 'Why didn't you put those knots on the inside,' I asked, 'where the rug would cover them?'

" 'What's the use?' he retorted. 'Life is too short.'

"Now that carpenter will never make a successful contractor on a scale really worth while. He will always be an incompetent carpenter, blundering through his possibilities and never seeing them. He hasn't the head to do things right so far as his opportunities permit."

This little story impressed me deeply, for those knots in the border of the maple floor would stay there for people to see for decades, perhaps. They were scars left by inexcusably bad service, like the scars left in the machinery salesman's brain by the lies of Johnson Y. Jones.

The head of a huge department-store told me that he owed his rise to the habit, which he began cultivating early in youth, of studying out the best way to do things and not taking anybody's method for granted. His first job was in the stock rooms, and on his own initiative he rearranged some shelves so as to give the house better service. His pay was raised the second week, and pretty soon his peculiarly methodical methods attracted the notice of the buyer in that department. As he went up, he came under the immediate attention of the head of the house, and was made a partner. Now he is president.

"Today in our store," he said to me, "we instruct our employees in the right and wrong way of doing little things as well as big ones. No salesperson in this house can greet a patron by saying, 'Well, sir?' Nor can a clerk say, 'We don't carry it,' when a customer asks for something we do not keep. A clerk must not say, 'What color do you want?' or, 'What price do you want to pay?' or, 'It certainly looks smart on you!' When you analyze these expressions you will readily see that they are not psychologically right. Our service is based on doing things right, and on that policy we have built up this business."

Paradox

by

Jessie B. Rittenhouse

I WENT out to the woods today
To hide away from you,
From you a thousand miles away —
But you came, too.

And yet the old dull thought would stay,
My spirit to benumb —
If you were but a mile away
You would not come.

I have before me at this moment a letter from a correspondent whom I do not know personally, but who read a former article in McClure's, "Dictated, but Not Read." He says it neglected to mention "those little shrimps who preside over the box-offices at the theatres."

It would be unjust to include all box-office men in such a blanket indictment, for I recall one ticket-seller who takes the people's cash with the bonhomie of a gentleman borrowing five dollars. Yet all theatre-goers have felt the enveloping frigidity of the living statues inside the money window.

Moreover, candor compels the accusation that some of these bloodless money-takers are congealed dispensers of falsehoods — "canned lies," as somebody has said — concerning the available seats and their location. The box-office is in ill repute and people often forego the theatre for other pleasures because of the difficulty of getting square treatment. This has happened many times in my own experience. You go expectantly to the human slot machine, three weeks in advance, to exchange four or six dollars for seats in the fifth row, only to draw forth the pickled information that everything up to the ninth row is sold.

Aha, but the ticket scalper will get you some seats in the fourth row, for a consideration!

Trickery is being forced into the background in business — at least in the ranks of modern business. Deceit is passing out of fashion, and men are making big money out of a sincere desire to serve you.

I know of a certain small store which for many years has opened upon a crowded street. Millions and millions of dollars have walked past that entrance-way, and only enough cash has found its way inside to keep the feeble red corpuscles alive in the shriveled arteries of the owner. One day, impelled by an insatiable appetite for lead pencils, I ventured within. It was a sweltering day outside, but instantly I felt myself in an arctic atmosphere.

"What is it?" called a voice from some invisible spot back of an icicle.

"Please don't trouble yourself!" I answered, backing out. "It is only a little money trying to get out of captivity. I can hold on to it a while longer."

Yes, and I know of other stores where the attempt to leave one's money is quite as adventuresome as trading horses. In New Jersey a young woman went into one of those unpsychological places, when the store cur sprang at her with ferocious barking. She dropped her coin-bag and fled. Thereupon the proprietress wabbled after her, calling reassuringly:

"He won't bite you, lady! Don't be silly!"

In New Jersey, also, is a "milk and cream depot," with the warning posted menacingly:

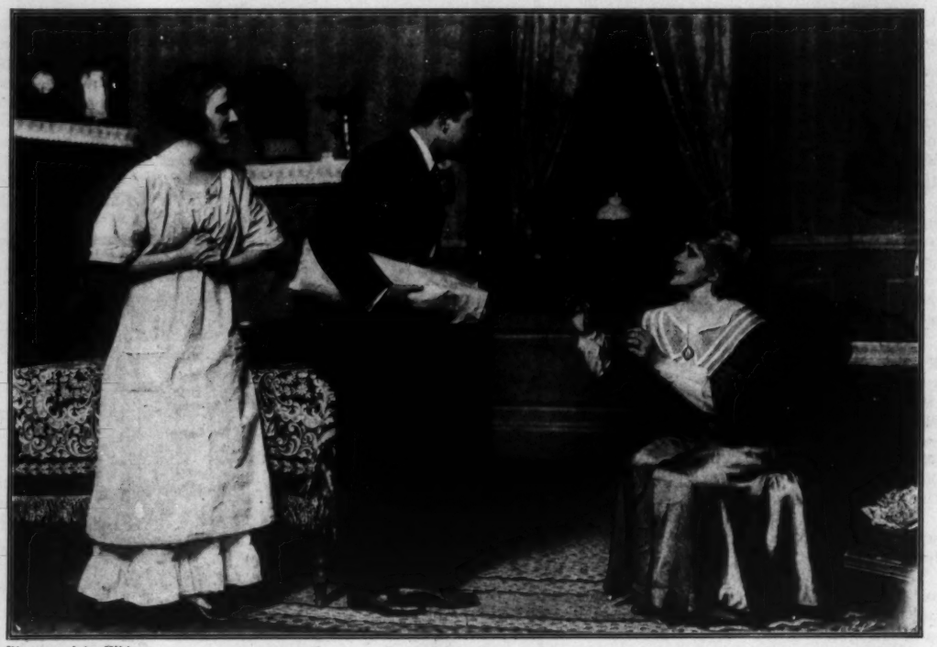
"Beware of the dog!"

We marvel at the vacuity of perception so often displayed, not only in these primitive traps set for our cash, but among establishments with higher aims.

Nevertheless, there are stores where it is a genuine delight to turn over one's financial assets. There are shops, you know, where the swish of your vanishing ten-dollar bill gives you a thrill of real pleasure.

Photograph by White

Mary Nash and Henry Hull in the popular success — "The Man Who Came Back"



Photograph by White

An evening with "Turn to the Right" revives old dreams. And who would not dream?

At Last — The Here, There and Everywhere

"AH! Here we are! All ready to criticize the new play, eh?"

The scene was a theatre lobby on a brilliant first night, more glittering than usual because of the metal brocades, gold laces, and bare backs aired — and the word is used advisedly — by play-going ladies this season. The speaker was one of the faithful who read McClure's from cover to cover.

I shook my head.

"No; I am here by the grace of the management, merely to be amused. My heart goes out to the critics trailing down the aisles with their made-in-London sticks swinging from their arms, and the weight of dispensing justice to American dramatists on their souls. For one needs the subtlety of the serpent and the soft-pedal voice of a dove to criticize American drama in its present state of evolution."

"Quite so — quite so!" responded the first-nighter, taking a surreptitious glance at his program, to learn whether the play about to be perpetrated upon a hopeful and trusting public was of foreign or native authorship.

Truly in this season of 1916–17, the way of the dramatic critic, paid to take his work — and himself — seriously, is hard. He has no standards upon which to build his reviews. Crude American drama and desperately driven American dramatists have been suddenly propelled by the European war into the gap left by the shortage in imported plays. The same manager who five years ago scorned native wares is now urging the American playwright to burn midnight oil.

The Drama League announces a plan to have the year 1917 designated and observed as American drama year. This is a work of supererogation. The American drama is no longer among those things to be hoped for. It has arrived. As this article goes to press, twenty-eight plays by American dramatists are offered at as many theatres in Greater New York. From $12,000.00 to $15,000.00 is paid weekly in royalties to these native playwrights. Five years ago, from seventy-five to ninety per cent. of the season's royalties went to English, French and German authors.

Since Labor Day, one play after another, depicting American life with all its varied interests and local types, has been hurled at a gasping public, and at critics floundering in search of standards by which to measure the claim of each successive play to high position as drama, comedy or farce.

"Another 'Lion and the Mouse,'" cries one critic of "'Under Sentence." But was "The Lion and the Mouse" a great piece of writing, a model of construction, a true picture of American life?

Not at all! And none knew this better than the late Charles Klein, who wrote it. It boasted one of the worst first acts ever written, but it was a great money-maker. And it represents the present standard by which a play is judged in New York — the box-office statements.

America has not yet produced its Sheridan, its Sardou, its Ibsen, its Shaw. Who would dare to compare "Turn to the Right," "Seven Chances," or "The Boomerang" with "The School for Scandal;" "Fixing Sister" with "She Stoops to Conquer;" "The Man Who Came Back" or "Cheating Cheaters" with "Fedora" or "Madame Sans Gene"?

True, the critics will tell you that the old order changes. Nevertheless, until the present hour, the plays of the old order have furnished the standards by which new plays have been judged. Now we find the American playwright, eager to seize his opportunity, flinging aside standards, and pressing his ear to the ground leading from the managerial office to the box-office. Managers put on plays and take them off overnight, and the critic whirls giddily between the Scylla of a box-office hit and the Charybdis of the well-constructed convincing drama whose plot may lack appeal for the erratic, undependable theatre-going public.

So why criticism? Why not all possible encouragement for American dramatists and the cheerful chronicling of plays that come and go? And sad to record, most of them go — to the store-house and oblivion, proof at least that the American manager is willing to gamble on the native product.

Photograph by White

Marjorie Patterson as "Pierrot" in "Pierrot the Prodigal," most notable of imported successes

Photograph by White

Ivy Sawyer and Joseph Santley, Raymond Hitchcock save Eng-

Photograph by White

Fay Bainter and Cyril Scott scintillate like twin stars through "Arms and the Girl"

Photograph by Matzene Studio, Chicago

Eva Le Gallienne is playing the leading part in "Mile-a-Minute Kendall"

young Americans who help lish "Betty" from dire failure

Photograph by White

Margot Kelly as "Pierrot's" temptress in the Winthrop Ames pantomime production

American Drama

by Anna Steese Richardson

You have all been shrieking for the American play. Well, here it is. Drama, melodrama, polite comedy, musical comedy, farce and spectacle; city life and country, high life and low! What is your pleasure? What does the public want, and why does it want it?

Consider first, "Turn to the Right," the biggest moneymaker on Broadway today, bar none.

I asked the manager, smiling unctuously on the thronged lobby, why the public liked the play. He replied, "It's the theme, mother-love. Gets 'em every time."

The girl in the seat ahead of me — in the balcony, of course, because only there and in the gallery do you hear honest criticism — expressed her appreciation of the show differently. Clutching her escort's sleeve when the perfectly impossible detective intruded upon the Eden reared by "mother-love," she murmured:

"Honey, is he going to get him?"

A standee, leaning over the railing behind me, found different appeal in the play as he watched the two reformed crooks harvesting money from a once-scorned peach crop. "Gee, I wisht I gotta chanct like that to make good."

In reply to the question, "Why did you like 'Turn to the Right,' and see it a second time?" a hard-headed business man replied, "Well, it wrung a good tear out of me in the first act and a corking laugh out of me in the second. What more do you want for two dollars?"

Now, the truth about "Turn to the Right" is this: it's an old story brought up to date. It is improbable and it is badly constructed. Witness the country bumpkin, who develops overnight into a salesman worthy of Automobile Row, owns a machine, wears diamonds, and gives elaborate dinners on his commission of one per cent. on a twenty-thousand-dollar deal! And the entire play is over at the end of the second act. Yet night after night the audience sits through a twenty-five-minute happy ending in the hope that the playwrights will give them a farewell thrill or a laugh on the finish. And what they get is a toy automobile skidding around on the back drop toward the honeymoon cottage overlooking a peaceful valley.

And to use a popular Broadway phrase, "They eat it up."

Why?

Because the "mother" is the kind of mother all men wish they had but whom few draw. The girls are all pretty and the sort who do not worry about the word "obey" in the marriage service. The men you like all succeed and the old skinflint you hate loses the farm. The play exudes the youth you have lost and the success which has eluded you. An evening with "Turn to the Right" revives all your old dreams. And who would not dream?

A few feet west, at the Fulton, "Arms and the Girl," by Grant Stewart and Robert Baker, is a play of much better construction. The suspense is properly maintained, the characters are admirably drawn, and the entire idea novel. Here is a play worthy of the support of discriminating theatre-goers. But it has done only a fair business.

"Cheating Cheaters" owes its success to an entirely different element. Its characters are not of your life or mine. They are better known in detective bureaus and police headquarters; but they hold you, because they possess above everything else the quality beloved of Americans, *nerve*, and that promising young dramatist, Max Marcin, builds up thrill upon thrill, surprise upon surprise. Americans like to be surprised. They bow to the playwright who can fool them adroitly enough to leave them laughing, and unhumiliated by their own stupidity.

Another melodrama, "The Man Who Came Back," coolly received by metropolitan critics and first-nighters, quickly developed into a huge popular success, playing to fifteen or sixteen hundred dollars a performance. Here you find improbability more than balanced by a gripping story, tightly built and tensely played.

"Nothing But the Truth" is blessed with a human, every-day sort of humor. Who has not tried telling the unvarnished truth in a [*Continued on page 37*]

Pleasure Island—*by* H. C. Witwer

Illustrations by Tony Sarg

Mr. Witwer

HERE is another new McClure writer, with the first of a rattling series of "Kid Scanlan" stories. They are refreshing, invigorating, filled with the joy and enthusiasm of youth. Mr. Witwer is an authentic humorist, a real philosopher, and a born story-teller. Read "Pleasure Island."

SPEAKIN' of boobs, as people will, did you ever figure what would happen if the production of 'em should suddenly cease? Heh? Where would this or any other country be if all the voters was wise guys and the suckers was all dead?

In the first place, there wouldn't have been no Land of the Rave and Home of the Spree, if Queen Isabella hadn't been boob enough to fall for Columbus's stuff, about would she stake him and his gang of rough-and-readys to a couple of ferryboats and they'd go out and bring back Chicago. Even old Chris himself was looked on as Kid Stupid, because he claimed the earth was round. The gang he trailed with had it figured as bein' square, like their heads.

The guy that invented the airship was doped out as a boob until the thing begin to fly; the bird that turned out the first steamboat was called a potterin' old simp and let him alone and he'd kill himself—and that's the way it goes.

The sucker is the boy that keeps the wise guys alive. He'll try anything once and it don't make no difference to him whether it's three-card monte or a new kind of submarine. He's the guy that built all the fancy bridges, the big buildin's, fought and won the wars that the wise guys started and fixed things generally so that today you can push a little trick electric button and get anything from a piece of pie to a divorce. He's the simp that falls for the new minin'-company stock, grins when the wise guys explain to him just how many kinds of a gink he is and then clips coupons while they're gettin' up early to read the want ads. He's the fellow that's done everything that couldn't be did.

That's the boob!

The boob is the guy that takes all the chances and makes it possible for old Kid World to keep goin' forward instead of standin' still. Any burg that's got a couple of sure-enough eighteen-carat boobs in it, known to the trade as suckers, has a chance.

So the next time somebody calls you a big boob, don't get sore — thank him. He's boostin' you!

Gimme ten boobs in back of me and I'll take a town, because they'll take a chance. Gimme a hundred wise guys and the town'll take *us*, because them birds will have to stop and figure what's the use of startin' somethin'.

Me for the boobs!

Kid Scanlan, the middleweight champion, was a boob. He was a great battler, a regular fellow and all like that, but he was a boob just the same. He started fightin' because he was simp enough to take a chance of havin' his features altered and he won the title through bein' stupid enough to mix it with One-Punch Ross, the champion. I was the Kid's manager and the wise guy of the party, always playin' it safe and seein' what made it go before I'd take a chance. But the Kid got a whole lot further than I ever will. He made a name for himself in the ring and another in the movies and I ain't champion of nothin'—I'm just *with* Scanlan, that's all.

We're out in Film City, Cal., where most of the Perils of Peggy and Adventures of Agnes are made into five-reel thrillers so's the shop-girls and shippin'-clerks can get some enjoyment out of life. The Kid hasn't been there a month before he's the biggest thing in the camp. I'm gettin' offers from promoters here and there to have him start against some set up for money that was sinful to refuse, but there's nothin' doin'. The Kid has took to bein' an actor like they do to gunpowder in Europe and not only he won't fight, I can't even get him *mad!*

"I'm off that roughneck stuff!" he tells me. "Nobody ever got nothin' by fightin'. Look what it did to Belgium! Besides," he goes on, "what would John Drew and them guys think of me if it should leak out that I had give in to box fightin' again? Why, they'd be off me for life! Nope, let 'em battle in Europe. I'm through!"

Fine for a champion, eh?

Now here's a guy that went to the top in the one game where you can't *luck* your way over. Because he was a fightin' fool, the Kid had right-crossed his way to the middleweight title and now that he was up there, the big stiff wouldn't *look* at a glove! I don't think he would have fought if the Mexicans took Times Square. No! he was an actor now! I'd tell him that Kid Who's This had flattened Battlin' McGluke the night before and we could get ten thousand to go six rounds with the winner. He'd flick the ash off a gold-tipped cigarette and say:

"Yeh?" Then he'd grab me by the shoulder and pour this in my ear: "Did you get me in that Shakespeare picture last week? I hear the guy that writes up shows for the Peoria *Gazette* claims Mansfield had nothin' on me!"

A few months before he would have said somethin' like this:

"All right! Wire the club we'll fight him, and if I don't bounce that tramp in two rounds I'll give my end to them starvin' Belgiums!"

Now I didn't kick when the Kid falls for Miss Vincent, the leadin' lady at the movie camp, because I had seen Miss Vincent and the Kid was only human. I didn't say nothin' when he staked himself to the second-hand auto that like to wrecked California; but when he pulls this actor thing on me and says pugilism—*pugilism*, mind you—ought to be discouraged, I figured it was about time for yours in the faith to step in.

The Kid had two ambitions in life, both of which he picked up at Film City. One was to be the greatest movie hero that ever flattened a villain and the other was to ease himself into the Golden West Club.

The Golden West Club was over in 'Frisco, and as far as the average guy was concerned it could have been in Iceland. It was about as easy to get into that joint as it is to get into heaven and it was also the only other place where you couldn't buy your way in. Your name had to be Fortescue-Smith or Van Who'sthis, and you had to look it. You had to be partial to tea, wrist watches, dancin', opera, tennis and the like, and to top it all off you had to be a distant relative to a hick called William the Conqueror, who I hear was light heavyweight champ in days of old. If you checked up all right on them little details, they took a vote on you. If you was lucky you got a letter a few weeks later sayin' your application was bein' considered and you might get in, but not to bank on it, because they was havin' trouble connectin' up your grandfather with the rest of the family tree, it bein' said around that he made his money through work.

That was the place Kid Scanlan wanted to bust into!

One night he gets all dressed up like a horse in one of them soup-and-fish layouts, and he hires a guy to drive him over to the Golden West Club in that second-hand A. G. F. he had. I *will* say the Kid went into the thing in a big way, payin' seventy-five bucks for a dress-suit and ten more for the whitest shirt I ever seen in my life. He sends

in eight berries for a hack driver's hat and seven for a pair of tan shoes. Then he climbs into his 'bus and tells the driver, "Let's go!" Before he pulled out, he told me there was so many guys belonged to the thing that he figured he could mix around for a few minutes without anybody gettin' wise that he wasn't a regular member, if he could only breeze past the jobbie on the door.

And outside of the shoes, which I thought was a trifle noisy, the Kid sized up like any of the real club members I had seen, except his chest wasn't so narrow and he had an intelligent look.

Well, he blowed in about twelve o'clock and come up to the rooms we had at the hotel in Film City. He stands in the middle of the bedroom, takes off this trick silk hat and puttin' everything he had on the throw, he pitched it into the bath-tub. He slammed that open-faced coat in a corner and in a minute it was followed by them full-dress pants. The gleamin' white shirt skidded under the bed, neck and neck with the shoes. I didn't say a word while he was abusin' them clothes, but I was so happy I felt like cheerin', because there was somethin' in the Kid's face I hadn't seen there since we hit the movies. The last time I had caught him lookin' like that was when One-Punch Ross had dropped him with a left hook, just before the Kid won the title. When the Kid got to his feet that there look was on his face and two minutes later he was middleweight champion of the world and points adjacent.

He inserts himself into his pajamas and then he swings around on me.

"How much did they offer us at the Garden for ten rounds with Battlin' Edwards?" he wants to know.

I like to fell out of the bed!

"Eight thousand, with a privilege of thirty per cent. of the gross," I says, climbin' out of the hay. "Will I wire 'em?"

"Yep!" he snaps out. "Tell 'em I'll fight Edwards two weeks after I get through here!"

"And when will that be, might I ask?" I says, ringin' for a messenger and tryin' to keep from dancin' a jig.

"As soon as these simps finish that picture, 'How Kid Scanlan Won the Title,'" he tells me. "Genaro says he'll start it tomorrow and as soon as it's through, so am I — *here!*"

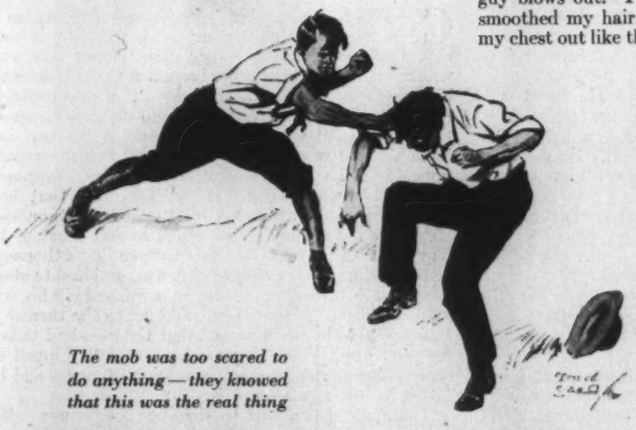
I didn't get the answer to all this until the Kid crawls into the hay half an hour later, scowlin' and mutterin' to himself. I took a good look at him and then I says:

"Speakin' of clubs and stuff like that, how did you make out at that Golden West joint tonight?"

He sits right up in the bed.

"Are you tryin' to kid somebody?" he snarls, eyeing me suspiciously.

"I asked you a civil question, you big stiff!" I comes back, "and don't be comin' around here and slippin' *me* that rough stuff! If you can be a gentleman at your clubs, you want to be one here! D'ye get that?"



The mob was too scared to do anything — they knowed that this was the real thing

He looks at me for a minute, and seein' I'm serious, he growls:

"I thought you had heard about it!" Then he props himself up with the pillows and begins: "I went over there tonight and them boobs was havin' a racket of some kind, I guess, because all the automobiles in the West was lined up outside the doors of the club. I tried to horn in the line with that boat of mine, and the biggest nigger in the world, dressed up like a band leader, comes over and wants to know if I'm a guest. I told him no, that I was a movie actor and to step one side or he'd break the headlights when I hit him. He claims I can't get in the line without I got a ticket showin' I'm a guest. I got tired of his chatter so I dropped him with a short left hook and we keep on goin' till we wind up at the front door. This stupid simp I had drivin' my 'bus is lookin' at the swell dames goin' in, instead of at the emergency brake, and he forgets to stop the thing till we have took off the rear end of a car in front of us and busted my front mud-guards again.

"While the chiffure of the wreck is moanin' to *my* guy about it, I ducked out the side and blowed around to the entrance. I figured there was a password of some kind, so I says to the big hick at the gate, 'Ephus Doffus Loffus,' and pushes past him. I guess he was surprised at me bein' a stranger and knowin' the ropes at that, because I seen him lookin' after me when I beat it up the first stairway to the second floor. I got a flash at myself in a mirror as I breezed past and if I do say it myself, I was there forty ways. I was simply a knockout in that evenin'-dress thing! A swell-lookin' guy pipes me at the top of the stairs and after givin' me the once-over he taps me on the arm.

"'You may bring me a martini cocktail, my man,' he says, 'and for heaven's sake remove those yellow shoes!'

"With that he walks away, and another guy comes up and whistles at me. When I turn around, he's givin' me the up-and-down through a glass thing he's got hung over one eye.

"'Bring up a box of perfectos at once!' he pipes. 'Come! Look alive now!'

"Then I got it! *I* thought I was knockin' 'em dead and these guys thought I was a waiter! Well, I thinks, I'll show these boobs somethin' before I take the air — I can pull that stuff myself! With that I breezes into the next room and there's a hick sittin' at a table, toyin' with a book. He was as near nothin' as anything I ever seen, on the level! He's got a swell dress-suit on, but it didn't fit him no better than mine did me and it couldn't have cost no more or he would have killed the tailor. Outside of the shoes, mine bein' classier, we was both made up the same. A guy comes in, looks him over for a minute and then he yawns.

"'Bored?' he says. The simp that was sittin' down looks back at him, yawns and says, 'Frightfully.' Then the other guy bows at him and goes out. Some other hick wanders in and says, 'Ah, Van Stuyvessant, bored?' and stupid says, 'Frightfully!' and the other guy blows out. I seen that the coast was clear, so I smoothed my hair, pulled down my vest and throwed my chest out like these other guys did. Then I breezed in and stopped before this guy. He yawns and looks up at me very dignified, like he was sittin' in the Night Court and I was up before him for the third time in a week. He gazes at me like I'm a new kind of fish or somethin'.

"'Hey, Stupid!' I says, 'get me a gin fizz and don't make it too sweet! And for heaven's sake get rid of that shirt!'

"I thought he was goin' to get the apoplexy or somethin', because his face goes as red as a four-alarm fire. Then he says:

"'Why — what — how dare you, you insolent puppy!'

"I leaned on his shoulder and tapped him on the end of the beak with my thumb.

"'Lay off that stuff, Simple,' I tells him. 'I'm a guest here and a couple of hicks took me for a waiter. I'm just gettin' even, that's all. If you don't get me that gin fizz like I asked you, I'll knock you for a ghoul!'

"He gets as white as my shirt and presses a little button on the table. A big husky, made up like a Winter Garden chorus man, runs in, and Stupid says:

"'Eject this ruffian, Simms! And then you will answer to me for allowing him to enter!'

Brown-Smith tossed his coat to one side like an acrobat flips away his handkerchief before going to work

"Simms was game, but a poor worker, so I feinted him over in front of his master and then I flattened him with a left and right to the jaw. I took it on the run then and got out the back way!"

The Kid stops and heaves a sigh.

"And then what?" I encourages him.

"And then nothin'!" he says. "That's all! Except I'm off the Golden West Club, the movies and this part of the country! I got enough. Them guys over there tonight gimme the tip-off. I don't belong, that's all! I was a sucker to ever stop fightin' to be an actor, but I got wise in time. You go ahead and sign me right up with anybody but Willard, and if Genaro don't start my picture tomorrow I'll give 'em back their money and you and me will leave the Golden West flat on its back!"

Say! I was so happy I couldn't sleep. I just turned over on my side and registered joy all night long!

The next mornin' we go to Genaro the first thing and the Kid puts it up to him right off the bat. Either he starts "How Kid Scanlan Won the Title," or he kisses us goodby. Genaro raves and pulls his hair for a while, but there ain't no more give to the Kid than there is to marble, and finally Genaro says he'll start the picture right away.

We find out that another director is usin' the whole camp to put on a trick called "The Fall of Babylon," so we got to go over to an island in the well-known Pacific Ocean and take what they call exteriors there. They rounded up Miss Vincent, De Vronde, the simp that wrote the thing, and about a hundred other people and load us all on a yacht belongin' to Potts, the guy that owned Film City. We're gonna stay on this trick island till the picture is finished and we eat and sleep on the yacht.

On the trip over, we all go down in what Potts claims is the grand saloon, and Van Aylstyne, the hick that wrote the picture, reads it to us. It starts off showin' the Kid workin' in a pickle factory on the East Side in New York. They're only slippin' him five berries a week and out of that he's keepin' his widowed mother and seven of her children. One day he finds a newspaper and all over the front page is an article tellin' about all the money the middleweight champion is makin'; so the Kid figures the pickle game is no place for a young feller with his talent and decides to become middleweight champ. First he tries himself out by slammin' the guy he's workin' for after catchin' him insultin' the stenographer by askin' her to take a ride in his runabout, when the buyer is already takin' her out in his limousine. When the boss comes back to life he fires the Kid and our hero goes out and knocks down a few odd brutes here and there for gettin' fresh with innocent chorus-girls and the like. Finally he practically wrecks a swell gamblin' joint where he has gone to rescue his girl which has been lured there by the handsome stranger from the city.

"Well!" says Potts, when Van Aylstyne gets finished, "how does that strike you?"

"What *I* like," pipes Miss Vincent, with a funny little quirk of her lip and a wink at De Vronde, "what *I* like, is its daring originality!"

Van Aylstyne stiffens up.

"Of course," he says, kinda sore, "if I'm going to be criticized by ——"

"Ain't they no villains or nothin' like that in it?" butts in the Kid, frownin' at him.

"Joosta one minoote!" says Genaro. "Don't get excited! That's joosta firsta reel!"

He waves his hand at Van Aylstyne and this guy gives a couple of glares all around and then turns over another page. It seems at this stage of the game, a lot of gunmen get together to stop the Kid from winnin' the title, so they throw him off a cliff. He gets up, dusts off his clothes, registers anger and flattens half a dozen of 'em. A little bit later he gets fastened to a railroad track and the fast mail runs over him. This makes him peeved and he gets up and wallops a couple of tramps that's passin', for luck. Then the villain's gang of rough-and-readys grabs him again and he is throwed off a ship into the ocean. A guy comes along in a motor-boat, and after shootin' a few times at the Kid without actually killin' him, he registers surprise and runs over him. When the Kid comes up there ain't nothin' to wallop so he [*Continued on page 29*]

Someone and Somebody

by
Porter Emerson Browne

IF Walsingham VanDorn had been given to building air-castles as he went from house to house trying to eke out a living by selling an encyclopedia, he would never have dreamed of finding himself sole heir to forty million dollars; but that is just what happens when his two millionaire uncles, B. A. and R. A. Bass, are killed in an automobile accident. Shortly after this he has his first experience with cocktails in a hotel where the menu is written in French and he orders everything the waiter suggests. At about the same time Walsingham is marveling over his unexpected fortune, Desirée Lane, whose father was completely crushed in business by the Bass brothers, is working in a store to support herself and father. On her return to the boarding-house the night she is discharged because she strikes the floorwalker when he tries to kiss her, she finds that her father has succumbed from the shock of his financial losses.

Illustrations by Clarence F. Underwood

Chapter VIII — Concerning Nothing Much in Particular but Quite a Lot in General

THERE is one who has been looking over our shoulder as we write. Of what we have written that one says:

"All very well, perhaps; but too light."

Too light? Perhaps. And yet of what have we written but of trouble and worry and care, of sorrow and suffering and starvation, of pain and hunger and torture? Of five deaths we have told; of the biting bitterness that mankind and womankind can know and feel and live, and of what makes man and woman doubt life and long for death. And yet that which we have written is light!

Is it indeed so? . . . Or is it, perhaps, that the way in which we have written makes it seem so? For some people live happiness with a frowning brow and fingers clenched; even as others live unhappiness and grief and sorrow unutterable with smiling lips and clear eyes.

This it is, I think. It is not so much in what we have said, as the way in which we have said it. Even as it is not so much in what life is, as the way in which we live it.

Chapter IX — In Which We Return to Our Hero

WE left him, if you will remember, shedding bitter tears into his *café parfait* because of the bitterness and the cruelty of a life that could hold a man so poor as not to be worth forty millions of dollars, while twin Rocky Mountain goats gloomed sympathetically down upon him from the wall opposite.

It was a position trying for so long an interval. We should have given him a little row of dots. But it is never too late to do better. We will give them to him now.

. . . . . .

There you are. Now he's comfortably taken care of. For the little row of dots means that as flowed the well-springs of his cocktail-engendered grief, came a nickel-plated house detective. I don't know whether or not you have ever noticed it, but all house detectives are nickel-plated. They are intended to look like the Real Thing; but somehow or other they never do. Their mustaches are too black, and their collars are too white and their shoes too shiny. Also their manners are in that neutral ground that lies between the insouciance of ultra breeding and the embarrassment of under breeding. Whereby they simply don't belong. And they are as easy to distinguish as a lighthouse or a sore tongue.

As I say, came a house detective. Draping himself debonairly against the door-jamb like a counterfeit count, he surveys our hero with the catholic and hyper-negligent boredom that he has so often noticed among the Idle Rich who are idle because they haven't brains enough to think of anything to do. Four minutes later, with a jerk of his head, he summons the efficient waiter. The latter responds like a cash register.

Queries the house detective, in his polished and urbane way:

"Who's the hick stew cryin' in his ice-cream?"

The waiter says he doesn't know.

"Has he paid f'r his oats?" says the distingué house detective.

The waiter says he hasn't.

"Then," says the little stepbrother of the rich, "yuh better c'lect. F'r in a minute I'm going to slam him in the alley."

The waiter approaches our hero. The latter looks up. Seeing two waiters, he asks one of them to bring him a cocktail.

Two waiters, coughing behind two discreet palms, extend to him two checks. Our hero is too heartbroken to protest. He takes from his pocket the small roll of bills given him by Wilkins, sir, and hands them to the waiters. The waiters retire. He notices, in the doorway, two truculent-looking gentlemen, with very black mustaches and very white collars. They are looking at him in a manner that adds yet another bitter sting to life — two bitter stings, to be exact. The waiters return and present to him two trays, both bearing change. Unlooking he reaches forth. Looking, he finds the change has vanished from both trays. He also notes that the two waiters are eying the two truculent gentlemen in a very hopeful and expectant manner.

The two truculent gentlemen advance, side by side. They tap him on the shoulder.

"Wha's matter?" he asks.

"You!" say the two truculent gentlemen. "Out!"

Our hero rises and sighs. I mean, he sighs and rises. . . . Bitterness fills his world like a flood. Not only are there people so poor as not to have forty million dollars, but there are others so brutal as to wear white mustaches and black collars. I mean ——

Our hero, you must know, is by nature gentle and kindly. Also he is where surroundings are new, painful and uncomfortable. He is a stranger in a strange land. He knows not its manners or its customs. It comes to him vaguely, that perhaps a second table is waiting. Or, perchance, it is the custom among the rich thus to inform one when dinner is over. He has heard that. There it is entirely different. Which is why, heart surcharged, he sighs and rises.

"Where's m'hat?" he asks, sadly.

Therein at least he is safe; for whatever may be the strange customs of the rich, he knows that of a surety it is not one to go out into the night without one's hat.

The two truculent gentlemen opine that a hat is a small matter. But our hero, now on certain ground, is obdurate. Also our hero is six feet one, broad of shoulder, lean of hip, muscled like a panther and in perfect condition. Whereat the two truculent gentlemen and the two efficient waiters go into executive session. Usage has taught them that diplomacy oft is wiser than force.

The two waiters depart for the hat. The two truculent gentlemen and our hero wait.

Anon return the waiters, carrying two hats. Our hero puts the two hats on his one head. He does not try to explain the phenomenon; it interests him vaguely. That is all.

As, accompanied by the two truculent gentlemen, our hero passes through the lobby, they encounter two gentlemen, well groomed and of pleasing manner, whose appearances are strangely familiar.

The two gentlemen, with a nod to our hero, stop the two truculent persons who are our hero's escort.

"Where are you going?" query the two pleasant gentlemen.

The two truculent gentlemen inform their questioner that they're only going to bounce the pickled rube.

"But," protests the pleasant gentlemen, "this gentleman is a guest of the house."

His words strike our hero like a shaft of light. By Jove! He knew there was something he'd forgotten! That was it! He is a guest of the house!

Amiably, and with a beaming smile, he turns to the two pleasant gentlemen. There was still hope, after all. Then ——

Of the pleasant gentlemen, he asks, earnestly:

"Hash you forty million dollarsh?"

The pleasant gentlemen shake their heads and smile.

"No," they say, humoringly, "have you?"

Our hero nods profoundly.

"I hash," he says. "Forty millionsh. Forty. Count 'em!"

To the two pleasant gentlemen — for they are, as you may by now have guessed, the clerk — come recollections of the name that our hero has inscribed upon the register. Comes conjointly a name headlined in red in an evening print. And now synchronizing the nomenclature, he finds it is the same!

In amazed, awed tones, he cries: "You are Walsingham VanDorn?"

Our hero nods, with yet added profundity.

"Not *the* Walsingham VanDorn!" the clerk insists.

"Ab's'looly," assures our hero. "Him. I mean he. Walsin'ham VanDorn. Forty. Count 'em," he urges.

The two truculent persons have turned to the two pleasant gentlemen, while the two waiters crowd up to listen.

"Has this guy got forty million beans?" demand the two truculent persons dazedly.

The two pleasant gentlemen nod, weakly.

"On the level?" gasp the two truculent persons.

Again the two pleasant gentlemen nod, helplessly.

The two truculent persons double in the middle as of a bad cramp, murmuring at the same time something anent being of fusilatory parentage; the pleasant gentlemen continue to stand dazed and helpless, while the efficient waiters hurry forth frantically in search of a cocktail.

Such, then, is the power of money.

There is made ready by scurrying maids the suite recently occupied by the Bildad of Shush when that oriental potentate toured these United States in the company of his First, or Most Pleasant, Wife and his eldest son, the Giza. Valets are summoned. And then, to an accompaniment of awed whispers and doubly awed gazes, our hero, parading down two lobbies past interested bystanders, all of whom are twins, is taken to two rooms, undressed by four menials whose normal stance seems to be that of an inverted L and is tucked into two beds of not quite a half acre each in area. Two main chandeliers and twenty-two side lights are extinguished and, now neither glad nor sad over a world so complex as to look almost blurred, our hero sleeps.

This, then, is what our little row of dots has done.

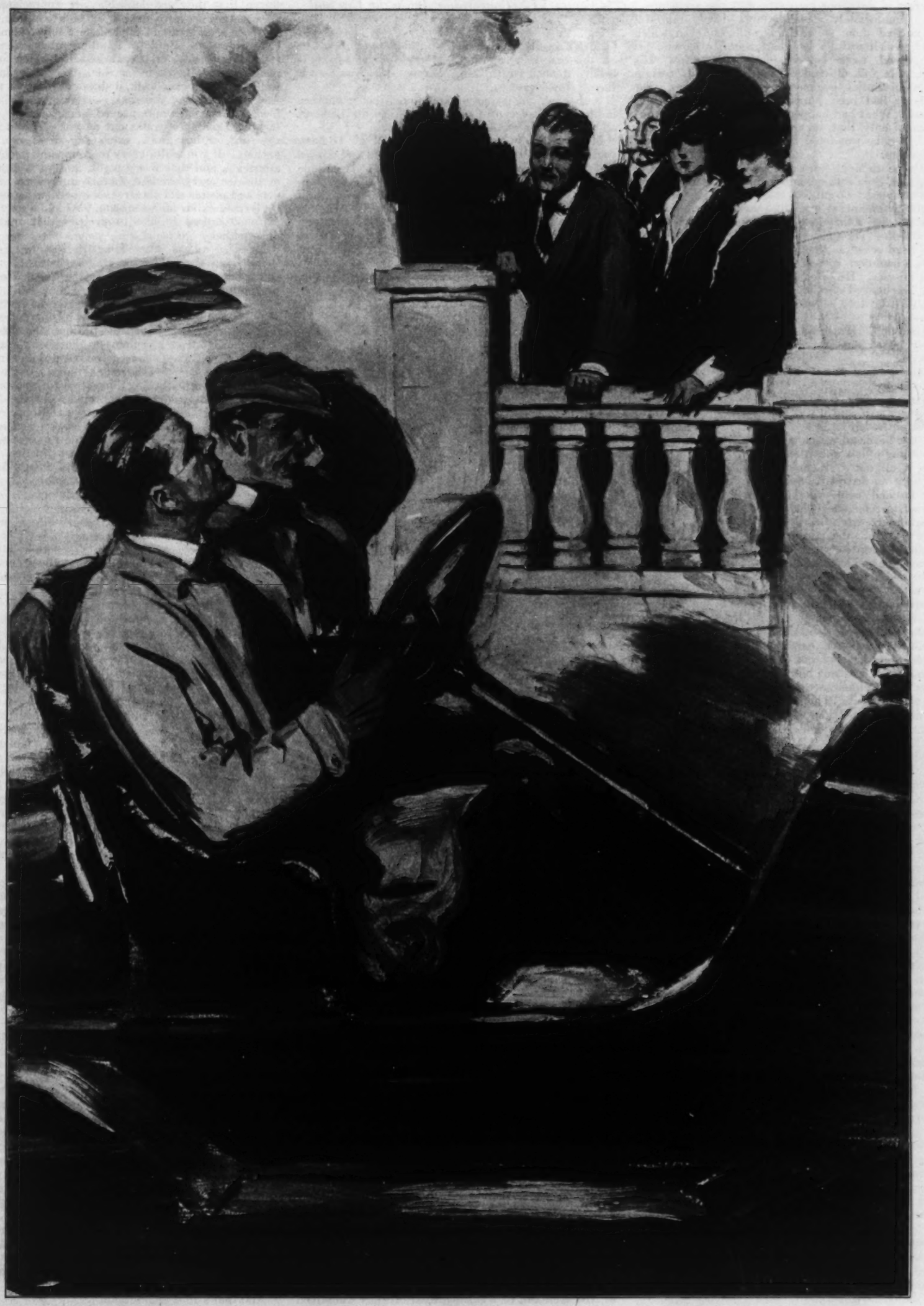
Chapter X — Concerning the Ups and Downs of Life

CONTRARY to the laws of gravitation, going up in life is easy, while coming down is hard. A man may increase his living expense by almost any sum without effort. On the other hand a man may decrease his living expense only by the gravest. A man spending twenty thousand dollars a year can arrange to spend thirty thousand without the slightest difficulty; but force him to live on nineteen, and he'll find it virtually impossible. Not that he will find any more happiness in the thirty thousand. He won't. Not that he'll find any the less happiness in the nineteen thousand. He won't. The chances are that he left most of his happiness behind him when he was spending a thousand or twelve hundred or whatever it was, and had to stoke the furnace himself and once in a while help his wife wash the dishes so that they could get to the theatre in time and see the performance that the boss had tickets for but couldn't use because his son had skipped off with a chorus girl, leaving his mother all upset and his father as sore as a crab.

There are exceptions to this rule, of course. But they are very rare — like two-headed calves and honest politicians.

It would be tedious to follow our hero through all the mazes of his physical, moral, mental and social enhancement. But some may not be amiss. For instance, the morning after.

Our hero was accustomed to rising early, say at four of summer and an hour later of winter. The habit of years is hard to change, no matter how many cocktails are superimposed. On the morning following our



With an almost deafening whir, there leaped up the drive a long, low, hungry-looking car, stripped for racing. "Hello!" observed VanVechten. "Here comes Reggie and his chariot of fire"

little row of dots, our hero awoke at the accustomed hour. Immediately after, he was deeply regretful that he had done so. It was a big bed on which he lay, which was an excellent thing; otherwise his head would have lapped over both sides. His mouth was full of cinders and he was as certain as circumstantial evidence could make him, that somebody had been jumping up and down on his stomach. What had happened to him he didn't know. He knew only that it must have been Something Awful, and he wondered if anybody had been saved besides him.

Then he thought how nice it was of someone to rescue him, even if they had to convert an art museum into a temporary hospital to take care of the wounded; though on thinking it over, he would have been much better satisfied if they had let him die. He wondered if he would Pull Through.

His head ached as though somebody were pounding it with a hammer. By and by, he decided to take stock of his injuries. He lifted his arms. They seemed all right. He moved one leg. It worked. He tried the other. That, too, seemed as usual.

He sat up. His head hurt terribly. He was sick and dizzy and weak. He swung his legs over the side of the bed and rose to his feet.

He saw a carafe of water, ice-cold. One leap, and it was his. Afterwards he felt better.

He lay his head again upon the burning pillow and tried to figure it all out. It couldn't have been an accident. Something he had eaten, perhaps. He tried to remember what he had eaten. It was no use. He couldn't. But the train of thought led him to the cocktail, led him there and left him there, starkly and remorselessly. He knew now.

There came over our hero a great, hot surge of shame.

And so he lay for a long time. Conscience scolded, harshly. Reason argued. It was not deliberate. It was not born of viciousness. Ignorance was what had done it. There had been no one to tell him of the pitfall. Hence how could he know it was there? Books, magazines, temperance lecturers. Good Lord, hadn't they been shouting the evils of alcohol from the housetops for years? Yes, but they hadn't said anything about a pink cocktail loaded with dynamite. All they talked about was whiskey and rum and beer. And he had ordered none of these. He only wished to goodness he had. If ever he should have children, he'd tell them all about the pitfalls of life! Why, you might as well let 'em play around on a farm full of quicksand and hidden wells without pointing out where these death-holes lay! You bet when his son got to be about fourteen he'd take him by the hand and lead him into a saloon. He'd have 'em make cocktails — yes, sir, both kinds, by George! — and then he'd show him all the horrible examples, bar flies and ale hounds and rum retrievers and all! He'd say to him: "My boy, do you want to be like that when you grow up?" And his son would say: "No, father, never!" No, sir, you'd never find a son of his lying on a bed fifteen feet square with a head that weighed a ton and ached in every ounce. And all because nobody had ever told him that a pink cocktail not only biteth like an adder and stingeth like a serpent, but also kicketh like a mule.

Well, he knew now, thank the Lord. Never again for him! He was through! He was all through!

So thought our hero.

So have thought, incidentally, a whole lot of other heroes.

Incidentally, too, a lot of them have been mistaken.

Chapter XI — Concerning Again the Ups and Downs of Life

THEY say that thirteen is an unlucky number. In this case they are right. It is. And yet nobody'll believe it until we explain. Maybe some won't even then. However ——

Is there among us one who, at some time or another in life, has not dreamed of what he would do if he had all the money he wanted?

My, how happy he would be! Think of it! To have yachts, and motors and jewels and friends and dances and parties! Wonderful foods, rich wines! The whole world one's playground, and all its joys one's playthings! So, at some time or other in life, have we all thought.

So is beginning to think our hero, as he stands upon a porcelain slab with the cold water from the Croton hills descending upon his fevered brow; so, that is, is he beginning to think after a moment of dubious wonderment as to how said water manages to violate natural laws by not turning at once into steam. Like all the rest that we have mentioned, he thinks how wonderful it is to have all the money one wants! And how happy he is going to be!

Whereby it will now be our pleasure to show our hero and all the rest what fools they are.

Providence gives a man but one brain, but one body, but one set of emotions. He gives him to live but once and to die but once; (that is, unless you believe in reincarnation, or transmigration of souls; in which case you may be able to take encores. Though, inasmuch as you don't know it, what good does it do you?) Providence also has decreed that things in this life (given that they are desirable) are appreciated only because they are infrequent or difficult to obtain.

Hence a man cannot appreciate a day off unless he have a day on. Pie loses its allure when eaten three times a day. Love grows pale and drab when similarly partaken of. If you never ride, it is but arduous to walk. If you never walk, it does not faze you to ride. And if day by day you soak your stomach full of rich food, it soon becomes peeved and, as they say in theatrical parlance, walks out on you. If you have a new suit, or new frock, every day, dress soon means nothing. If you motor every morning, and yacht every afternoon, and dine every night, and go to the opera or theatre every evening, motors and yachts and dinners and operas and theatres soon become as meaninglessly mad as an idiot's dream. Which is why Marie Antoinette used to like to pretend that she was a milkmaid.

Providence has also decreed that in this life there is no such thing as standing still. Not anything human remains long in statu quo. We either progress or we retrogress.

Ambition and necessity make for progress. Inherited wealth, which stultifies the first and eliminates the second, makes for retrogression. It takes from life the Big Things. Whereof little things rise to replace them. Clothes replace charity. Gowns replace growth. Rouge replaces religion. Emotion replaces education. Wine replaces wisdom. Jewels replace justice. Dissipation replaces duty. Automobiles replace ambition. Yachts replace usefulness. Gastritis replaces generosity. Food replaces faith. And manners replace modesty. When a man begins to play with his stomach, it means that the stomach has become more important than the man.

Whereby we find, on inheriting wealth, that all the great and gorgeous happiness we anticipate becomes a sort of blinded whirl of insensate sensations, much like looping the loop in a chariot of fire. Nothing means anything much. Most things mean less. And when you come to, you find you've made eight hundred kinds of a fool of yourself; that you feel sick, peevish and quarrelsome; that nothing looks good to you. And that all your friends are the most tedious, tiresome and treacherous lot of sap-headed nincompoops the world ever produced. Incidentally, they think the same of you.

The simple pleasures that once were yours, you've grown away from. The complex pleasures that have been yours, have ceased to amuse you. Consequently, seeking new sensations and having unlimited time and limitless money to devote to that search, you begin to delve into Forbidden Things. You play with other men's wives; with other men's daughters. They can't say anything because they are playing with yours. You get divorces and things; then you remarry, only to find this woman worse than the other. You acquire indigestion and gout and locomotor ataxia. You hate everybody and everybody hates you.

Then by and by you hear a doctor murmur: "It is the end," while a group of joyful heirs try to look sorry. And two days later you take a long ride in a black wagon with plumes on it followed by sixty-four carriages having in them people who are sore because they had to get up so early, and who would be having a perfectly rotten time if it weren't for the fact that they didn't like you in the first place.

And that's all it amounts to.

Of course again, there are exceptions that prove the rule. But that doesn't affect the rule; now does it?

[*Continued on page 43*]

A bit of all right it was; but deadly dull. She hadn't done a thing all day

In a Japanese Garden

by Dana Gatlin

SO hard is life in a garden!

He was a painted figurine and he lived in a miniature garden; yet he was not happy. Everything within the borders of the green-dish edge was very lovely. A bridge arched delicately above the lagoon and, beneath, a boat of merrymakers drifted languorously on the water's bosom. Dwarfed orange-trees and plums and willows cast shadowy images into the still water. Up in the branches above a white bird sat, slumbering. Over there, the pointed roof of a tea-house; and, just beyond, an old man driving his laden beast.

And he, on his mossy rock amid tall green rushes, sat casting for the live goldfish that darted through the placid water. Yet he was not happy.

For he was but a poor fisherman, and he loved an unattainable princess. That is, he thought she must be a princess. She stood, midway the curved bridge, stately and graceful as the water willow; her dress gleamed gorgeous as the jeweled dragon-fly; and her parasol was like a huge, delicate cherry blossom, showing just above that willow branch.

Pictures by
F. Graham Cootes

That willow branch! It flung its arm devastatingly before the very cheek of his beloved; all he could see of her face, peer as he might, was the adorable tilted tip of her nose. This was the cause of his wretchedness; this, and that pompous, resplendent old personage bowing and smirking before her on the bridge. A person of importance, evidently, for his embroidered robes shimmered as if woven of a thousand gold and silver butterflies; but he was old — so old!

The poor young fisherman longed for the human gift to sigh. So hard is life — even in a garden. Young loveliness on the altar of riches and power; the pangs of passion unfulfilled; to love, yet never to see the face of one's beloved!

Never had he seen her face; yet, from the first glimpse of that sublimely graceful form, of that enchantingly tilted nose, he could not but love her. She was already there on the bridge when They had brought him and placed him here among the rushes, eternally to fish, eternally to peer and yearn.

For a long time the garden-folk had lived in the queer, dark little shop. Then, one day, a young man entered and, browsing around, spied the garden. He was a tall, slim young man, with attractive dark eyes which looked a little sad. The young fisherman, though he held his gaze in the direction of his princess, observed the visitor and decided he liked him. The visitor, too, decided he liked the garden. He noted all the ingenious details that ordinary, unappreciative visitors never saw — the lanterns on the tea-house, the stick in the hand of the beast's driver, the piles among which the fish could find refuge, the coquettish angle of the princess's parasol.

"The very thing!" he kept explaining.

And the young fisherman, with the intuition of a lover, knew that the garden must be "the very thing" because it would appeal to the appreciative fancy of someone beloved.

Nor was he mistaken. That very afternoon he and his princess and the garden took a long, perilous journey which, at last, ended in a room of flowers.

For a moment the young fisherman, all a-tremble as he was from his voyage, was conscious of nothing but flowers. They were everywhere, all kinds. Huge red roses which reared majestic from green, leafy thrones; little intimate rosebuds which opened their creamy petals with shy delight; heavy-headed lilies nodding languorously on the dresser; and there, on a stand by the bed, a bowl of starry narcissi, sending out a subtle current with which one's soul drifted far away over reminiscent seas.

Then, as he dreamed amidst the odors, the young fisherman was caught back to reality by a low-voiced cry of delight, a voice soft and sweet like the flute's. And a face was bending close over the garden, a face lovely as must be that of his own princess: delicately flushed, a sensitive, tremulous mouth, the sun's own rays caught in her golden hair, and the dark, alluring eyes of a wood-nymph. In that big outside world of live people she, too, must be a princess.

"Oh!" she cried. And again: "Oh! oh!"

Then she caught up the tiny envelop that rested on the willow branch, opened it, and read the enclosed card. She glanced swiftly about to see if anyone in the room was looking, and then kissed the inscription. Her lips were tenderer than rose-petals, her cheeks shaming those boastful blooms yonder. If only the tall, slim young man could see her now! the fisherman thought.

Steps were heard, and she hastily tucked the card into the laces at her bosom.

"See! Miss Ross!" she exclaimed. "Did you ever see anything so lovely in your life? Anything so delightfully absurd?"

The trim, white-capped little nurse came forward and bent sympathetically over the garden.

"Look at that tea-house, and the lanterns all ready for a party!" went on the live princess — yes, *she* was truly appreciative, too! "And those piles bolstering up the bank! And those nonchalant gentlemen waving their golf-sticks — they *must* be golf-sticks. And those bales of really-truly straw on the donkey! — who in the world but a Jap would have thought of *that?*"

"Yes, it's very unique," murmured the nurse sympathetically.

"And just see that silly fisherman! Brandishing his pole so fiercely, but staring straight up into the tree — what does he expect to catch *that* way? Isn't he a silly, darling thing?"

The "silly, darling thing" forgave her; of course she, belonging to another world, couldn't understand why he stared, how he yearned.

"And that sweet thing on the bridge, Miss Ross!

Photo. by
Ira L. Hill

Miss Gatlin

Those exquisite robes — to think it's only paint! She's naughty, too! Just see how coquettishly she's eying the lordly old party!"

If only the fisherman, then, could have eased his heavy heart with a sigh; such cruel relief it was to know, at last, the expression of his beloved's eyes.

The pretty, live princess, it seemed, couldn't get her fill of the garden. Over and over she examined each cunning device; exclaiming, delicately touching, exclaiming again, and, finally, when she was left alone in the room, sitting silent; gazing, gazing.

Dusk, now, was painting shadows in the corners of the room. Shadows, too, had crept into her eyes, deep and darkened, now, like a forest pool at evening. So strange it was to see those eyes of laughter dimmed.

She leaned close and caressingly laid her cheek against the willow-tree. Then, as she straightened, her eyes seemed to catch the fisherman's own. She paused, and an odd, whimsical little smile softened the lines of her lips.

"Why, you poor little fisherman, you," she whispered, "I believe you're trying to see the proud beauty on the bridge!"

The smile lingered a moment, then subtly faded into lines of sadness.

"No use, little fisherman," she went on, addressing him as if he were a live person in her own world. "You're much the nicer, I'm sure; but the old personage is richer."

She sighed, deeply and heavily — the way the young fisherman often longed to sigh. Her fingertips came to rest on his little painted hat.

"So lucky for you," she murmured, "that you're only a painted thing."

Then she straightened herself suddenly. The door was opening; and, as if by a miracle, the old laughing light was in her eyes, and she turned with a gay greeting.

"Good evening, doctor. See the cunning little Japs come to keep Miss Ross and me company."

The doctor, a little man with a round face, eyes startlingly blue behind their big glasses, and a grim mouth which somehow hinted something softer than grimness, obediently followed her glance. But his speech wasn't of the garden.

"I've just been hearing a compliment about you," he said in a brusque bass voice. "Miss Ross says you're the bravest thing she ever saw."

The live princess laughed her laugh like little bells. "*I* — ? Brave —?"

Then she leaned forward seriously, confidingly.

"I'll confess something to you, doctor, if you'll promise to keep the secret. I'm not really brave, not the least bit. But somehow the false impression got started, and I liked the plaudits. So I'm busily keeping up the performance. But once you stop the applause ——!"

"Well," said the doctor gruffly, "you needn't fear about *that!*"

He peered near-sightedly over his glasses at the garden, as he went on:

"Your husband just had me on the telephone. He seemed to think you'd rather not see him tonight; that it might be better for you to keep absolutely quiet."

The girl turned her face away toward the dimming light.

"Yes," she agreed. "It's better. He can't bear the thought of pain or suffering, you know — many men are like that. I insisted that he stay away — tomorrow. He's all unnerved; possessed by the fear my looks will be ruined."

Then, before the doctor could utter the words his lips had carefully formed themselves to say, she broke out in sudden, sharp insistence:

"*Will* it be disfiguring, doctor?" And then, again she interrupted his reply. "No! I mustn't forget I'm being 'brave'! You needn't answer, doctor."

The doctor reached out his hand and covered hers for a second.

For a moment there was silence. The girl broke it — was there a shade of hesitancy in her manner?

"Has anyone else telephoned, doctor?"

The doctor fingered the basin-edge which was the garden-wall as he replied:

"Yes. A Mr. Vinton. He was anxious. He gave his telephone number and I promised to let him know in the morning, as soon as the operation's over."

"Thank you, doctor. He's a very dear friend." She sat quite still, her hands folded, wrapped palely in that shroud of twilight. Then, suddenly, she jumped up, switched on a flood of light, and began to chatter; and to laugh her laugh like little bells.

The nurse entered again, walking on her shoes of velvet silence. She and the doctor talked together. The doctor left. The nurse went out, and returned with a tray; presently took it away again. She came back and bent over the girl with curious shining instruments, and then wrote in an open book on the table. The girl didn't seem to mind all this. She was now dressed in a soft, white, flowing robe, and was more beautiful than ever; her hair formed two long, gleaming ropes — sunshine lingering at night.

The nurse began carrying the flowers away somewhere, the blossoms trembling softly as they departed, sending back, in farewell, vague, invisible odors.

Finally none were left; there was only the garden. This the nurse approached; but, just as she laid hands on the basin, the girl cried out, protesting.

"Do you have to take *that*, too? Surely it can't be harmful. And both windows will be open. Can't I have *something* of my pretty tokens to keep me company tonight — please?"

So the garden did not journey after the flowers.

When, presently, the time came for the pretty live princess to go to bed, she asked to have the garden moved closer beside her. Then the nurse tucked in the white coverlets, snapped off all the light save one little shaded glow by the bedside, opened the windows to the frosty air, and left the room to stillness.

The stillness was calm and peaceful, yet somehow it was sad. Outside the windows, stars had come out and shone pale in the city sky. On these, for a time, the girl in bed kept wide, thoughtful eyes; not the expression meant for the eyes of a nymph. Then they came back to the garden, and rested there, brooding, tender, yet peculiarly mournful. Improbable, unbelievable almost, to see those bewitching eyes thus veiled!

And then, finally, she fumbled at the white sheerness at her bosom, and brought forward a card. The young fisherman, observing, thrilled. He knew that card, felt he had some connection with it. The girl read it over and over. Then she kissed it, and tucked it under her pillow.

At last she slept. But the glimmering light showed something wet and shining on her cheek.

In the golden morning people came, Miss Ross and other white-capped nurses, and doctors talking together. Then they all went away, and with them they took the pretty live princess, still wearing those braids of sunshine and the alluring laugh again in her eyes.

For a long time it was very still in the room, and in the garden.

A yellow bar of sunshine stole through the window, approached the garden, touched the rushes till they shimmered with happiness. The young fisherman sat above the placid lagoon, patiently peering toward his lady whose face he could not see. Did *she*, perhaps, have eyes of bewitching challenge? — could *hers*, perhaps, darken to insignia of grief? No, alas! for she, like himself, was just a painted thing, not in touch with human emotions.

The beam of light left the garden; crept back toward the window whence it came; trembled there; was gone.

At last a sound at the door. A wafture of queer odors entered first; then some men, oddly clothed in white. They were carrying something white and heavy and inert. They bore it carefully, with tender hands placing it upon the bed, the bed of the pretty princess. Why were they putting this strange thing in *her* bed?

A low, grievous plaint came from the thing; it must be alive, though it didn't move. Then the white-capped nurse came forward, and removed some of the wrappings from the thing — a hand appeared, part of an arm. Why, the thing was a live *person!* But why was its face all bound up in those white bandages? And, above all, why was it in *her* bed?

The white-garbed men and the nurse who was called Miss Ross and the other nurse were all whispering together. Finally the others departed, to leave Miss Ross busy with the pillows and coverlets around that inert figure.

Yet, despite any way she might shift them, arrange them, the low note of pain never ceased. Though scarcely more than a whisper, it was almost intolerable to hear. And the air was sickeningly sweet with that queer smell.

An oppressive hush settled down on the room, broken only by that reiterant plaint. Finally, after hours it seemed, the sound broke off. Swiftly Miss Ross was bending over the bed, reaching for the patient's wrist. A voice came up from among the pillows.

"Excuse me — please — for making so much noise."

That voice, so thin and spent, and yet — and yet! Something in it was curiously reminiscent of the silvery flute of the pretty live princess. Could it be that, under those disfiguring bandages, were hid the laughing, nymph-like eyes, the mouth tenderer than lilies? Could it possibly be?

The young fisherman could not imagine it. And yet ——!

The nurse crooned some soothing words, the while she deftly prepared a shining instrument, delicately punctured a bit of soft, exposed flesh. A sharp cry; and then all was still. Not even the whispering of pain.

Time passed. Outside the window, in the far, chill blue, pearly cloud-ships sailed slowly by. A watch ticked. The nurse sat like an image at the head of the bed. That white figure slept on and on, never stirring. The young fisherman would have liked to nod drowsily — but that was one of the things he could not do.

Once again, in that room, he saw the dusk come, to paint shadows in the corners. But, ah! how different, now, from just one day ago! Once again was lighted the shaded lamp, and the hush of night fell over the room. The doctor came, examined the big open book in which the nurse liked to write, talked in a subdued voice, and left. Another white-clad nurse noiselessly entered, Miss Ross departed, and her successor took up the vigil at the bedside.

Once again the longest, loneliest hours were at hand.

Out in the night a mourning wind arose from somewhere; and chilly sleet tapped on the panes as if crying to be let in. Nothing but blackness and storm out there; not one friendly star for company.

The figure on the bed seemed oblivious of it all; just a white-shrouded statue, alive only in that occasional, querulous monotone.

And then, at last, issued again the thin, spent voice from the pillows.

"Please — mayn't I turn over? I'm so tired — so terribly tired."

"Yes, I know," murmured the nurse sympathetically, at once alert.

"*Why* can't I turn over? I tried — but I can't. It's so funny I can't turn over."

"You're very weak. You'll be all right soon."

"But *why* am I weak? — I don't understand. A little while ago, I was just as strong — and now, see! I'm trying to move my hand, and I *can't!*"

"Yes," said the nurse. "It's always that way. There, are you more comfortable now?"

"I think so — thanks. But one isn't supposed to be *very* comfortable — is one?"

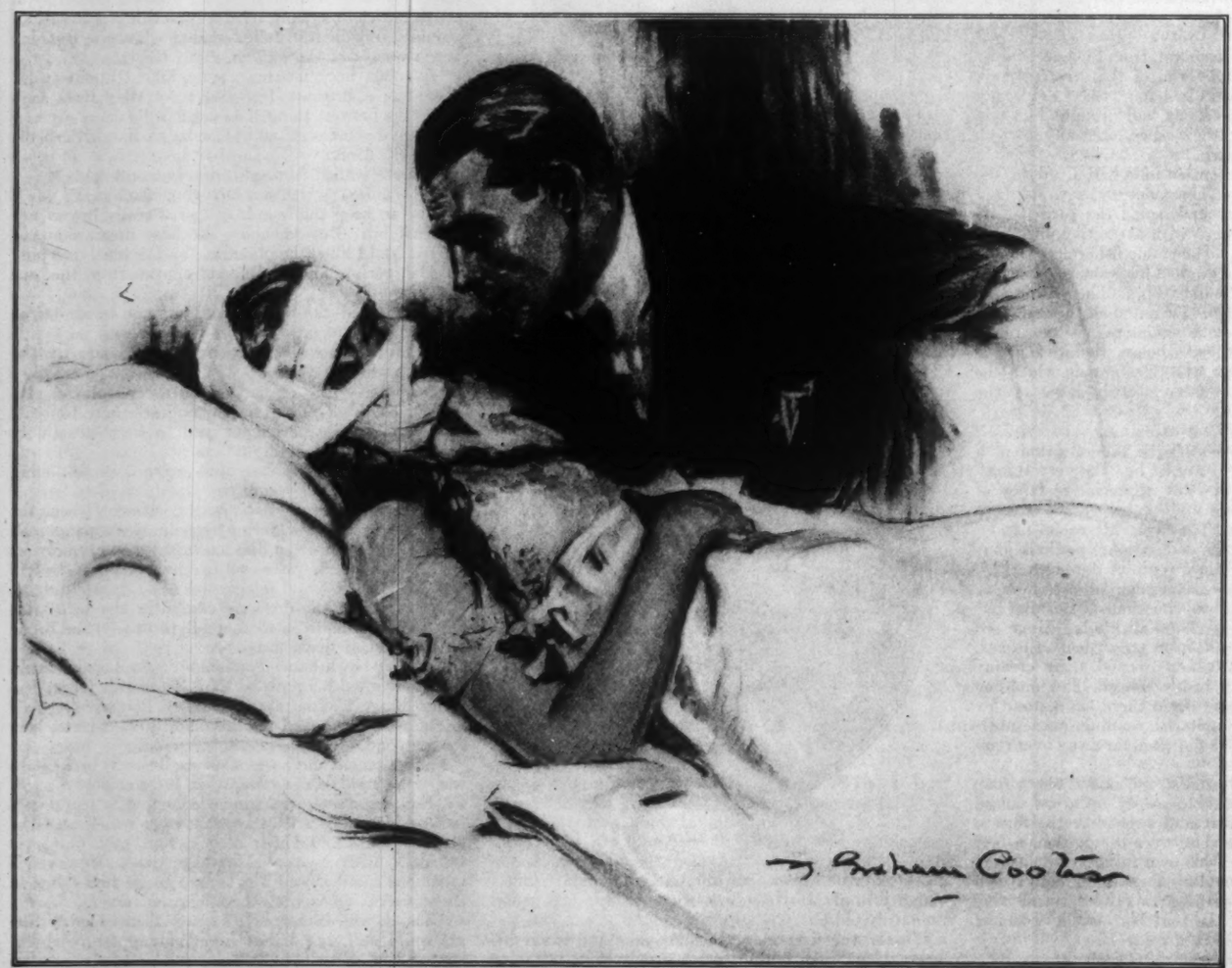
The nurse smiled.

"No, not very," she admitted.

In the new position, the head turned sidewise on the pillows, the eyes of the patient were at last visible to the fisherman in the garden. Those eyes, even though dimmed with suffering, could never be mistaken!

The nurse brought some orange juice, but the live princess — such a pathetic princess now, alas! — could not even try to taste it. She took a tiny sip of water, then relaxed heavily upon her pillows. The nurse again performed the odd rites peculiar to nurses; and then, when she had finished with her writing in the book, she returned to her chair.

The girl's face was turned away from her, toward the garden. Her eyes, peering out from those white bandages, strained through the



"Hush, André — you're speaking too loudly," she reminded; then: "It's true. I've always known it. And now — "

dim light; one could fancy tears stood in them. The young fisherman felt terribly sorry for her. Could physical pain, alone, create that look of anguish? If only she might reach under her pillow and draw forth the card of solace. But no; she was helpless, couldn't reach even that small distance. Besides, the card wasn't there; for he had watched her lock it away from sight before she went with the doctors.

Her eyes still strained through the gloom. At intervals the nurse roused from her chair and did the things nurses always do. Then she would return to her seat, wrapping herself against the cold till she resembled some friendly, shapeless bear.

The girl didn't complain much. She just lay inert till the nurse shifted her; and never, when her face was turned in that direction, did she take her eyes off the garden.

It seemed as if the night would never end, the night with its shaded lamplight and its cold, homeless, seeking wind.

But never a night but must wear itself out; and finally, in the drab dawn, she closed her eyes in sleep. And the young fisherman, weary of the night which can be so cruel to humans, gratefully watched the warming light find the colors in his beloved's robe.

No golden morning, today, but a far-flung view of tearful gray and the room shrinking into sombre shadows. It was as though the very day mourned in sympathy.

But, presently, Miss Ross appeared, carrying back the forest of flowers. The drowsy-headed lilies, the roses haughtier than ever, the memory-stirring narcissi — and many newcomers, too; till, with color and fragrance, the room became a garden.

The best was borne in last, a clump of twinkling heather, a treelet of a thousand smiles. The girl on the bed gave a little sound of delight, and Miss Ross started to grant it the place of honor, removing the garden from the bedside.

But the girl quickly protested; and the fisherman wished he might show his pride.

Somehow things never seem so sad by daylight, even though the sun stays away. Miss Ross moved briskly about, and the girl's eyes, following her, caught back something of their old laughing light.

The round-faced little doctor with the grim mouth which yet was not grim, entered and chatted pleasantly of trifles. After a few minutes, he walked over to the garden and, as he looked at it over his round glasses, he said:

"Don't you want to see your husband now? He's downstairs and anxious to see you."

The girl caught her breath and stared at him, almost, it seemed, in fright.

"Downstairs!" she repeated. "*Now?*"

The doctor nodded.

The fear in her eyes softened to pleading.

"You don't think I *ought* to see him, do you, doctor?"

The doctor lifted his eyes from the garden and regarded her steadily.

"Why not? — he's your husband."

"Yes, but — Later, doctor — not *now!* All these ghastly bandages and —" Her voice broke off, piteous, then came sharp. "Oh, doctor, when will you *know?* My life will be ruined if my looks are ruined!"

The doctor, then, drew a chair to the bedside, seated himself, and covered her white hand gently with his.

"My child," he said, and his gruff voice turned marvelously soft, "you've enjoyed youth and wealth and beauty. These are desirable things to have, and it's only human to prize them. And we're all human, my dear. I've just come from the room of another patient. He's been a very fortunate man: extraordinary genius, fame and honor in many lands, wealth and possessions. But now he's old. And he's very sick. And he lies in there, day after day, gazing blankly into space — physically and spiritually. There's nothing to comfort him. All that he ever learned to prize he must leave. And he just lies there brooding. It's a sad sight. My child, he's a living sermon on the vanity of building on material things."

Tears glistened in the girl's eyes. One would have expected her, with that look, to press her hands together on her breast; but the poor live princess couldn't move her hands.

"I know, doctor. I *know.* But I'm just a weak, vain thing — unable to give up my 'false idols,' you know. Sometimes — just for a second — I feel a spark, as though I've got a *shred* of character. But then ——"

"There's no 'but' about it," interrupted the doctor warmly, patting her hand. He nodded his head at her with mock sagacity. "Miss Ross and I have *your* number, all right."

She smiled mistily up at him. And he went downstairs to summon her husband.

The live princess lay so still she seemed scarcely to breathe. Yet there was a subtle excitation in the air; the very flowers seemed to bend and listen. As for the young fisherman, he was figuratively a-tiptoe, waiting to see enter the friend who had sent him on this interesting journey — that tall, slim young man who had so appreciatively cried: "The very thing!" Why hadn't he come before, when his lady lay suffering? And why had the lady seemed to fear his coming? — she who had cherished the garden above all and had slept with his card on her pillow. And now why did she lie there so languid, the shadows of dusk in her eyes?

So tangled, so inexplicable, seem the affairs of humans to one who lives in a garden!

As he puzzled, the door of the expectant room softly opened. Eagerly the fisherman peered. Then "No! no!" he cried to himself. It could not be! This could not be her husband! The man advancing there was a person of importance, evidently; for he was sleek and groomed like the world's elect; his long nose had the right curve for aristocracy, the lift of his eyebrows betokened authority, and his thin, nervous hands but added to his commanding aspect.

She glanced about to see if anyone was looking, and then kissed the inscription

But those fatigued yellow cheeks! That paunch beneath the neutral-colored eyes — silent eyes which looked as though they could be surprised at nothing. He was dressed foppishly like a young man; but he was old — so old!

As he drew near the white bed, the girl attempted to smile up at him.

"You needn't kiss me, Wilfred," she greeted. "I don't believe you'd enjoy kissing a mummy!"

The old man, her husband, rewarded her effort at pleasantry with a smile; a peculiarly unsatisfactory smile which lifted the points of his gray mustache, but left his eyes unamused.

"You *do* look odd," he said. "I can scarcely believe it's you."

"But I'll soon be myself again," the girl broke in eagerly. "The doctor says I've a constitution in a thousand — I'm breaking all records! And the wound ——"

At the sinister words her voice faltered. And, at the word, the old man let his eyes rest speculatively upon the bandaged face. The fisherman felt resentment. What right had *he*, with those dead eyes and those sagging lines of age, to regard this young thing so critically?

Suddenly she closed her eyes and lay very quiet, though her eyelids fluttered and her breath came and went unevenly under that soft whiteness.

The second of silence seemed interminable. The rain beat against the windows; a deeper gloom seemed to settle upon the weeping world, and something dark and sinister to breathe over the flower-decked room.

The girl opened her eyes at last.

"They tell *me* it won't be disfiguring — but they may be deceiving me. What have they told *you*, Wilfred?"

The old man, her husband, plucked carefully at an imaginary thread on his sleeve.

"Let's not talk about that, Lotie," he said in his politely patient voice. "You'd better ——"

But she interrupted, a straining whisper:

"It's *true*, then! I'll be marked forever — an ugly, scarred caricature! A ——"

The man winced, and held up a restraining hand.

"Don't, Lotie. You'll only excite yourself — slip a bandage or something. Don't!"

Almost as swiftly as they had come, her tears ceased to flow. With the drops glimmering on her lashes, she said apologetically:

"I know. And I know how you dread hysteria. It's just that I'm weak. But *really*, Wilfred," — and a note of childish pride colored her voice — "I've been *very* calm."

"Yes, so the doctor said. That's fine," approved the old man who was her husband. "That's the way you should always try to be."

"And it's been rather hard, too, Wilfred," she went on, still as if childishly eager for praise. "Sometimes, at night, when it's so still; and in the day, too, when the hours drag out. I get *so* lonely and depressed — just with my thoughts."

His thin hand fidgeted; a shade — was it exasperated weariness? — overcast his countenance.

"You *said* you'd rather not have me," he began.

She seemed to swallow a sigh.

"I know, Wilfred. I know it's better all around, that way. It's only — when I get to thinking — of things. And when I think of how proud you've always been of me. If it weren't for that, I sometimes get to thinking that, *perhaps*, it mightn't be so *dreadful* even if I *were* disfigured." Her voice rushed on tremulously. "After all, Wilfred, one's looks are a ridiculously small thing — other things count for so much more. And we make a mistake trying to build our happiness on superficial things which, at any time, can be taken from us — don't you think?"

Her voice died out weakly from over-exertion; but her soft bright eyes eagerly [*Continued on page 66*]

Suppose a person receives through the mail a dollar bill sent by mistake in a letter evidently intended for another person

Is Honesty the Best Policy?

by

CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

ASK the average man how honest he thinks the average citizen is. Ask the average woman. Ask yourself. If you drop a diamond bracelet with your name and address on it in a fashionable church or restaurant or hotel what are the chances of your getting it back? See McCLURE'S Honesty Experiment with a hundred dollar-bills on page 64.

SEVERAL friends of mine maintain seriously and rather bitterly that honesty is today quite an impossible policy for any man who hopes to prevail in the struggle of life. And they point to numbers of men highly placed in various lines of effort whose lives have been notoriously dishonest and who have, nevertheless, achieved immense success and have escaped any discoverable punishment for their transgressions. We will presently consider these successfully dishonest careers and see if they really justify the contention that honesty is an impossible policy.

In spite of their pessimistic opinions, these friends of mine are scrupulously honest in their own lives (one of them claims that he regrets it, which I do not believe); but I was shocked the other day to hear from an intimate source of a man who has enjoyed every social and educational advantage and who nevertheless made the cynical avowal that, in order to escape from his genteel poverty, he would not hesitate to rob a bank or misappropriate trust funds—if he could be sure that his offense would never be discovered! The only thing that kept him from dishonesty was fear and, when I heard that he had been given the handling of a modest fortune belonging to his sisters, I wondered what the result would be.

There died recently in Chicago a man who was always kind and generous and who left to his widow a small estate, as often happens. He left also a careful list of men and women to whom he had loaned sums of money varying from twenty-five to a hundred dollars. There were about forty names on this list, including some of his intimate friends and several persons who were prosperous.

Now I have it from the widow that, of these forty debtors, only one mentioned the fact that there was money to be paid, this one being a woman who could ill afford to return the thirty-five dollars which she said she owed and which the memorandum showed that she owed. This sum she paid back of her own accord, *but not one of the others voluntarily paid back anything!*

How are we to account for such cases of dishonesty? And for many other cases high and low that are familiar to all? How are we to account for good and virtuous mothers who, for a half-fare advantage, insist to railroad conductors that little Willie is under twelve when he is really over fourteen? Or for the dishonesty of multi-millionaires who falsely swear off their taxes? Or for the dishonesty of numberless tradespeople who deal in wrong measures, in adulterations, in fake values of all sorts?

Such petty transgressors bear the same relations to hardened criminals that occasional drinkers bear to drunkards. They are in the danger zone, always liable to disaster because of their long familiarity with minor trickeries. In such persons criminal germs thrive amazingly, just as laboratory cultures thrive in a sympathetic medium, and we are startled to find one man paying, as a convicted forger or check-raiser, for a padded expense account (never detected) that he turned in years before. Or to find a woman paying, as a convicted shoplifter, for the cheating habits that she once indulged while playing bridge whist.

I know a successful doctor, a charming and able man who, as a college student, wishing to pass brilliant examinations but being unwilling to do the necessary work, had recourse to cribbing and cheating and was never found out. Later on, when established in his profession, he wanted easy money and began splitting fees and doing other questionable things. Finally he became involved in a real-estate swindle and at last, after many years of great prosperity, he was sent to prison in his old age. Why? Because this was the logical result of that first deliberate piece of crookedness when he faked his examination papers. He paid for it later on.

In these days of costly living and multiplied desires, it is certain that most men are called upon, at least once, to face a crisis where they must decide whether or not to accept an important material advantage (money or position) in exchange for some perfectly safe and simple act of dishonesty. And, through the ingenuity of the devil, these temptations usually come in times of great financial need. The insidious thought is: "Why should I not take this great advantage *just once* in the hour of my urgent necessity? How can there be very much harm in *just one* transgression?"

The answer is that it is as difficult to be dishonest just once as it is to gamble just once or to get drunk just once. A single successful act of dishonesty makes the ways of ordinary industry seem tame and unprofitable. It unfits a man for honest work. It offers him the lure of large sums gained easily, as by gambling, and establishes in his mind a state of grumbling indifference towards small legitimate sums gained with difficulty. Dishonesty is really a form of gambling (the issue being — will the person be caught and punished or not?) and it is therefore accompanied by the gambling tendency towards larger risks and ever increasing extravagance.

You can no more find an economical thief than you can find a loving or an honorable thief. You might as well expect to find sunshine in darkness. A thief is always extravagant.

I am familiar with the case of a criminal (he was half Irish, half Chinaman) who was incredibly skilful in picking pockets and was said to have taken from his victims over $150,000 in money and valuables. He was also such an expert in short-change manipulations that, on a wager, he would go into a drug-store with a five-dollar bill and come out presently with, let us say, $8.35 and a bottle of Pond's Extract. He knew how to confuse the mind of the clerk.

This man never believed in dishonesty and only practised it, he insisted, because he could make a living in no other way. He knew he would be caught and sent to prison and, again and again, he was caught. Before he was forty he had served nineteen prison sentences in various States, and always the thought of going to prison was torture to him.

"I never come out of prison," he told a friend of mine, "without making a solemn resolution to be honest. People help me to jobs, but my prison record always follows me and I am discharged. For weeks, for months, I try to do right, I go without food, I bear anything up to the starvation point — then I steal again and roll in luxury."

"Until you are caught?"

"Yes."

"Can't you save your money?"

"No. I blow it in. A thief can't save his money."

Very few of us realize with what gradualness and insidiousness the spirit of dishonesty grows in us. We think of criminals as belonging to a different race from ourselves, differently made; it never occurs to us that we, too, the most respectable of us, have dishonest tendencies exactly like other men and women who have come to disgrace by indulging those tendencies.

How many of us have been dishonest at some time, in some small way? When the conductor has overlooked us in a crowded street-car — have we always given him the nickel? And, in larger ways, how many of us have acquiesced when a troublesome building inspector or custom-house inspector or speed cop has been discreetly "smoothed over" by someone in our employ? Which, after all, is bribery, is it not?

Ask any landlord or real-estate agent how often it happens that respectable people, by one device or another, manage to avoid paying their rent. Think of the respectable people who deliberately repudiate honest debts and even declare themselves bankrupt when they are not bankrupt.

Some of them return things to a department store after using them for a day or two

How often do we hear lamentations from some high-class florist or dressmaker that business was going splendidly and a great success was in sight, *only* there were a number of large accounts of rich customers that were found to be uncollectable. Why? Simply because these rich customers used evasions and postponements so unscrupulously that a flourishing enterprise was brought to disaster.

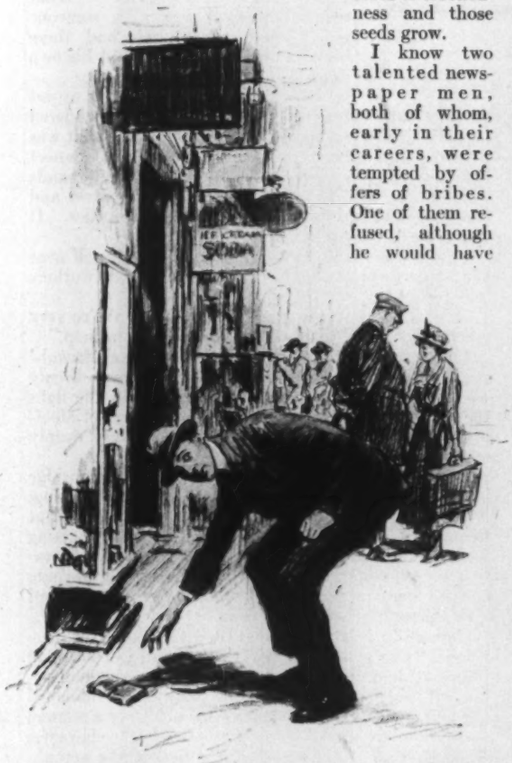
Take the simple matter (as generally regarded) of overdrawing one's bank account by some trifling amount, say twenty-five dollars. I suppose most people

have done this — I know I have — on the theory that the amount overdrawn will be made good within twenty-four hours and no one will be the wiser and no one will be the sufferer.

But see how easily this slight irregularity might assume the proportions of a serious transgression. Suppose a man found himself in a real money emergency where he was called upon to raise an important sum, say three hundred dollars, before the next morning. *He must have three hundred dollars.* And he practically has nothing at his bank.

Suppose he goes to a dozen places where he has credit and at each one gets a check cashed for twenty-five dollars, knowing that these checks are all over-drafts, but reasoning, in his desperate need, that he will be able to square himself somehow with these separate small creditors when the checks are returned unpaid. He will have the money in a few days. They are friends of his. They will wait.

But suppose something goes wrong and he cannot get the money? Suppose the holders of his worthless checks refuse to accept his excuses? Suppose they refuse to wait? It is evident that this man, in spite of good intentions, has placed himself in a position where he may suddenly find himself facing a criminal charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. And this for no other reason than that his previous trifling money irregularities had familiarized him with the idea of irregularity. He had sown in his mind the seeds of crookedness and those seeds grow.



A Chicago newspaper developed the ingenious idea of dropping pocketbooks on various streets

I know two talented newspaper men, both of whom, early in their careers, were tempted by offers of bribes. One of them refused, although he would have received three thousand dollars for an easy, though disloyal, service; the other yielded and for years rode on the crest of the wave in a highly paid and responsible position. Dishonesty seemed the better policy in his case and he left his colleague far behind; but repeated offenses brought inevitable exposure and disgrace, and this man is now "down and out," while the honest man has attained a solid and justified success.

How many fine business opportunities have been lost because the persons to whom they came were handicapped by dishonest habits, dishonesty usually including inefficiency! I recall the case of two hotel bell-boys who, by an extraordinary combination of circumstances (one chance in ten thousand) came into control of an important restaurant business. Almost overnight they found themselves on the straight road to fortune. Yet one of the two missed his chance. The dazzle of riches blinded him, or there was some latent crookedness in his nature. He gambled, he falsified the books, he defrauded his partner of large sums. Finally to save himself he gave up his interest in the restaurant and fled from the country. And the honest bell-boy came into possession of a business that has grown until today it nets him an income of over eighty thousand dollars. Honesty was certainly the best policy there!

I know from a clergyman of a case which shows what destructive power there is in even a taint of dishonesty. Several years ago there came to live in a small city in New Jersey a man engaged in a reputable business and apparently a respectable person, but, as the years passed, he did not prosper and he did not advance socially.

"I cannot understand it," he said bitterly one day to this clergyman. "I make no friends here, I have no luck in my business."

"Don't you know why it is?" asked the other.

"Why, no. Do you?"

"I think I do. I'm sure I do."

The man was astonished at the reply.

"Do you mean to say there is some reason why people are not friendly to me?"

"Yes," replied the clergyman. "It's the same reason that has made you miss business opportunities."

"What reason? Tell me!"

The preacher hesitated and then he spoke one word: "Albany!"

It was as if a bomb-shell had exploded. For years this quiet business man had been accustomed to visit the New York capital twice a year on a dishonorable mission. He went there in the interests of a rich insurance company, his mission being to entertain lavishly certain politicians whose influence was needed by the great corporation. He had never dreamed that these discreet and infrequent activities would get him into trouble or would ever be discovered, yet now it transpired that everyone in this community had heard the story and regarded him as a corruptionist, a person to be shunned and his family with him.

Which illustrates the infernal insidiousness, the far-reachingness of even a minor dishonesty. It may never be made public, the wrong-doer may believe himself unsuspected, but *a few persons know the truth* and that silent knowledge, spread by hints, by shrugs, by confidential warnings, may brand this man ineffaceably as a crook and injure him in unimaginable ways years after the offense. It may injure his children or others whom he would not wish to injure.

I know of a pathetic case in point from the records of Sing Sing prison. A young man of good family committed a theft and was sent to the penitentiary. On his release, being repentant, he went to his sister for aid and she tried to help him, but kept the truth from her husband. She was ashamed to let him know that her brother had been in prison.

There were secret meetings between the brother and sister and several cautious visits to her home at night when the husband was absent. Finally the husband became suspicious. He watched, spied on his wife and soon had overwhelming evidence, as it seemed to him, that the woman he loved had betrayed him.

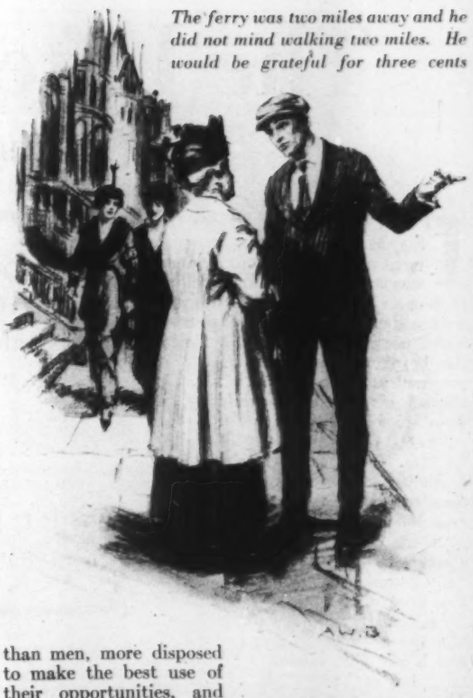
This broke his heart. He did nothing violent. He did not even tell his wife what he had discovered. He simply went away, crushed by an irreparable disaster. He gave up his business, his hopes, everything, convinced that there was no goodness left in the world, that nothing mattered any more.

Drifting recklessly, he joined a gang of evil-doers and was himself sent to prison; and it was not until he had spent five embittered years as a convict that he learned the truth and realized that the wreck of his life and the ruin of his home were caused by the dishonesty of a man whom he had never met nor heard of, a man who had nothing whatever against him, but who, by his original stealing, had set in motion forces of evil that were beyond his control.

I have a friend who takes the ungallant position that women are less honest than men and that men are often driven to dishonesty through the unreasonable ambition and vanity of their wives.

"Women are so constituted," he maintains, "that they value success only as expressed in terms of money. A wife will say to her husband, some rather poorly paid professional man: 'How is it that you, with your brains and college education, cannot earn as much as a grocer or a coal dealer?' That sets him to thinking. He may have all the honors and titles in 'Who's Who in America,' but he knows that what his wife cares about is the new automobile and the bank account. He loves his wife. And some fine morning he gets her what she wants — *somehow!*"

I consider this an unjust accusation against women and mention it only because it is often made and may as well be answered. The truth is — let us be thankful for it — that women are more ambitious than men, more disposed to make the best use of their opportunities, and they naturally urge their husbands in the same direction. They realize that most men could develop much greater efficiency in their lives if only they would use to the full their intelligence and their power of will. It is possible that in some cases, perhaps in many cases, the husbands, feeling this pressure of wifely ambition, find it easier to become dishonest than to become efficient, but that is not the women's fault. The husbands *might* become efficient. And numberless husbands have become efficient (while remaining honest) and have built up splendid successes that were inspired by women's encouragement and women's love.



The ferry was two miles away and he did not mind walking two miles. He would be grateful for three cents

It exasperates me to hear men dwell on various petty dishonesties of women. Suppose women do, some of them, return things to department stores after using them for a day or two? Suppose some of them do pick up street-car transfers that other people have thrown away and offer them to the conductor? And suppose they do occasionally work off a lead quarter of a dollar that somebody else worked off on them?

Why do women do these things? They do them under stress of money need, [*Continued on page 64*]

He would go into a drug-store with a five-dollar bill and come out presently with $8.35 and a bottle of Pond's Extract!

The Lifted Veil—*by* Basil King

Illustration by James Montgomery Flagg

EDITH WHARTON begins next month — just as Basil King draws his story to a close. It is safe to say that "Summer," by Mrs. Wharton, is the most powerful novel she has written — a love story of consuming interest, with all the strength and art of "Ethan Frome," and all the energy and warmth of "The House of Mirth." Relentlessly this great novel pursues its way to a thrilling conclusion. F. Walter Taylor has illustrated it.

For what has happened in preceding chapters see page 44

IT was plain to Bainbridge that Sir Malcolm Grant's astonishment at this unexpected meeting was not less violent than his own. During an instant for which no polite conventions or instincts of courtesy could possibly have been sufficient, the baronet's handsome, rather expressionless face went blank. He offered his hand mechanically, as Bainbridge extended his.

"I — I took the liberty of waiting for Mrs. Gildersleeve," he stammered, as though an apology had been demanded, "when they told me she was expected home to tea."

"Quite so," Bainbridge assented aloud. To himself he was saying: "If Clorinda marries me he'll think I've been a traitor."

And yet the Canadian's words gave him the keynote he was mentally in search of. The meeting was to be on the basis of the simple sociabilities. There were to be no explanations, nor any implications that each of the three held a world of thoughts in reserve. Bainbridge was able therefore to go on with a series of obvious remarks, to ask the baronet how long he had been in New York, and to learn the name of his hotel. In a voice that seemed to him so far away that it might have been transmitted from another sphere, he heard Clorinda say:

"How hot it is here! They'll bring tea in a minute. Why don't we all sit down?"

The heat of the fire gave her an excuse for seating herself at a distance from both her guests, almost at the other end of the room. It made no difference, however, to either of the men, of whom each dropped into an armchair near the blaze, too deeply preoccupied to think of physical discomforts. It was noteworthy too that each kept his eyes on the other, with a scrutiny for which their dull questions and replies made no pretense of being an expression.

"You've come straight from Montreal?"

"As far as the station is concerned. As a matter of fact, I come more directly from Valcartier."

"Valcartier? Isn't that a training camp?"

The Canadian described the vast, muddy plain on which some thirty thousand of his compatriots were preparing to take part in the struggle convulsing the world. He did so graphically, and with eyes glistening. It was a theme that took him out of himself.

"We're not saying much about it," he went on, "but we hope to have fifty or seventy-five thousand in the field by the end of the year, of whom another thirty thousand will sail from Quebec as soon as navigation opens. Over thirty thousand sailed in November, and will soon be at the front. Been recruiting in all parts of Quebec and Ontario. Been in the maritime provinces, too. They've their own training camp in New Brunswick ——"

"Splendid that you're able to work like that," Bainbridge interrupted, in a tone that tried not to betray an absence of thought.

"Doing nothing at all as compared with some fellows," Grant complained of himself. "At forty-four I'm too old to make it worth while to fight, when so many younger chaps are keen to go. Be taking the place of a more active man. Have had nothing but the humiliating job of getting others to do what I shirk myself. Only thing I've been able to contribute is cash — till lately they discovered that I know a thing or two about horses. It's a bit rough to feel yourself a slacker when half the fellows you know are shedding their blood; but it seems the best I can do."

In the end Bainbridge found it possible to follow remarks such as these with one side of his mind while with the other he confronted the seething mass of facts in which his destiny had become involved. So far as he knew his state of mind he felt like a man who has been gallantly and joyously sailing over an exhilarating sea, and suddenly finds his ship sinking. His one clear bit of consciousness was of the necessity of keeping calm, of betraying no overwhelming sense of danger, of living that particular minute as a man should live it, no matter what was to happen in the next. The instinct to save the women and children, which at such moments men otherwise quite unheroic find within themselves, enabled him to talk casually with Malcolm Grant, while Clorinda had leisure to take off her gloves and lay them out neatly on the table beside her, unpin her veil and place it with her gloves, and otherwise get her bearings.

As if with a similar man-instinct Malcolm Grant kept to the topic that had been started as the least personal one he could choose. It had the advantage that to both Bainbridge and Clorinda it was new, and to some degree arresting.

To the clergyman's spiritual insight, too, the Canadian was the first instance of that miracle of which he was already hearing tales — the man transformed, and in some measure ennobled, by devotion to one of the great causes emphasized by the war. As Bainbridge sat silent, or asking no more than the questions that would spur the other man on to talk, his recollections of the scene in his own study, now of nearly two years ago, struggled up to the surface one by one. He remembered how obvious had been in this well-nourished figure, this handsome, fleshly face, the traces of the club, the race-course, and the place of business. The man had been a fine animal, and little more. He might never have missed a meal, never have suffered a care, never have balanced a reflection. If in the countenance the sensuousness was clean, Anglo-Saxon, and sympathetic, it was sensuousness all the same. It was of the earth, earthy. "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die" might have been its motto at the time and its future epitaph.

And now there was a change. It was not merely that the form was more spare, the mouth perceptibly graver, and the eyes more thoughtful; there was an evident step upward in the scale of being. It was as if a soul was being born where there had been only a body; as if the hero was making himself manifest where there had been nothing but a man. Even if it was the hero in will rather than in deed, one got in him a glimpse of those never-to-be-recorded heroisms which would forever make this epoch memorable, and in which the Canadian, by the sheer force of nationality and co-operation, was in some sense a participant.

SO the difficult minutes passed and Hindmarsh brought the tea on a silver tray.

"Put it here, Hindmarsh," Clorinda ordered, indicating the table beside her. "Sir Malcolm, how shall I give you yours?"

Bainbridge found himself gravely questioning as to whether this preference made the baronet the greater stranger or the more honored guest. It was a minute at which hints that were really nothing seemed to have a meaning. There were so many things for him to think of that, for the moment, at any rate, it was only through trifles that his mind could work. When Grant stepped forward to take his cup Bainbridge watched to see whether he and Clorinda would exchange glances or allow their hands to touch. When they did neither he reminded himself that Grant had only wanted to marry her; it was not he who had been her lover.

"My God, she's been — she's been everything to some man!" he thought. And he was supposed to have known it when he asked her to be his wife! To what man had she been everything?

The question surged up slowly out of the heaving chaos of his spirit, only to recede and go down again. It receded and went down because Clorinda said: "Mr. Bainbridge, I think you like it weak, with cream and no sugar."

She made the statement looking at him — looking at him confidently — looking at him significantly, and with the faintest, yet most eloquent, glimmer of a smile.

He forced himself to return the smile and decline the tea, while it came back to him that the veiled woman had said: "There was a man . . . if he had only insisted more . . ." And again: "What really happened was with someone else." How many men had there been? and how far down did his own name come on the list?

He could not have said that as yet he was suffering acutely. He was too bewildered for active suffering, too confused. The thing that was to make him suffer was too monstrous. To connect it with the high-bred woman whose thin, graceful hands were moving so deftly among the objects of silver and porcelain was too great a strain on the faculties. It was absurd, incredible, and yet . . .

"I'm afraid," she said, as Grant seated himself near her, "that we must seem very idle and callous to workers like you."

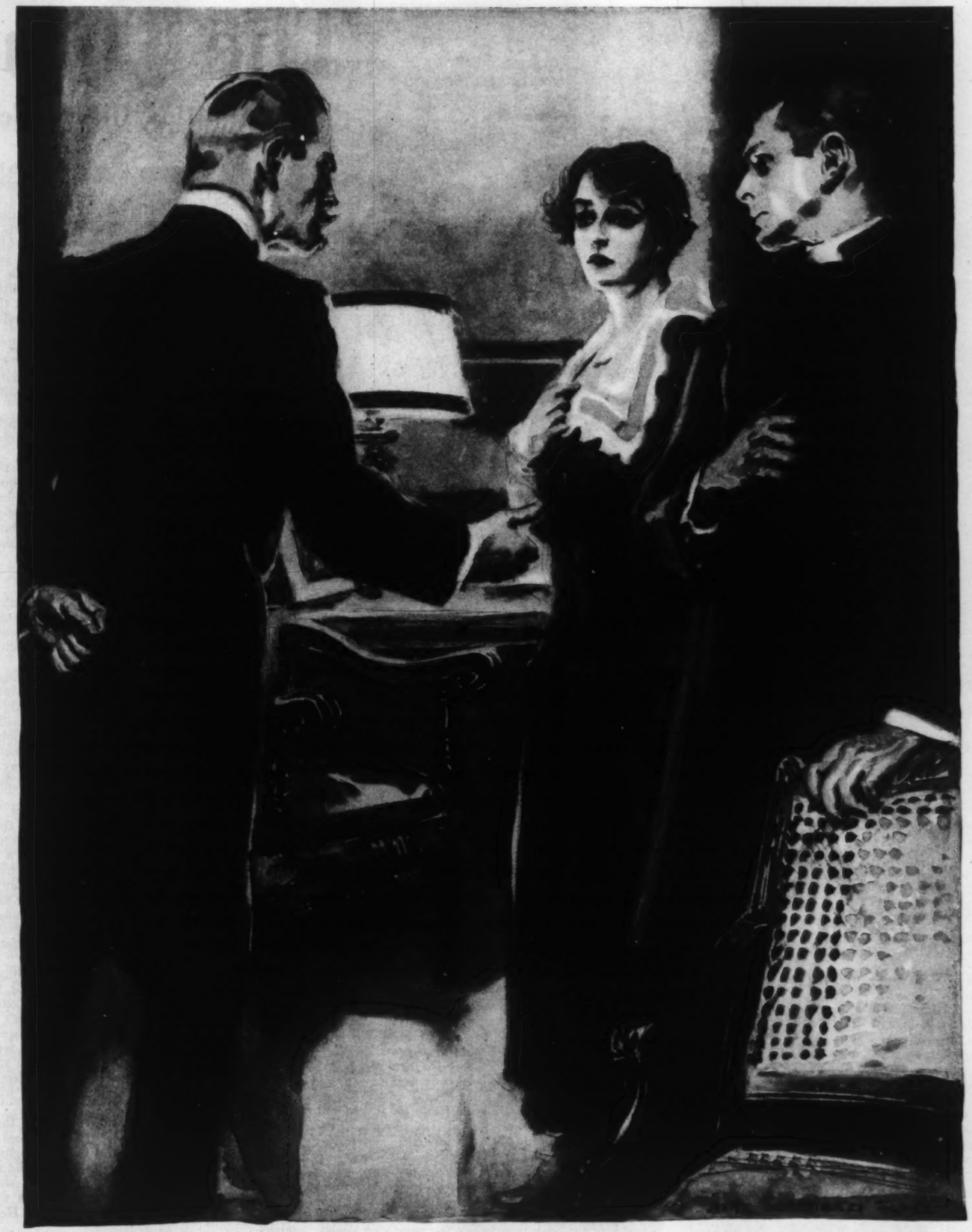
"Not a bit of it," he replied, readily. "We're very much touched by your sympathy and all your help."

"It's true," she said, pensively, "that one's friends' troubles are not one's own troubles, however keenly one may sympathize. To those engaged in the fight that fact must give this whole country an air of aloofness; but, I assure you, some of us are very deeply moved."

It was the inevitable subject, and as Bainbridge listened he was thankful that it should be so absorbing. No private drama could be thrilling enough to blunt the appeal which all mankind seemed to be putting forth simultaneously, so that there was neither affectation nor self-compulsion in the ease with which Clorinda and her guest were able to dismiss other concerns and give themselves up to the topic.

Outwardly Bainbridge found her little short of marvelous. Except for the first few minutes of seeming dazed at finding her unexpected visitor she had remained mistress of herself. She had neither blanched nor betrayed undue self-consciousness. Only a woman with some exceptional blend of courage in the character could have so borne herself in the face of the actualities. So far as the eye could judge she was as calm, as simple, as if Malcolm Grant had never impressed her imagination, as if there had never been on his part some humiliating flight, or on hers some strange refusal. Was it his flight or her refusal that had brought matters between them to an end, after the interview between Grant and himself, in the study in West Forty-eighth Street, two years before? It had been the one or the other — but which?

While he tried to postpone all such speculation to a minute when he could give himself up to it without restraint, it forced itself in spite of his efforts to keep it back. Who was she? What was she? What extraordinary episodes had she passed through in that life of hers that seemed outwardly so placid and yet was so violently disturbed within? How was he to subdue this flaming thing to his own patient round of well-doing as a clergyman? Was it possible to think of her as going regularly to church, and being a gentle, comforting hostess to dull parishioners? Raging fire she had called herself. "I feel as if my love would scorch you — would burn you up," she had said on Christmas Eve. Well, would it? Could it? Was there something baleful in her against which his spiritual defenses wouldn't be able to hold out? Or was there a way, a way he didn't see as yet, by which the Highest Possible might still be reached, and be reached through her, in spite of everything? He had said to himself on entering the house that whatever the fate in store for him he was prepared for it; but had he been prepared for this?



"Perhaps I ought to tell Sir Malcolm Grant before you go away that we — Mr. Bainbridge and I — are — engaged — to be married"

Oddly enough it was preparation of which they were speaking at the tea-table, as their words floated over to him in his place by the fire.

"Rum go," Grant was saying, as he munched a slice of buttered toast, "my being off to Kentucky like this. Sort of thing I never expected."

Clorinda responded sympathetically. "But you must be very glad to be doing it. At a time like the present anything by which one can be useful is a positive boon to oneself." She added, thoughtfully: "And so far as that goes, isn't all of life a rum go? I can't think of anything that will upset calculation, and defy it, so skilfully as the march of events."

"Thing is," the baronet stated, as though he were distilling an original bit of wisdom, "to be prepared for the unexpected, which is what I'm afraid good old England ——"

"Yes, but what *is* being prepared? — for anything?"

"Well, in England's case ——"

"Oh, I know what it would have been in England's case" — interrupted Clorinda, "guns and shells and shoes and that sort of thing. But I'm thinking of ourselves. One gets so out-maneuvered by life, so to speak, so taken by surprise. It's as if we were the prey of some grim and sportive power that had nothing better to do than play tricks on us."

Sir Malcolm seemed to ponder the possible bearing of this speech on the present curious meeting. "Of course one year is different from another," he conceded.

"Oh, but it's the *ways* in which it's different! If one could only guess beforehand, or be ready. You can't even reckon or forecast with any likelihood of being right."

That Grant was searching for hidden meanings Bainbridge was sure from the way in which he looked at her. "Isn't it a matter of reaping what one sows?"

"No, because one doesn't reap it — not as far as I can see. One sows an [*Continued on page 49*]

The Thing

And How It Relentlessly

Before noontime the next day Strum was standing on the ferryboat, looking westward

LOOKING up from the work bench, Hermann Strum observed the burly form of his employer, Mr. Himelbaugh, advancing briskly down the aisle-way between the bench on one side and the casts, models and finished pieces on the other. Himelbaugh's head was lowered. At his heels was an undersized person, not more than five feet three or four, a soiled brown derby with a black band on the side of his head. They passed rapidly up the wooden steps at the end of the corridor-like shop and, entering the office, slammed the door. Strum, humming and giving an idle ear to the gentle slap-slapping of water beneath the shop window — the inwash of the Atlantic to Brooklyn bay — bent again to his carving. It was almost four o'clock.

Before the hour, the door above Hermann opened. He glanced up. Mr. Himelbaugh, in his shirt-sleeves, stood framed in the doorway, heavy and solid, his hands in his pockets, scowling down on the little man who had paused on the top step. The little man grinned, and showed the dark crevice of a missing tooth; and then, for the first time, Strum saw the Thing.

"Sure — surest thing you know," the person was saying. "Six pieces at a time, if you choose — cinch!"

He flipped it into the air, caught it and balanced and weighed the Thing in his outstretched palm. It was bright and shiny, about the size of an ordinary cigar, blunt at one end, a businesslike drill point at the other.

"Well, s'long," the stranger chirped. "See you tomorrow," and he dropped the Thing into his pocket.

Mr. Himelbaugh turned solemnly back into the office. Hermann hitched his arms and hunched his big shoulders over the chunk of oak before him, the hot glare from the water glistening upon the stretch of baldness between the fringes of his gray hair.

He was at work on the figure of a saint. It was about sixteen inches high, the arms folded, the eyes closed in smooth rounded surfaces, and would form, together with the six figures piled behind him across the aisle, and the three more yet to be done — a memorial pulpit frieze. He had been on the job for six weeks.

Precisely at four, Mr. Himelbaugh, twiddling the emblem on his watch chain, came down the short flight of steps, and stood behind Strum. The carver's heavy mouth pursed beneath his overhanging mustache and his thick gray eyebrows drew together. He was grooving the lines where the arms touched the body of the figure. From the edge of his narrow chisel flecks of wood shot loose and fell, in a sort of clean and orderly litter, at his feet. Next came the long folds of the robe. He leaned forward, squinting, to test the point of a gimlet.

"Same eyes as we put on the Salvation Church job," the employer observed, gutturally. "That was in the 'eighties, wasn't it?"

"'Eighty-seven," rejoined Hermann, glancing up. "But the eyes on that job were at least the sixth of an inch farther apart." He tapped the forehead of the saint.

"So?" said Mr. Himelbaugh, his brows up. He nodded and moved on in his leisurely progress down the line of twenty-odd backs, bending steadily to their tasks.

The little man in the soiled brown derby appeared again the next day. He came through the quiet room, busy and bustling, swinging his short arms. When he finally emerged from the office and clattered down the stairs near Strum, he was whistling through the crevice in his teeth. The tune was *Dixie*. He wore his hat at a pert angle and he swaggered. Hermann jabbed his knife into the bench.

"The little pest," he told his wife that evening, "and noisy! — that whistle!" He threw up his hands.

The next morning when Strum was tying his apron behind, he looked down the line of backs and saw, in a cleared space at the end of the room, the little man in the brown derby and Mr. Himelbaugh. The little man was jumping about and pointing to spots in the floor and on the wall; Mr. Himelbaugh, his hands in his pockets, was watching him.

"Now, will you have the goodness to tell me," Strum said to old Timmella, wheezing beside him, "just why so sensible a man — such a judge of workmanship as Ernest Himelbaugh — should be fooling with that overwrought imp? It's absurd, eh?"

"I suppose — I suppose," commented Timmella; and like two toads they crossed the room to their chunks of wood.

Returning from luncheon, Strum paused by the door. A pole had been planted in the floor and reached to the ceiling; against the wall stood a screen-like frame about six feet high. A mechanic in grease-smeared overalls was uncoiling electric wire from a box. The little man was still hopping about in excitement and whistling *Dixie*.

"Umph," observed Hermann, and pushed a hand up against his mustache.

That afternoon he began upon his eighth saint. Mr. Himelbaugh came down the room and selected, from the stack across the aisle, one of the seven completed figures. The sound of hammering filled the shop. The employer was beside him.

"Mr. Himelbaugh," said the carver, bringing his chisel down sharply on the bench. "Will you kindly tell me how you expect workmanship in this noise? Why, it's awful — positively awful, Mr. Himelbaugh."

"Now, Hermann! Now, Hermann!" rejoined the employer. "Don't get nervous. Maybe it's nothing — nothing at all. Be calm — yet a while, anyway."

"Calm yet a while? Well, ain't I?" Strum flung in a high key after Mr. Himelbaugh's back.

Out of the tail of his eye, for half an hour, he kept glancing to the other end of the shop. Then the sound came. Strum's head went up, as if he had been struck in the spine and his chisel balanced. It was a strange, rattling noise — not the rattle of loose machinery, of disorganization, but a regulated rattle, purposeful, controlled; and above it, for a second, there arose the clean, crisp bite of drills. Then all noise ceased. The chisel fell from Hermann's hand and he lounged toward the group forming around the machine, his fists in the pockets of his apron.

The little man was squatting down, adjusting an electric switch at his feet. Riveted in clasps, fastened to the pole, were four uncut blocks of oak, one above the other, and in the middle one of Strum's beloved figures. Into the frame, the stranger had screwed at intervals, corresponding with the blocks of wood, the bright pointed instruments. The little man stood up.

"And now, Mr. Himelbaugh and gentlemen," he said, bowing and jerking back his cuffs, "with your kind permission ——"

He twisted his patent-leather boot and the Thing started. The tier of whirling drills advanced against the blocks of wood. The dulled point of a guide-piece traveled over the face of Strum's saint. The machine rattled. The drills performed their tasks, singing as they bit into the oak. The crude blocks were fast transforming themselves into replicas of Hermann's model.

Strum, squinting, bent over and peered closer. The drill points were grooving down the lines of the robe. Faces, with smoothly rounded eyes, and busts, with folded arms, confronted him. A dull flush burned on his cheeks. He stood straight and glanced around him. The men, tools dangling in their limp hands, were regarding the machine with lax lips and were beginning to look surreptitiously at one another. Hermann's eyes shot about the room. He saw Mr. Himelbaugh's stooped back disappearing through the door of the office.

Half running, half shuffling on unsteady knees Strum went down the aisle-way. Before he had reached the short flight of steps the noise ceased.

"Well, well!" he cried, bursting into the narrow office, "just what nonsense is this? What —" His

by Cameron Mackenzie

Pursued Old Hermann Strum

employer was dropping into a revolving-chair before a roll-top desk. He raised a hand.

"Well?" demanded Strum, his face purple. Mr. Himelbaugh motioned him to sit down beside the desk. Hermann sat down, clutching the side, a foot beating the floor rapidly. He was breathing noisily; the employer sat regarding him.

"I am surprised, Mr. Himelbaugh," Hermann said at length, "positively surprised that you fool with such nonsense. Why, the thing's no good! Why, no — ridiculous. How could it be good? Mr. Himelbaugh, you don't think a machine — a contraption like that —" he flung an arm toward the big room — "can do the work of hands — hands like these?"

He held out his own — slender, with long, square-tipped fingers — and turned them over under Mr. Himelbaugh's gaze.

"It's a great piece of foolishness," he said, a break in his voice.

"Well, there it is," said the other, throwing out his hands and looking away. "I'm sorry, Hermann. It's tough. But the Thing has come. I shan't be able to help myself."

"Help yourself!" echoed Strum. "How do you mean — help yourself?"

"Well," returned Mr. Himelbaugh, gazing into the recesses of the desk, "I should think you could see."

"See what?" Strum crowded forward.

"See what this means."

"Well?"

"Well! Well! Well!"

Himelbaugh and Strum turned. In the doorway stood the little man with the soiled derby. He was bowing and gathered into the crook of his arm were the five images. He stepped to the desk and laid the images in an even row, faces up, before Mr. Himelbaugh. Hermann had let his hands fall to his knees.

"So," said the little man in a sibilant whistle, placing the last figure.

He delved into his pocket and drew out a bill which he laid in front of Mr. Himelbaugh. Stepping back he rocked himself on his toes and heels and twiddled his fingers from the armholes of his vest.

"Now, papa," he began to Strum, "we're sporting men together. Five dollars if you pick your saint." He grinned down at Hermann. Mr. Himelbaugh's chair squeaked away from the desk.

"Another foolishness," cried the carver excitedly, and scraped to his feet. "Pick my saint — the work, the toil of these hands — of this brain" — he tapped his forehead — "the thing for weeks I make my own? Oh, such foolishness!" He stepped forward and unhesitatingly pointed to an image.

"Ah, my friend has made his selection. Excellent! We shall see — we shall see."

The little man picked up the image and turned it over. With a smile that showed the dark crevice in his teeth he thrust the figure at Hermann, his thumb beneath a freshly cut trademark left by the machine. Strum clutched for the edge of the door. He stood there trembling, gulping, his eyes pinched up. The little man directed himself to Mr. Himelbaugh.

"Well, what do you know about that?" he jubilated. "Some demonstration, ain't it? Why, there's nothing to it. I'll travel the country in eighteen months ——"

"You'll travel the country, you say?" cut in Hermann, swallowing hard.

"That's the dope," rejoined the other.

Strum dashed the back of his hand across his eyes. He started to speak, but choked. He nodded and stumbled down the stairs. Tears were streaming over his cheeks as he went straight to his place at the bench. Some of the men crowded around him, heads lowered, tugging their mustaches or stroking their chins reflectively. Hermann dug beneath the bench and found his leather tool chest. It was half the size of an ordinary traveling-case, dust-covered, and bits of chipped wood were clinging to it. He banged it down on the bench and began rapidly fitting his tools into the slots, blinking through his tears as he found the proper niche for each instrument. He smashed the case closed and turned about.

"What's up?" inquired a white-faced carver.

"Up!" shouted Hermann, his chin trembling. "There ain't nothing up. Everything — everything in the world's smashed down — gone to the devil. Nothing left — nothing — nothing — nothing!" He beat the tool-case with his fist, at each word. "All we've learned is gone; all we've saved is gone; all we've builded is gone. And why?" He glanced from one man to another. "And why?" He reached a long arm and held it motionless, pointing to the machine, cold, silent, at the other end of the room.

Some of the carvers glanced up, and Strum dropped his arm and wheeled around. Mr. Himelbaugh, scowling, was standing in the doorway.

"There is no use, Hermann," he said quietly, gutturally, twiddling his watch-chain, "in carrying on this way. There's several weeks' work ahead for all of you, and in the meantime ——"

"In the meantime — what?" caught Strum. "What? Eh? Get a job! Errand boy for a delicatessen shop — deliver *wiener* — not me!" The men were looking first at Hermann, then at Mr. Himelbaugh. There was a heavy silence.

"I suppose the thing is to get into another trade," observed one of the younger men to the carver standing beside him. Hermann heard the words.

"Another trade!" he shouted in a high, broken key and brandishing an arm so that those around him fell back. "Another trade? There ain't no such thing for a man of sixty-three."

He paused, his trembling hands beneath his apron. Several times he drew his lips in and out, moistening them. Above, Mr. Himelbaugh was looking down, his mouth working as he kept biting at his cheek.

"I'm a carver," Hermann finally continued in a thick voice. "A graduate of the Munich school, a skilled wood-worker. That's all I'll ever be. I take my tools. I quit tonight. This Thing has driven me out!"

The men, shaking their heads dubiously, began scattering along the bench. Mr. Himelbaugh came down the steps and patted Strum on the back. "Now, Hermann," he said, "wait a little. You're rushing matters. Don't be carting your tools away."

"Me and my tools," returned Hermann firmly, lifting his faded gray eyes, "both go. We leave. Not one day do we stop in the place with that Thing." He jerked his thumb toward the machine.

"Where'll you go?"

"Anywhere — anywhere at all where that nasty Thing isn't. It and me and my tools can't live together — never!" He laid a hand dramatically on his tool-chest. "Me and these, Mr. Himelbaugh, go. We go together. There is one thing that that machine can't separate. It has blown you and me after thirty years, thousands of miles apart — thousands. It will come between anything — anything at all; men and wives, fathers and children, friends — anything but me and these tools — this tool-chest where my life is." Again he patted the case. "Everything that's me is in this. Leave the tools behind? When I leave them behind, Mr. Himelbaugh, I am dead; and that's not yet."" His voice broke on the last words and his eyes were overflowing.

He crossed to the hooks. His hand was shaking like a wind-whipped rope when he reached for his black, slightly worn cutaway. The other workmen were glancing sidewise over their shoulders as he returned to the bench. The room was still. Strum, his tool-chest in one hand and grasping the lapel of his coat with the other, marched, dignified and straight, down the aisle. One or two arms sought to detain him, but he bowed

Pictures by Wallace Morgan

He stepped forward and unhesitatingly pointed to the image he thought was his

himself around them. Near the machine he stopped. At the base there was a pile of sawdust. Black oil had dripped down and stained it.

"Look at the mess the Thing makes," he observed to the carver nearest the door, puckering his face. And he went out.

II

HE left his bag in a drug-store and hurried home. Hermann lived in a slate-colored, two-story house on a side street. A round bed of geraniums crowded between the porch steps and the picket fence. He paused by the brown walnut rack in the hall, cater-cornered from the stairs, to hang his hat. From the kitchen came the voice of his wife and daughter, the banging of an oven door and a little laughter. He hurried to his room above, and getting to his knees with a grunt, reached underneath the bed for a tin box. Still kneeling, he dug for his keys and took from the box a stack of finger-stained bank-books. He found paper and a blunt pencil. After drawing aside the curtains for more light, he sat down and figured, his lips moving as he made the sums.

When his wife called him for dinner he was gnawing at his mustache and staring, blank-eyed, into the street. His hands were lax in his lap and his shoulders had drooped forward. He shook himself, and went down, crouched and rubbing his fingers into moist and slippery palms.

His daughter Greta, a wisp of a girl with a clear, broad forehead, was standing smiling, waiting for him, at the foot of the stairs. Hermann, coming down, regarded her. Her eyes were dancing with fun.

"I've a new beau, Daddy," she cried, and kissed him. Her full, red lips were soft on his cheek and her bare arm soothing at his neck.

"And he's coming tonight," she continued. "We're going to give you a concert." She slipped a hand over his sleeve and led him through the darkened parlor to the dining-room.

"A new beau, eh?" said Strum, squinting his bushy brows under the brightness of the hanging oil lamp. "Another one, eh?"

"Yes, and this one is a nice musical one," returned Greta. She had drawn back his chair for him and he sat down. "You'll like him. He's right up to date."

"Up to date, eh?" echoed Hermann, making lines on the red table-cloth with his knife.

His wife, red-faced, huge-girthed, appeared through the swinging-door to the kitchen with a platter of roast. Greta fetched the plates and found her place between her parents.

"Well," began his wife, with a laugh that shook her, "did you see your whistling pest today?"

Strum was slicing the meat. He did not look up, but his frown tightened and his lips pressed closer. Before he replied Greta cut in:

"A whistling pest? What's that?"

"Oh, some fellow who has been hanging around the shop," explained Mrs. Strum and held her plate across the table. Hermann served her and turned to Greta. There was a girlish droop to her shoulders as she reached toward him.

"Did you see the man today?" resumed the woman.

"No," said Strum, and dropped back into his chair. His own plate he left empty.

"Why, Daddy, you're not eating!" cried Greta.

"It's too hot," he replied, and resting his arm on the cloth, passed his hand over his bald head. "Tell me about your new young man."

"Oh, he's very nice and very, what you might call — tony." The girl flashed a smile. "His father is a banker."

"A banker, eh? So my little girl goes around with bankers' sons, does she?" He spoke wearily, and, shading his eyes, watched her.

"I thought you'd like that!" she teased, glancing up. "I met him at the music school. His name is Paul Henderson."

"Frederick Henderson's son?"

"Yes, Daddy." Hermann and his wife exchanged glances.

"Well," he observed, again studying his child, "when I was a boy I never met any bankers' daughters and your Ma never met any bankers' sons. She wouldn't have married me if she had — eh, Minna?"

"My, you're silly," was his wife's rejoinder, and Hermann sighed and said in a murmur:

"Maybe it would have been better if you had."

"Daddy, you are tired, aren't you?" exclaimed Greta, getting up from the table. Strum, with a strained look, watched her gather the plates and pass through the swinging-door.

"Well, we're giving Greta her chance, aren't we, eh?" he said to his wife, a hand at his cheek; she, picking bread crumbs, acquiesced.

After dinner, with his pipe, Strum settled himself in a rocker on the porch. When the dishes were done his wife joined him and presently Greta appeared in a broad, limp-brimmed hat, mounted with a yellow flower.

"I'm going to meet Paul at the music store. We'll get a score and come back." With that she bounded down the steps and disappeared along the street — slight, animated, gray-white in the twilight.

"So it's Paul already, is it?" observed Hermann, and smoked silently. His wife rocked, her plump hands over her apron front. At length he stretched his arms and spoke.

"Well," he said, with a side-long glance, "I feel good."

"Good? Why should you?" demanded his wife sharply.

"I'll tell you. I was just reckoning things up and, do you know, when we make the next deposit at the bank there will be — well, there'll be a lot of money there." He shook his head. His wife half-smiled. Strum went on, balls of blue smoke rising at slow and regular intervals above him.

"There'll be enough there, Minna, so that if anything should happen to me — say if I was run down by a truck or a shark jumped through the shop window and bit me" — he laughed, quaveringly — "why, there would be enough for you and Greta. You could go on, be comfortable and, what's more, Greta could have her chance."

"Well, nothing will happen to you if you mind and keep your feet dry and don't run after trolley-cars with the streets full of those autos."

Hermann looked up and saw that her attention was on some boys down by the corner, shouting and playing ball in the fast-failing light. There was a sharp contraction of the muscles of his throat. He gulped and twisted his head about before he continued.

"That's a lot to have accomplished," he observed, "and now Greta's going around with bankers' sons." Then with a sort of defiance he added: "I'm proud."

"You do talk silly tonight, Hermann," she retorted; but she did not glance toward him.

"I don't talk silly, as you say," flung back Strum. "If a fellow is a real man, he discharges his obligations and in thirty years of hard work — very hard work, Minna — I've got together enough for my obligations and a little bit more — enough for Greta's chance. Now that's fine! I tell you I feel good — I'm proud!"

"That won't help you any," she declared. "If you get proud you may be a loafer next."

"A loafer? Me? Never!" and he brought his pipe bowl down sharply upon the arm of his chair. She looked at him quickly and he added: "No — no, Minna, I'm too proud to be a loafer. You know that, don't you — now, don't you?"

"My, you're funny, Hermann!"

"Am I?" he replied. They fell silent. The balls of smoke rose at short intervals into the still air.

Presently Greta appeared around the corner, swinging her hat. She was laughing up to a young man and they came lounging, dawdling toward the gate. The young man's shoulder was even with the top twist of her light hair. He wore a gray Norfolk jacket, snug at the waist. They came up the steps and Greta introduced him. He found a place on the top step and against the pillar of the porch. The girl sank down on the arm of her father's chair and began stroking the sparse hair at the sides of his bald crown.

"Well, what's the new music?" asked Hermann, recrossing his thick legs.

"Chaminade — a waltz," returned the girl. "Paul thinks it wonderful."

"Oh, you young people!" exclaimed Strum, with a shade of bitterness. "Always for the new tricks, ain't you?" His prehensile fingers were opening and closing over his daughter's slim arm.

"That's progress, sir," put in the young man deferentially.

"Well, perhaps," said Hermann. "But to my way of thinking it would be hard to make progress from Beethoven and Mozart. They were the grand masters, the grand artists."

Greta and her friend passed into the house. Presently to Strum and his wife came the tinkle, the ripple of Chaminade.

"It's just pretty feeling," the old man asseverated once, hoarsely. "No soul!"

His pipe sputtered in the bowl and he knocked it on his heel before he repeated: "No soul — clever as *blitzen*, but like lots of things these days —" He broke off, shaking his head.

Sidling his chair around, he peered into the lighted parlor. The piano stood in the corner; beside it a tall wrought-brass lamp with a spreading red shade. Hermann could see the two figures beyond, their faces intent, eager, happy. He closed his eyes and put a moist hand to his forehead.

Sidling his chair around, Hermann peered into the lighted parlor. He could see the two figures beyond, their faces intent, eager, happy

III

BEFORE noontime the next day Strum was standing on the front of a ferryboat, looking westward, the tools of his trade in a bag beside him, a continent before him.

He stopped first in Philadelphia. The Thing came six weeks later. Hermann was returning home from an evening walk and the shop lay on the way to his boarding-house. Lights at an end of the workroom caught his eye. Standing by the curb, looking up, he heard the definite, businesslike rattle of the Thing and the [*Continued on page 40*]

The Straight Road

Conclusion of the Great Anonymous Serial

AND after all, I went to the banquet. There was no getting out of it. I couldn't have asked for kinder friends than I had in these days at the Poinsettia. Those idle people at the house, with a little money and no real interests in life, would naturally have sided with capital against labor. But when we got home from Las Palmas, Joe Ed with his broken arm, they welcomed the excitement, and worked themselves into a perfect lather of sympathy with the strikers. Our going back for the trial kept up the agitation. And now there was nobody but me. Joe Ed was away. He had bought in, last fall, with a man who made Arctic voyages, for scientific fur gathering, but mainly for the producing of Arctic motion picture films for educational use. It suited the boy; there were both adventure and money in it. He was in San Francisco now, working with his partner at the outfitting. If the Poinsettians were to feel themselves of any importance at this banquet, it had to be on account of me.

And besides that, Mrs. Thrasher, who always had a few club rows simmering on the back of the stove, was now leading a faction of the Federation which wanted to be sure it wasn't being "used" by Mrs. Stanley just because Mrs. Stanley happened to be State president.

"Go? You've got to go!" she said to me that evening, after we'd all argued for an hour by the fireside in the big front hall. "All of us will go. I consider it a duty."

"I think I'd go if I were you, Mrs. Baird," Mrs. Tipton's little high voice came in; and when I turned to her, surprised, "I believe I'd go — and wear my prettiest dress. If you don't, there may be those who will think you're ashamed to."

"Hah! Well put!" said Mrs. Thrasher in triumph.

"I'll pay for plates for the whole crowd," little Mr. Martin clinched it. "Two, five, seven, eight," counting with sprightly pokes of his forefinger; "oh, eight dollars wouldn't break anybody."

It seemed to be settled. Miss Creevy, Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Tutt — to say nothing of Ermentrude — dashed right into discussions of what I was to wear, as though it had been my coming-out party. There was no chance for me to go inconspicuously dressed in street clothes; my recent extravagance, a white crêpe de Chine evening-dress that I'd never worn yet, was the only thing they would agree to.

The banquet was for Saturday night. Days before that the advance fringes of the Army of the Unemployed which was that winter wandering up the coast from Los Angeles had been drifting in to town. By the middle of the week we had a whole detachment. They were on their way to Sacramento, then for Washington, as Coxey's army once went.

Among them were lots of seasonal workers. I saw a good many who had picked hops on Las Palmas; and Friday afternoon I met Sonya Pochin on the street with one of her little brothers. She was fearfully thin, and her big black eyes were like coals.

"Is there something I could do for you, Sonya?" I asked. And she answered:

"Yes — come to the mass meeting we're getting up — Fairyland rink, next Monday. And say to everybody you talk to: 'Not another pound of hops picked in California till Cluett and Monroe are free!'"

"Oh, Sonya," my heart did ache for the girl, "I want to do something for you — yourself."

She shook her head. "Never mind me — there are plenty of others worse off."

I was obliged to leave it at that.

When, on Saturday evening, the eight of us started down from the Poinsettia to Snow's in the street-car, we passed what the Army called bivouac fires near the curb, where the police were allowing them, on Clarke Street, which was wider, cobble paved, and less used. At some there was music; they had marched that day, carrying placards with Sonya's exact words about freeing Cluett and Monroe; I saw it was a slogan. They huddled now around their fires, chilly and pitiful. We turned into Main Street and left them behind us; ahead was the long line of motors already standing in front of Snow's.

When we got upstairs we found the Pompeiian Court almost full. Hundreds of guests were getting seated at the twelve or fifteen long tables. The eight places reserved for us were in a line, side by side, where we would get a good view of the whole room. As we worked our way in to them, I saw many faces I knew; Dr. Rush and his wife signaled greetings to me — and that drew Delia Watkins's attention my way. Very grand in her mauve and paradise aigrette, she was just being seated between the two Mrs. McBrides, but the look she gave my white crêpe de Chine, and my company — the perfectly good Poinsettia crowd — was as though something hurt her feelings. Well, she had waited and found out.

All the rushing about and whispered consultation seemed more than would have been necessary to get the people seated; anyone could see that something besides a banquet was being prepared for. There was a sort of thrill running through everything. While the last arrivals were coming in and finding chairs, we had a chance to look about and exchange comments. At the long table across the head of the room, for speakers and press, I recognized a man from the San Francisco *Examiner*, a young woman from the *Bulletin*, caught sight of Mr. Stokes's big bushy head, and got the light-blue gleam of Rosalie's one evening frock. She wig-wagged to us, then came sidling over with that odd little shuffle of hers, the good shoulder a bit advanced. Her air was strictly businesslike, but she only bent and whispered in my ear:

"Gosh, Cal, you're swell tonight! I just had to come and bring you the good word. Prettiest thing in the room, bar none — you ol' hop-picker!"

She thumped my shoulder affectionately. Mrs. Thrasher, next me, reached out, took hold of her and began to talk in a lowered tone.

DELIA'S "nice people" were certainly here. The Court held what I knew Rosalie was going to call "a representative gathering of San Vicente's best." They were tubbed and scrubbed and dressed up, properly behaved, each with his afflictions — if he had any — stowed in the bottom of his own heart. They sat waiting for their meal at white-spread tables, with shining water-bottles and half-pint tumblers full of clinking ice, the fountain sounding through a murmur of low-toned, well-bred talk. How could Las Palmas camp with its dirt and drought and smells and uncouth sufferings be brought here? I kept asking myself this all through the banquet and I didn't get any answer until the banquet was over and we were ready for the real business of the evening.

Then the chairs rasped noisily as they were dragged around to get us all seated facing the upper table, at the center of which Mrs. Hoard already sat, Milt Stanley at her left, Harvey Watkins, the frock-coated, solemn-faced prosecutor from Chavez County, and both McBrides. The Stanleys were at a little table by themselves almost in front of her; and on her right, Arnold Llewellyn, who had so gallantly conducted the losing fight for the pickers, sat alone. Where were his people? What was he depending on?

There was a curious new sound at the rear of the room — a stir and shuffling of feet. I half rose and looked back over the heads.

"What is it? Who's coming? Can you see?" whispered Mr. Martin.

Next moment there was no need to ask; he could see for himself. Our dollar-a-plate respectability was being invaded from the street below. They came up by elevator and stairway, and poured into the restaurant, quiet and orderly, as I had seen them pour into the courtroom at Corinth — the I. W. W. crowd — a delegation from the Army of the Unemployed. I could have cried to see how every one of them showed the effort to be clean and decently tidy. The first comers packed in a solid wall along the back; others came past and crowded quietly in behind our chairs; then they began streaming up the steps and filling the long musicians' gallery. There were dozens that I'd known at Las Palmas, many who had testified at the trial afterward. The attention of my party was caught at once by the white face and burning eyes of a girl in the front row, against the balcony rail, leaning down, so that those behind could see.

"How odd looking!" whispered Mrs. Martin.

"Yes — and sort of terrible," added Mrs. Tutt.

"She's awfully handsome," put in Ermentrude.

It was Sonya Pochin.

The answer to my question had walked in on our astonished gathering of comfortable, well-off people; Las Palmas Labor Camp was here. This move Llewellyn must have been keeping to himself; I was sure it was a surprise to the chairman, and that as she got up and stood to open the meeting she was a little nervous.

"One point," she said emphatically, "one point is to be borne in mind; speakers must not be personal. We are all friends here, met to discuss a painful matter in a friendly way. The Civic League of San Vicente has undertaken this meeting in the belief that through it a clearer understanding of what happened at Las Palmas ranch can be reached. But we cannot do this if personalities are allowed to heat and cloud the discussion. Speakers must not be personal." She introduced Mr. Milton Stanley.

MILT — Mr. Stanley had as usual put him forward to bear the brunt — opened the argument, reading in a low, husky, frightened voice affidavits and resolutions from Chambers of Commerce, and other public associations, showing that the owner of Las Palmas was a man of the highest standing, a valued member of the community, a public-spirited citizen. The gallery, except for Sonya's tragic face, was soon one broad grin. It was a bad beginning. Someone standing behind my chair whispered hoarsely:

"Say your say, my little man. What we'll do to you, when our side gets the floor, 'll be a-plenty."

Milt had a great stack of the stuff, and he read on and on. Mr. Stanley listened, I suppose, though he never looked up, and his wife kept leaning over and whispering to him. It was the well-bred banqueters who got restless and bored. Llewellyn made no move to interrupt or answer till Milt got on to the Corinth fruit-dealer's receipt for lemons bought by Las Palmas — this was to clean up the record of that chemical lemonade that Luella had peddled. Llewellyn hopped up and shouted:

"Yes, sir, and we've got a copy of a receipt from a Corinth druggist's books for the acetic acid you folks bought on August third — enough of it to turn San Benito creek sour. Didn't need many lemons after that, did you? Just enough to float some slices on the top of the barrel — hey? How many you got a receipt for?"

"T' — t' — two boxes," quavered Milt, and a titter went over the whole room. After that Harvey and the McBrides and the attorney from Chavez took the argument out of Milt's helpless hands, and we saw with what skill Arnold Llewellyn was going to use the hop-pickers — this delegation from the Army of the Unemployed, which seemed to have come to his hand by chance. In the discussion that followed, where Mrs. Hoard had to bring them up short again and again with, "if you please — if you please — we mustn't be personal," he kept using these living presences against the windy generalities of the other side! Sometimes in speaking he'd just point to them, sometimes they were called on to answer, to deny assertions.

I glanced around; certainly those who heard this would never be able to forget it. The Stanley cause was going from bad to worse; what the newspapers had said was nothing to this; and here they had it face to face. I never before saw Lucius Stanley seem dashed. Mrs. Stanley kept braiding the trimming of her wrap with nervous fingers. Their paid lawyers did the best they could with a bad case; Mrs. Hoard interposed several times to enforce her rule against personalities.

"Quite right — quite right," Llewellyn cheerfully agreed. "And now we'll close with the most impersonal thing we've got — a government report."

"You have the floor, Mr. Llewellyn," in evident relief.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I won't bore you. I'll not be long. Just a few brief passages from the government report on labor camps in the State of California last fall — where it touched Las Palmas ranch, I mean. After that, I don't think we have anything more to say. If the other side has — after that — I shall be surprised. Ladies and gentlemen, I read from the report of the government investigator, an authority on these matters — Mr. Philip Stanley."

I can't be very clear about what happened next. I know that Mrs. Hoard was on her feet, trying to make some sort of protest, and then she couldn't properly, and sat down. I only wanted to keep a straight face — I felt everybody in my party was watching me. I stared across the room above the heads of the people, but I saw out of the side of my eye how Mr. Stanley, his hands on the top of his cane, looked straight at the floor, while she sat rigid.

Up at Corinth, Philip's testimony had been heard in a court of law. Here was a room full of their own sort of people, at a social function, sitting to listen while the word of their only son condemned them. The room was still as death as Llewellyn read. He just took little bits from the report — those that would hit hardest and cut deepest. I could fairly feel that crowd of people freezing toward the Stanleys with every word. And they felt it, too. Harvey jumped up and came around the end of the table to them. The three heads were close together, and he was whispering energetically, when Llewellyn rounded up his extracts with:

"There! Now you know why these people have been parading your streets with the slogan, 'Not Another Pound of Hops Picked in California till Cluett and Monroe Are Free!' You wouldn't blame them if they said, 'Not another hop picked on Las Palmas ranch.'"

"Your threats do not reach my clients," Harvey retorted, straightening up from his consultation. "They are no longer interested in hop-raising or hop-picking. Las Palmas ranch doesn't belong to them — it's changed hands. Your people can riot all over it next year — the new owners will have to meet it the best they can."

New owners for Las Palmas? Chavez County was interested in the ranch — and so in them. The attorney spoke up for their cause with: "I still question that point about the drinking-water. That's hearsay. The investigator who made the report was never on the ranch till the day of the riot."

Mrs. Hoard, on her feet, put out a silencing hand toward him.

"Pardon me. Haven't we had enough personalities? Can't we close this meeting now with the feeling that both sides to this discussion have been given a sufficient hearing?"

"I suppose you can," said the Chavez County man, ungraciously. "And the last thing that'll stand against us is the hearsay gatherings from the notebook of a man who probably doesn't know how hop-picking is ——"

At that point there came a startling interruption. Mrs. Thrasher had been nudging me and gurgling: "You know all about that. Get up, why don't you, and answer him?" But it was Sonya Pochin's voice that soared out from the gallery:

"What's the matter with hearing from somebody who was there and knows?"

They all stared up at her. She had straightened from her bending position, and stood looking down at the room almost as if she didn't see it, a desolate figure, with her thin face and burning eyes, the clean decency of her black calico mourning dress.

"I picked hops on Las Palmas last August," she cried. "Water? The dirty stuff from those foul wells would give out before the day was half over. I've seen the time in those fields that I'd almost have sold my soul for the clean water you folks had in your finger-bowls tonight. What do you know about it? Up at the grand house where the Stanleys — people of your sort — lived, they were throwing away gallons on the lawn, with their sprinklers — and little sick children over in the camp crying for just one cool drink!"

Mrs. Stanley's head for the first time drooped. I saw her fumbling for a handkerchief, turning aside, edging it up to her face. Here was something that reached her at last.

"We mustn't be personal, the lady says," Sonya's big tones went on. "I am not personal. I've been in your jail — not for any crime — just because I was a witness. My father, Abraham Pochin, killed himself in your jail — under your torments. Yet what are you to me?" She included us all with a gesture. "A handful of dry leaves shaken in the wind. You sit there and think it will always be this way — always this way with you — always this way with us. You listen to our cause, and do not know what you have heard. Those rich people there think they can sell their ranch and run away from what they have done. They can't do it. We remember — God remembers — and their own son testifies against them!"

"Oh!"

I don't know whether I cried out, or someone near me; I was never sure whether the shock I felt went all through the room, or was just the clutch of my own heart, at Sonya's words. But, anyhow, the next moment we were all on our feet and Mrs. Hoard was dismissing the meeting. The instant she finished, people began hustling about to get their wraps and leave. They pushed in between us and the head of the room, so that we couldn't see what was going on up there, but there seemed to be some handshaking between the two factions. I got one glimpse, as the crowd divided a moment, of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley drawn together, apart from the others in close consultation with Harvey Watkins. A second glimpse showed their places vacant, and Harvey, hat in hand, elbowing his way down the room like a man on an urgent errand. My people didn't get toward the entrance very fast, because they stopped to talk with everybody. The mildest of them was fairly crowing over what had happened. I thought we'd never get off. Then I saw one of the maids squeezing her way through in our direction. She touched my arm and offered a card. I took it hesitatingly, and read the engraved name, "Mrs. Lucius Cincinnatus Stanley." Below it, written in pencil, "Will you please come to the writing-room for a few moments?"

I looked at the girl bewildered, and was beginning, "Why, we're going now — I couldn't —" when Mrs. Thrasher, who had been frankly reading over my shoulder, jerked my wrap from Mr. Martin's arm and threw it over my own, saying: "Go right along with the girl. We'll wait here for you."

The little writing-room toward which the maid led opened off from the head of the court. Up here it was all deserted, everybody crowding out toward the elevators. As we got near I could see by the one small droplight Mrs. Stanley sitting there at a desk; her eyes followed her husband who paced up and down the small place.

For a moment that was all I saw. I twisted the card in my hands. They don't kill people twice; that woman in there had sent for me once, and when I went to her she had murdered my youth, my joy of life, my faith, my pride in my lover. Well, I had nothing left that she could take from me now. I went forward and stopped in the doorway, with my head held high. From the shadows there came toward me a tall girl in white, dark-eyed, flushed, excited looking. Mrs. Stanley rose and was speaking. Her husband half wheeled at the end of the room and looked at me from under lowered brows, before I realized that the tall girl in white was myself reflected in a long mirror that faced the entrance.

"It was very kind of you to come," she said formally, coming forward a few steps. "Mr. Stanley and I have sent for — Would you just sit over here?"

I saw the chair she meant, the only other in the room, on the farther side of the desk. But I stood where I was and said:

"Mrs. Stanley, what did you want of me? My people are down there; they'd like to go home."

She looked out through the doorway, then glanced toward her husband and suggested: "We could see that you get home."

"Oh, they'll stay," I said quickly. "But I don't like to keep them too long." I went over and sat down. She moved at once to her husband's side. They stood between me and the door.

"I hope it will be only a few minutes." I thought she spoke as much to him as to me. "We're waiting ourselves. We've sent for — Oh, here he comes."

I shrank together on my chair. I had walked in confident that there was nothing more the Stanleys could do to me; I had let her keep me, till — there in the doorway, the only exit, stood Philip. He didn't see me, back in my shadowed corner, for the minute he made his appearance his father jumped at him with: "Well, you got here at last. Did Harvey tell you ——?"

It was like iron on iron when Philip answered.

"I didn't ask Watkins what it was you wanted of me — now. I was surprised to hear from you at all. I thought the thing was settled when I refused the trade you offered me through him this morning."

"Trade!" Lucius Stanley snapped at the word; but his wife put in hastily:

"Philip, tell us just what you understood this morning's offer to be."

"That if I'd come and behave like a son, I'd be treated as a son." He nodded backward toward the Court. "Show up with you here tonight."

"What was the matter with that?" his father demanded. "It seems to me very generous. What's the matter with it?"

"Everything," said Philip, shortly. "This is no affair of mine. You, not I, have made the name of Stanley stink. I suppose you both hate — just as I do — to put it on a hotel register."

Still nobody noticed me, although they had moved slowly inward as they talked. At his son's words, Lucius Stanley wheeled and charged toward the curtained doorway as though to leave, but stopped there, his back to us. His wife glanced at that back, then toward her son.

"You're a hard man, Philip," she said. "When you were a little boy — " She paused. "And afterward — when you were older — " She broke off entirely and stood looking at him.

"Mother," her son answered the look, "we're what we are. If I'd been soft, instead of hard, you and father would have flattened me out pretty thin, wouldn't you? Children grow the necessary weapons for their family environment. It doesn't seem to me you ought to complain."

"Well, well, let that pass. We're making a new offer — one that I think will certainly please you."

They stood there at the end of the long battle, which must have begun in Philip's very babyhood. Father, mother, son, they knew nothing but the struggle they were in. What should I do when Philip finally noticed that I was there — that I had been there, hearing it all?

"Mother," there was a startling thrill of passion in his voice, "I say no, before I hear what it is you are offering. No! Ever since I can remember, my life at home was a succession of explosions — beatings, then bargainings, threatening to send me to jail — offering me a chance to save my hide by giving up the girl I wanted. You and father would have traded the boy's soul out of my fool young body if you'd had your way."

My face burned. Why had I been dragged in to listen to this? Before I knew what I was doing I had jumped up and was making for the door. Then they wheeled and stared at me.

"Callie!" Philip cried out.

"I'm going!" I was getting past them. "I've got no business here." Down by the stairhead at the other end of the Court, I could see Mrs. Thrasher and the others.

"No, no! I forgot you. I'm sorry. Wait a minute." Mrs. Stanley put herself in front of me and stopped me. "Lu," to her husband, "go tell those people that we'll see to taking Mrs. Baird home."

He bolted out, glad enough to go. Philip, watching my disturbed face, suggested:

"I could take you home, Callie. My machine's down there. How would that do?"

Mrs. Stanley glanced at us oddly, then went to the desk, and stood there fingering a paper that lay on it.

"Why, I guess so," I [*Continued on page 57*]

One Soldier's Fate

By Louis How

HE wanted only quiet and a book:
Fate forced upon him battles and a gun.
She dragged him from his shady scholar nook,
And shoved him to the tumult and the sun.
Before a single victory was won
His fragile force was battered quite away;
His patience lost its former gleam of fun,
He lost his faith in friendship and fair-play.

He came to think that men are made to slay:
And unresigned to cruelty and pain,
He judged himself as some abnormal clay,
And one created only to be slain. . . .
He died? . . . Oh no, he lives; and has at need
One hand to hold a book, one eye to read.

Pleasure Island

[*Continued from page 13*]

swims six miles to the island. The minute he crawls on the beach he faces the camera and registers exhaustion. Then a lot of guys jump out and stab him. He knocks 'em all cold and then he goes on, fights the champ and wins the title.

"Is that all there is to it?" asks the Kid, when Van Aylstyne stops for breath and applause.

"Practically all," Van Aylstyne tells him. "Of course I'll have to go over it and spice it up a little more — get more action in it here and there, wherever it appears to drag. But we can do that as we go along."

"Yes," says Potts, "you'll have to do that. I want this picture to be the thriller of the year!" He scratches his chin for a minute and looks at Van Aylstyne. "You better ginger it up a bit at that!" he goes on. "It sounds a little tame to me. See if you can't work in a couple of spectacular fires, a sensational runaway with Mr. Scanlan being dragged along the ground. Or you might have him do a slide for life from the top mast of the yacht to one of the trees along the shore here."

"Wait!" pipes Genaro. "I have joosta the thing! While I listen I getta thisa granda idea! Meester Scanlan, hesa can be throw from the airsheep and ——"

"Lay off, lay off!" butts in the Kid. "There's enough action in that thing right now to suit me! Don't put nothin' else in it. I'll be busier than a one-armed paperhanger, as it is!" He turns to Van Aylstyne. "Where d'ye get that stuff?" he scowls. "Would *you* jump off a cliff, hey?"

Van Aylstyne throws out his little chest, while the rest of them snickers.

"I *write* it!" he says.

"Yeh?" pipes the Kid. "Well, you'll *jump* it, too, bo, believe me!"

"What's a mat?" hollers Genaro. "What's a use hava the fighta now? Wait till we starta the picture, then everybody she's a fighta! Something she's a go wrong, *Sapristi!* we feexa her then. Joosta holda tight your horses!"

He pats the Kid on the shoulder and slips him a cigar.

The rest of the trip to the island took about two hours, durin' which time the Kid and Miss Vincent sat on the top deck and she give him his daily lesson in how to speak English, eat soup and a lot more of that high society stuff.

We finally got to this island place and by three o'clock that afternoon they was half way through with the first reel. I horned in on the thing myself, takin' off a copper, for which they gimme five bucks even.

That night there was big doin's on board the yacht. They had music and dancin' and whatnot galore. Van Aylstyne, Potts, De Vronde and most of the other help was there in the soup and fish, and the twenty-odd dames that was actin' in the picture was all dressed up to thrill. I never seen so much of this here de collect stuff in my life. I heard a lot of talk around the studios at the camp about "exposures," and — well, I seen what they meant all right that evenin'. It got me so dizzy, never havin' no close-ups like that before, that I ducked for my stateroom about nine o'clock when the joy was just beginnin' to be unconfined, and I hadn't been up there five minutes when the Kid comes up and knocks at my door.

"I'm goin' to hit the hay," he tells me. "If I got to fight Battlin' Edwards in two months, I'm gonna start readyin' up now! I been puttin' on fat since I been here and it's got to come off. I'll get up at five tomorrow and do a gallop around the island, and I just dug up a couple of ex-bartenders among the extry people, which will gimme some sparrin' practice every mornin' till they give out!"

"Great!" I says. I was hardly able to believe my ears. It sounded like the old Kid Scanlan again!

I closed the door, and just as he was turnin' away I heard the swish of skirts and then I get Miss Vincent's voice. It was low and sweet and kinda soothin' and — well, she was the kind of dame guys kill each other for! Do you get me?

"Oh!" she kinda breathes, "why are you up here all alone?"

I heard the Kid's deep breathin' — it was always that way when *she* spoke to him, and I knowed without seein' em that his nails was engravin' fancy work on the palm of his hand.

"Why," he says, tryin' to keep his voice steady, "I'm off this tango thing — and the last time I had one of them dress-suits on, I was mistook for a waiter!"

Y'know there was a funny little catch in the Kid's voice when he pulled that, although he tried to pass it off by coughin'. That boy sure did want to mix with the big leaguers, and bein' Irish, it come hard to him to miss anything he wanted. Usually, he got it!

I heard Miss Vincent sneer.

"Don't flatter these conceit-drugged travesties on the male sex by caring about anything *they* say," she tells him. "You have so many things they never will have! Why, you're a big, clean, two-handed man and —" she breaks off and gives a giggle that I would have took Verdun for. "But there!" she goes on, "I — I — guess I'm getting too enthusiastic!"

I could almost feel her blush, and I knowed how she looked when she did that thing, so I says to myself, "Good-by, Kid!"

"That's all right!" pipes the Kid. "It wasn't these guys here. But I can't go down-stairs, anyhow, because I gotta start trainin' for Battlin' Edwards."

"Oh, bother Battling Edwards!" she says. "I thought you promised me to give up prize-fighting!"

This was a new one on me and it cleared up a lot of things I hadn't been able to figure out before!

"I gotta take it back," I hear the Kid sayin' in a kinda dead voice. "I pulled a bone play when I did that! I can't give up fightin' no more than you can give up the movies! The only thing I got is a wallop and that won't get me nowhere in the movies or society, but it got me the title in the ring. I guess I'll stick to my own game!"

"Oh, come!" she tells him, kinda impatient. "You have the blues! Shake 'em off — I don't like you when you scowl like that. Come on down and have a dance with me. You'll feel better."

"You said somethin'!" answers the Kid. "But I can't — on the level. I gotta train for this guy or he's liable to bounce me, and if I lose this quarrel, I'm through! Y'see, this ain't no movie, this is gonna be the *real* thing! If this guy flattens me he'll be the champion and you know that bird is gonna be in there tryin' till the last bell!"

I peeked through them little wooden cheaters on the window and I see her kinda stiffen up and register surprise.

"I am not accustomed to coaxing people to dance with me, Mr. Scanlan," she says, "and ——"

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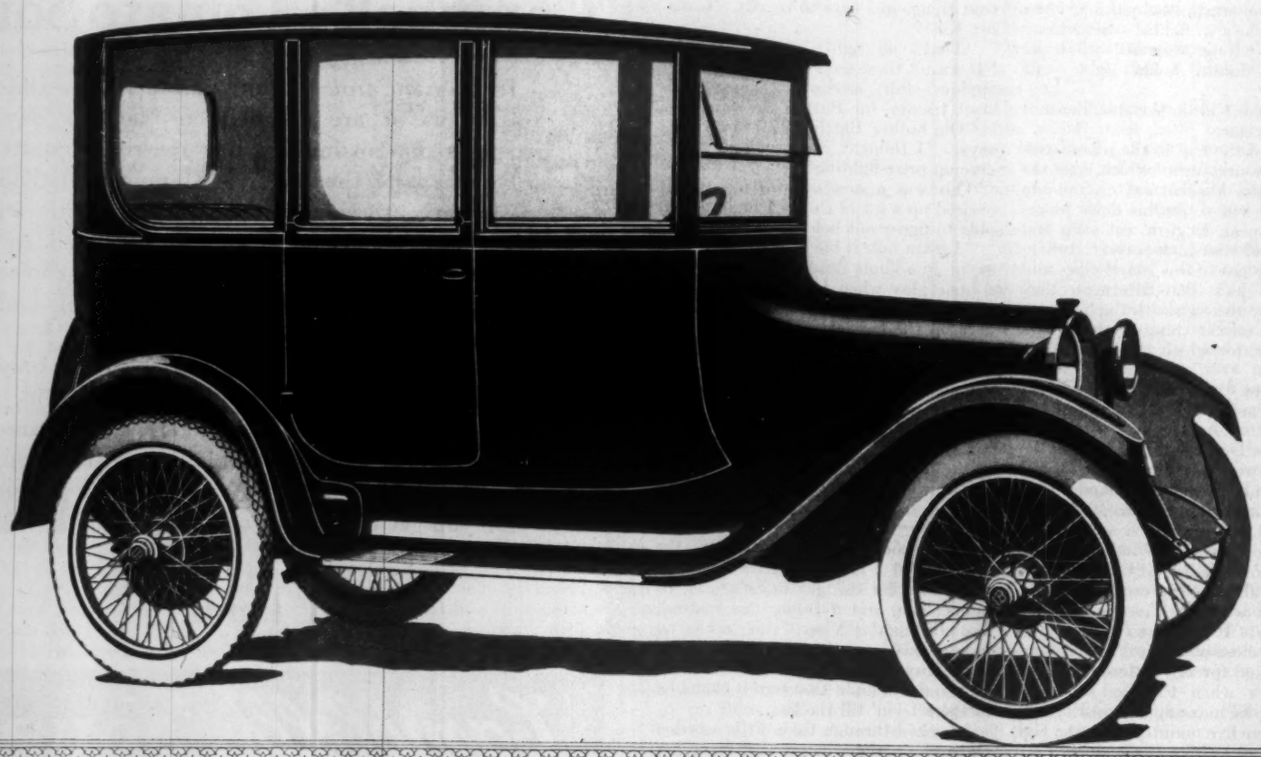

"Yes, and *I'm* not used to havin' dames like you ask me!" butts in the Kid. "But I gotta beat Edwards — and I can't beat him by stayin' up late!"

She just breezes past him and down the deck without another word.

The Kid kicks a fire bucket that was standin' there into the Pacific Ocean, and from the way he slammed the door of his stateroom, I'll bet all them trick beer mugs that Potts had on the wall, fell on the floor.

WELL, the next mornin' we all go over to the island again and the Kid is up at daybreak, trottin' over the hills. He's got four sweaters on although it's as hot as blazes. Then he comes back, changes his clothes and works in the picture till noon, when we knock off for the eats. Miss Vincent passed us once when we was talkin' to Genaro, and she deliberately passed the Kid up! After that it was suicide to give Scanlan a nasty look.

Along around two o'clock that afternoon, another yacht shows up a little ways off the island and in a few minutes it stops and five guys and a woman hops in one of them trick launches and "put puts" over to us. They get out and come up the stringpiece and we get a good flash at them. The male members of the party is all dressed up in blue coats and white pants, and from their general get-up I thought they was all gonna form a circle, pick up the ends of their coats and pipe, "What ho, the merry villagers come, and we are the daisy maids!"

All but one. He was a great big husky, kinda dark-skinned, and he looked like an assassin with the women — know what I mean? Also I had seen this bird somewheres before, but I couldn't check him up right off the bat. The girl that was with the troupe was a good looker all right, and you could see she was a big timer. But she was kinda thin and worn out to the naked eye. And when I got a close-up of her, I seen there was a funny look in her eyes, like she had been double-crossed or somethin'.

Well, Potts comes a-runnin' to meet 'em and then he comes up and introduces 'em all around. He claims they're from 'Frisco and friends of his which has come over to see how movin' pictures is made, and they might even go so far as to take off a part in one of 'em, just for the devilment of it. Miss Vincent looks hard and close at the dark-skinned guy, like she was tryin' to think where she had seen him before, but Genaro come along just then and I'll bet them newcomers didn't get no encouragement from the way *he* looked 'em over. De Vronde and Van Aylstyne, though, fell for this bunch so hard they like to broke their necks. It seems them two hicks found out they all was members of this Golden West Club, and they did everything but shine their shoes from then on.

When the Kid blows in and sees 'em he claims he remembers 'em all as bein' among them present the night he went over to the club, and he says they had better keep lots of the Golden West between him and them while they was in our midst.

The tall dark guy, whose name was somethin' like Brown-Smith, took one flash at Miss Vincent and then everybody else could have been in France for all the notice he give 'em. He took up his stand about two feet away from her and there he stuck all day long like cement. Anybody could see that this stuff was causin' two people to register worry. They was the Kid and the dame that come over with the troupe. Scanlan watches Brown-Smith makin' his play for Miss Vincent and he seen that if she wasn't encouragin' him, she wasn't complainin' to the police either, but the Kid keeps quiet and takes it out in makin' them sparrin' exbartenders tired of life.

The next day I got up early, lookin' for the Kid, and as I come through a clearin' in the island I seen three things at once, and if I hadn't ducked behind a tree they'd have seen me. There's my meal ticket with all his sweaters off, standin' in the middle of the little space, shadow boxin' in front of a tree. The well-known sun is shinin' down on his blond head and I never noticed before just what a handsome brute the Kid was in action. The muscles in his arms are jumpin' and ripplin' under a skin that a chorus-girl would give five years for, and he's as graceful and light on his feet as one of them Russian toe-dancers.

The other two things I seen was Miss Vincent and the dame that had blowed in with the Golden West boys.

The new dame is watchin' the Kid like he was a most pleasin' sight to them tired little eyes of hers. Her mouth is open a little bit and there's a kind of wishin' smile on her lips. Y'know she looked like this was what she wanted ever since she come into the store. Do you get me?

Miss Vincent is doin' a piece of watchin' herself around the tree that's between 'em, only she ain't watchin' the Kid. She's watchin' this new dame, and you can take it from me she was registerin' hate! That classy little nose of hers is quiverin' and she's bitin' hard on her lip. Her body was so stiff and straight that on the level, I thought she was goin' to spring!

The Kid finally stops boxin', puts on his sweaters and then he gets a flash at the new dame. She calls somethin' to him and he comes over — then they start back to the yacht together. Miss Vincent ducks, and so did I.

They go ahead with another reel of the Kid's picture that mornin', and Brown-Smith still keeps hangin' around Miss Vincent like a panhandler outside a circus; and when she has to come in the picture herself, he stands on the sidelines beside one of the camera men, with them chorus men friends of his draped around him. The Kid is goin' through a scene where he flattens half a dozen of the guys that are tryin' to discourage him from fightin' the champ, and Brown-Smith is givin' his friends the low-down on it.

"By Jove!" he sneers, just loud enough so's we can all get an earful. "It nauseates me to see that fellow knocking about those poor devils who have to do that for a living! Fawncy him doing anything like that in real life! Why, he would most likely call for the police if someone slapped his wrist. I know those moving-picture heroes!"

This troupe of Sweet Williams around him snickers right out loud in public at that, like the big guy was simply a knockout as a comedian. Miss Vincent frowns and the new dame looks kinda worried and nervous, but the Kid just reddens a bit and continues to swat the supers all over the lot. Brown-Smith pulls a few more raw cracks like that, gettin' louder and nastier all the time, and finally he asks Potts to let him take part in the big scene at the end of the reel where the Kid is supposed to bounce everybody in the thing but the camera men. He says it will be great stuff to tell about at the club the first rainy night and a lot of bunk like that — all the time he's watchin' the Kid with that nasty sneer on his face. Potts says all right, and offers to stake him to an old suit of clothes, but he laughs and says he won't need anything, tossin' his coat to one side like the acrobat at the theatre flips away the handkerchief before goin' to work. He rolls up his sleeves and starts limberin' up his arms in front of Miss Vincent, winkin' at her and noddin' to the Kid. She looks kinda worried, but her control is good and she holds fast. She wasn't the only one that looked worried, believe me! I was doin' that thing myself, because this Brown-Smith guy had a good thirty pounds on the Kid and he was built that way all over, reach, height and everything else. The minute he put up his hands I seen two things. First, that he knowed somethin' about box fightin', and second that he was goin' to try and bounce the Kid for the benefit of Miss Vincent.

While they're gettin' things ready for the massacre, the Kid comes over to me and says:

"What's the big idea? I know this bird — he's the guy that asked me to bring him a martini cocktail that night at the Golden West Club. If he fusses around me I'm gonna maul him!"

I knowed that wasn't the reason, because Kid Scanlan could take both a wallop and a joke. The reason was standin' about three feet away talkin' to Genaro, and she never looked better. Believe me, she had everything that mornin'!

"Looka thisa bigga boob, Miss Vincent!" Genaro is sayin', wavin' his arms around and shakin' his head at Brown-Smith. "He's a wanna get in my picture so he showa the girls what a bigga fella he is. Meester Potts he's a go crazee if thisa picture she's a no good. He's a joomp at me, he's a holler at me and then he letta thisa bigga bunk get in it! Thisa fight, she's a gotta looka real — not lika the actor, butta *real!* Thisa fella he's a go in slappa Meester Scanlan on heesa wrist. Meester Scanlan he'sa no wanna hurt Meester Potts fren' — you know? — so he's a slappa heem back! Everybody she's a laugh at me when they showa that picture. Aha! They maka me crazee!"

He runs over to Brown-Smith and grabs his arm.

"Please, Meester!" he begs him, with tears in his eyes, "please, Meester, getta gooda and rough with thisa fella!" he points to the Kid. "Don't be afraid for heem, he's a tougha nut! He'sa nevaire getta hurt!

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The Kid meets the rush of the gang like they had practised it together and he floors one after the other of them with snappy left hooks. Of course he was pullin' his punches and barely touchin' these hicks, but it looked awful good from front. Then Brown-Smith, who had been hangin' around on the outside, rushes in. For a guy who had never tried the thing before he struck me as bein' real swift at pickin' up the rules, because he faced the cameras at the right angles and pulled a lot of fancy stuff that usually nobody but a sure-enough movie actor knows. The Kid sidesteps him and puts a light left to his chin and Brown-Smith comes back with a right swing that would have floored the Kid if it hadn't been too high. The Kid went back on his heels and a little trickle of claret comes from his lips. Genaro jumps in the air, clappin' his hands. "Magnificenta!" he yells. Miss Vincent is breathin' hard and her hands are pressed up tight against her chest. Her face was the color of skimmed milk. Genaro pipes her and grabs a camera man. "Getta that — queek!" he hollers. The new dame runs over to me and grabs my arm.

"Stop it!" she whispers, excited like. "You must! Albert will kill him! He was amateur heavyweight champion once and — oh! — he wants to beat Mr. Scanlan — he — oh! ——"

I heard Miss Vincent give a little yelp and I shove this dame away, and believe me, bo, I come near goin' dead on my feet! Because there's my champ on the ground, layin' flat on his face and he looked as cold as the North Pole! I started to dash in, but Genaro grabs me and throws me aside. "Stoppa, fool!" he yells. "Thisa picture she's a maka me famous!"

The rest of the mob is too scared to do anything — they knowed that this was the real thing! The Kid gets up on one knee, and on the level, the only sound you could hear was his choked breathin' and the steady click of the cameras — yes, and I guess the beatin' of my heart! The Kid is shakin' his head to clear it from that wallop and I yelled to him to stay down and take his time. He gets half way up and slides down again flat, and Brown-Smith laughs. Then Miss Vincent suddenly turns and there's a bucket of ice-cold lemonade standin' on a bench beside her. It had been put there for the extry people. This here eighteen-carat, regular-fellow dame grabs that bucket and throws the lemonade all over the Kid's head and shoulders!

It braced him like a charge of hop — his head jerked up as it hit him and he shook off the drops — and in another second he was on his feet, smilin' the old Scanlan smile and dancin' around this guy who was rushin' in to finish him. He swings for the Kid's jaw and the Kid, movin' his head an inch out of the way, puts a hard right-and left to the mouth. Brown-Smith coughed out a tooth that he had no further use for and starts backin' away, coverin' up like a crab. The Kid laughs over at me and sends this guy's head back like it was on a hinge, with two uppercuts and a right jab. He tries to rush in and grab the Kid, and Scanlan closes his left eye with the prettiest straight left I ever seen. He wasn't tryin' to knock this big stiff out, he was deliberately cuttin' him to pieces in a most cold, workmanlike manner.

Miss Vincent is smilin' now and the other dame — is not! Potts's mouth is open about five yards and he looks like he don't know whether to call the police or go back to the box-office for a better seat. Then the Kid starts backin' friend Brown-Smith all over the place, shootin' lefts and rights at him so fast that I bet he thought it was rainin' wallops. He begins to register yellow — he gazes around wildly at Genaro, and Genaro reaches for the whistle so's Brown-Smith can quit, but Miss Vincent sees him reach for it and she knocks it out of his hand! Genaro looks hard at her and yells to the camera men to keep turnin' the cranks.

Then the Kid tips back Brown-Smith's head with a lightnin' right hook and drops him with a left to the jaw.

They stopped the cameras and everybody give a hand in bringin' the dashin' Brown-Smith back to the Golden West again. Everybody but me, the Kid and Miss Vincent. The Kid walks over to Potts and stares at him.

"Well," he says, "I guess I'm through after that, eh?"

Potts slaps him on the back. "Hardly!" he grins. "That was the greatest piece of actin' I ever saw before a camera!"

Genaro runs up and grabs the Kid's hand. "Wonderful!" he hollers. "Magnificenta! You are what you calla the true artiste, Meester Kid Scanlan! That picture she will be the talka of the country! She'sa maka me famous!"

"Yeh?" says the Kid. He turns to me and waves over to where Brown-Smith is recognizin' relatives and close friends. "That guy has an awful good left!" he says. He thinks for a minute. "D'ye know," he goes on, "that hick was tryin', at that!"

I see Miss Vincent talkin' to Potts, and all of a sudden he throws up his hands and stares over at Brown-Smith.

"What?" he hollers. "Impossible!"

Then he slaps his hands together and laughs out loud. "Oh!" he says, holdin' his sides, "this is too much! Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's the joke?" I asks Miss Vincent.

"It's more of a tragedy!" she says, kinda hysterical, like she was glad it was all over. "That man is no more Brown-Smith than you are. He's Albert Ellington LaRue, who five years ago was the biggest moving-picture leading man in the country! Why, he got hundreds of letters every day from poor, foolish little girls who grew dizzy watching him foil villains in five reels a week. He inherited some money — quite a lot, I believe, and suddenly vanished from the screen, turning up as Brown-Smith here last year. But he simply could not resist the call of his vanity to come back once more as the dashing hero of the film. He had planned to step into this picture, turn the tables in the fight with Mr. Scanlan, who he thought was an actor and not a pugilist, and thus come back to the movies in a blaze of glory! He told me he had two press agents awaiting the word to flash his coup all over the country. He thought it would make a great story!" She stopped and laughed. "It will!" she goes on. "Think of the matinée girls when they see their darling Albert back in the flesh once more and being unmercifully beaten by a man thirty pounds lighter, and inches smaller than him!"

JUST then the fair Albert comes limpin' over to Potts. He looked like he was fresh from the trenches. "Mr. Potts," he says, "if you dare to use that scene in your picture I will bring suit against your firm. I demand that the film be destroyed at once!"

"What you say!" screams Genaro. "Nevaire! She's a mine, that picture! Away wit' you — you bigga bunk!" He stands before the camera like he's ready and willin' to protect it with his life.

"You entered the scene of your own accord, *Mr. LaRue!*" remarks Potts, "and I trust you are in earnest about suing us. The publicity will just about save me a hundred thousand in advertising."

As soon as he heard that name "*LaRue,*" this guy just kinda caves in and closes up tight. Miss Vincent turns her nose up at him and walks over to the Kid, as the other dame comes up and shakes Scanlan's hand.

"Thank you!" she says, in that tired voice of hers. "You have done a big thing for me! Now he cannot go into the pictures again and maybe he'll — he'll stay home with me!"

At that Miss Vincent suddenly leans over and kisses her. Can you beat them dames?

Albert picks up his hat and straightens his tie. Then he glares from one to the other of us and walks over to Genaro.

"I trust," he says, throwin' out his chest, "I trust you realize that if your picture *is* a success, *I* and I alone, am responsible for it! If it hadn't been for the advent of myself, a finished artist, in that fight scene, it would have fallen flat! Good day, sir!"

And him and his dame and the white-faced Sweet Williams, blows!

Beginning in February: "Summer," by Edith Wharton — America's greatest novelist. No more absorbing serial will appear in 1917 — a story of power and distinction, a veritable classic, greater even than "Ethan Frome." Don't miss it.

Charlotte Walker as Molly Pitcher in the McClure Superpicture "Sloth"

"Sloth" is one of seven five-act motion pictures produced under the auspices of McClure Publications; and is notable because the star plays three widely different historical rôles and yet does not appear in either the first or last act of the play. Other pictures in the same series are "Envy," "Pride," "Greed," "Passion," "Wrath," and the mysterious "Seventh Sin."

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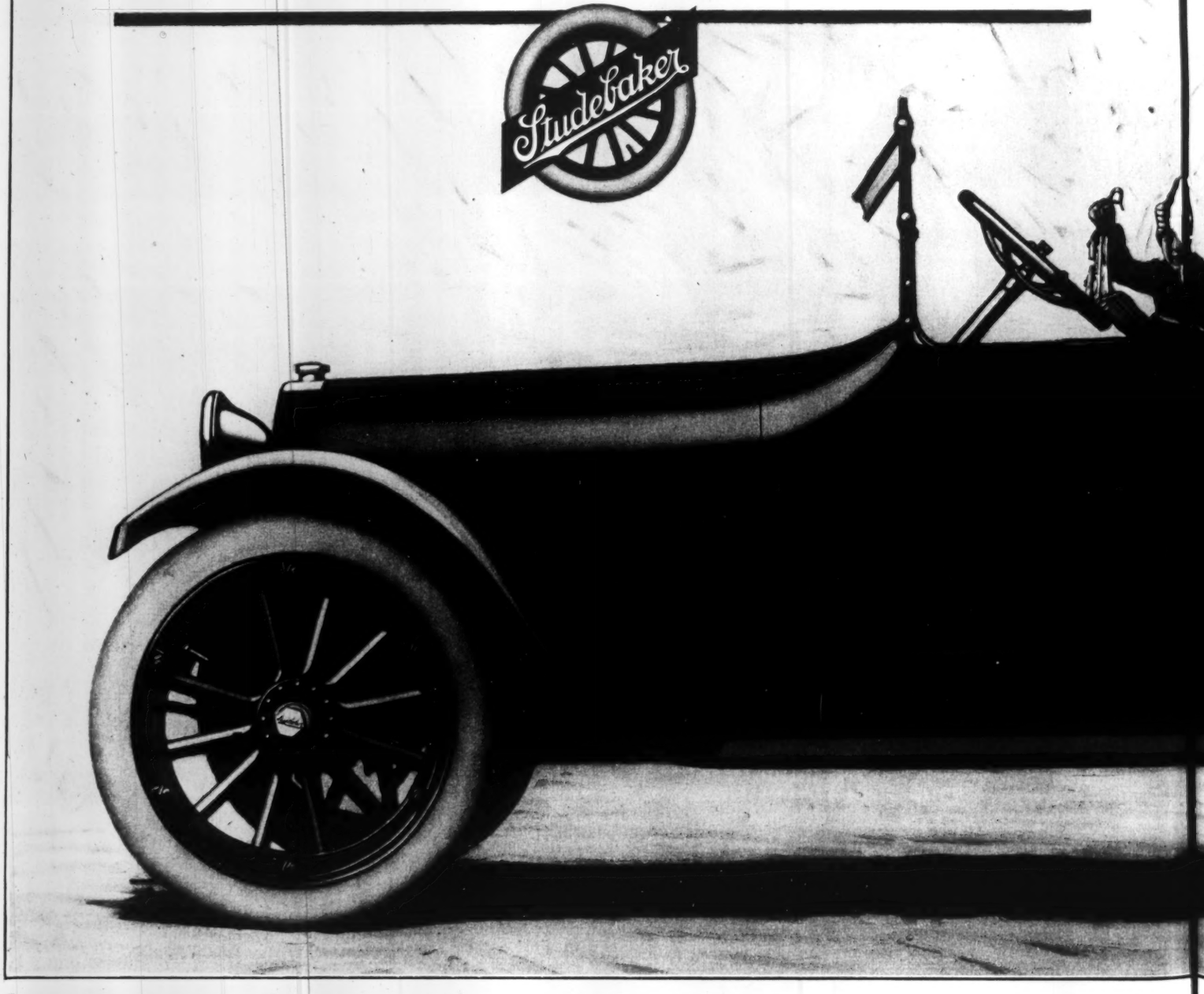

Nance O'Neill

in a scene from the photo play

"Greed"

one of the new McClure Series

"Seven Deadly Sins"

Ann Murdock

as she appears in

"Envy"

the first of the new

McClure Pictures

At Last—The American Drama

[*Continued from page 11*]

critical moment, and lived to regret his temerity? This gay comedy of love and business is illumined by William Collier, who has never had a more congenial rôle.

"Miss Springtime," the season's musical comedy hit, has an American-made book.

Two women playwrights have delighted theatre-goers of all classes with a pair of refreshing, clean and immensely diverting comedies.

In "Old Lady 31" Rachel Crothers, who never does anything that is not worthwhile, has written the truest yet cleverest play of her history. In this story of a gruff old codger who immures himself in a home for old ladies in order to be near his devoted wife, Miss Crothers has blended pathos and humor so deftly that her audiences wipe their eyes and hold their sides shamelessy, and almost simultaneously. This is the first production of a new manager, Lee Kugel, who has shown himself a master at casting his play. Emma Dunn is starred as the loving and lovable wife.

"Good Gracious Annabelle" is one of the season's triumphs, for its author, Clare Kummer, and its producer, Arthur Hopkins. Miss Kummer is known the country over as the writer of "Dearie," a sentimental song which sold in the millions. Here she has written what managers term a smart farce. She has gone further, illuminating farce with a spirit of whimsical, reckless, but always polite humor, which is simply enchanting. Plays like "Old Lady 31" and "Good Gracious Annabelle" convince the most skeptical that the American drama has really arrived.

A charming play which deserved a better fate than to be rushed into New York when the atmosphere teemed and the street-car strike kept folk at home evenings, was "Mr. Lazarus." A mere segment from the disc of a strange life, whimsical, satirical, but lacking in that which seems essential to a successful play, an elemental love story, this comedy proved that its authors, Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford, stand in the shadow of the delicate mantle which hangs from the shoulder of Sir James Barrie.

Each season brings actors or features which stand forth with especial strength against the background of dun-colored failure or glittering success. This year has been exceptionally rich in new and promising players. Christine Norman surprised everyone by her delightful work in "Upstairs and Down." Mary Nash and Henry Hull are the embodiment of youth against the sordidness of "The Man Who Came Back." Fay Bainter came out of western stock houses to breathe the very air of spring over "Arms and the Girl." Gareth Hughes and Donald Gallaher illumined two dreary melodramas, Tom Powers and Eva Le Gallienne played the prettiest of love scenes in "Mr. Lazarus" with a sincerity which made all Broadway look tawdry.

Any manager will tell you that a good play can rise superior to its settings, but Broadway has recently seen a play which might have been coaxed to mediocre success if it had not been absolutely damned by a single setting. This was "Rich Man, Poor Man," dramatized by George Broadhurst from Maximilian Foster's story of the same name. Here you saw a home of the superlatively rich, built from flimsy canvas and pine wood vilely stained which made you yearn for the solid mahogany setting of "The Gamblers" as produced by the late Charles Klein. Its walls represented a mid-Victorian wall-paper of hideous figured design, with hangings of brocade that swore at the wall-paper in pattern and color, with the final indignity of a fake grand piano. Against this background, the producer ranged over-dressed women in figured brocades. Critics justly rose in their wrath at this offense against good taste, and the public laughed. The setting imbued every scene played against it with an air of unreality and improbability. It was obviously of the theatre, theatrical.

The most notable success of foreign vintage is "Pierrot the Prodigal," a pantomime with music offered by Winthrop Ames and Walter Knight. It was produced in America some years ago by Pilar Morin, who played the rôle of "Pierrot" inimitably. This year, the artistic hit is scored by Paul Clerget, who plays Pierrot's father.

To return to American playwrights, their struggles, successes and individual histories would supply material for more than one drama. Here is just one story of the many which are current travel on Broadway.

Early last summer a playwright who had met with varying success, found his wife in the garden of their suburban home, not working among her flowers as usual, but studying them with alternate wistfulness and cold calculation.

"My dear," she explained, "the Blanks want to buy our place."

"Nothing doing," said her husband; "you've spent years bringing this garden to perfection."

The wife sighed, "That's why they've offered us four thousand dollars more than we paid for the place. Mrs. Blank is crazy about this garden. I suppose we ought to sell."

They went indoors and figured on bank balances and assets. The latter consisted principally of two plays in the making. If they did not sell the house, and the plays both failed, then the bank balance might vanish. If one play failed and the other scored, they might afford the luxury of possessing a garden which looked like four thousand dollars to a covetous neighbor.

The playwright decided to take a chance on sentiment. The offer for the place was declined. On September 2nd "The Man Who Came Back" was produced at The Playhouse, and scored with the public. On October 24th "Object Matrimony" scored a hit at the Cohan & Harris Theatre. Today the author, Jules Eckert Goodman, can present his wife with a garden in the heart of New York if she asks for it. He has three successful plays on Broadway: "Treasure Island," "The Man Who Came Back" and "Object Matrimony."

A NUMBER of the now successful American playwrights were newspaper men. The list includes Bayard Veiller, Montague Glass, Eugene Walter, Max Marcin, Lawrence Rising, Cleves Kinkaid, and the Hattons, while Irvin S. Cobb, Harry Leon Wilson, Maximilian Foster, Booth Tarkington, Ruth Helen Davis, Alice Duer Miller, Amelie Rives and Eleanor H. Porter are among the magazine writers and novelists whose work has found its way to the stage. Not all magazine fiction lends itself to dramatization. "Mister Antonio" might be a Tarkington short story transplanted to the stage without the aid of any dramatist. But slender though its plot may be, no discriminating theatre-goer can resist the combined charms of Booth Tarkington, author, and Otis Skinner, actor. And the greatest of these charms is Mr. Skinner's, who by his magnetic personality, makes the unplausible plausible. "Bunker Bean" was funnier in the book than it is on the stage. "Pollyanna" is too much like a marshmallow sundae to please New York.

A theatrical event not to be ignored, however unworthy, was the production of "Back-Fire" at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre on October 2nd. It was an insult to the intelligence of playgoers. The piece had no claim upon the public and it was not taken seriously by critics or theatre-goers. For two weeks it played practically to paper at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre. Then, to the amazement and, it might be said, horror, of veteran theatre-goers, its wealthy author actually rented the Lyceum Theatre outright for a ten weeks' run. Shades of the notable successes scored by William Gillette, Margaret Illington and the late Kyrle Bellew, how has this playhouse fallen into the hands of money-changers!

Speaking of money-changers, Mr. A. H. Woods, who has produced nothing but American plays, made this interesting comment on conditions in New York:

"The day has passed when you can fool either the New Yorker or the stranger in town with big advertising or cut-rate tickets. The minute a New Yorker sees half-page advertisments of a show, he says, 'No good!' A success advertises itself. Mouth-to-mouth advertising is the only kind that counts in the long run. The man who spends five thousand dollars advertising his show, may get that sum back, but he won't get anything more.

"The out-of-town man doesn't want to see a cut-rate-ticket show. He knows it is a play that hasn't made good. He would rather pay a premium to see the best on Broadway. He'll go back home and tell all the boys to see a play at regular prices or a premium, but he never mentions the cut-rate attractions.

"The manager who tries to force a play the public doesn't want by big advertising and cut-rate tickets is only kidding himself. The man who pays two dollars for a ticket to see that show looks over the house and says, 'This bunch never paid two dollars a seat,' and he is sore. Clothes may not make the man but they certainly give away a theatre sold out at cut-rates.

"Just now a lot of managers are talking about the decadence of the English drama. What do you expect, with all the men of play-writing age in the trenches? I believe that after the war is over, the English drama will come back. Meantime, the American playwright has his great opportunity.

"The chief defect in the work of the average American playwright is haste. He wants quick returns. Max Marcin wrote the third act of 'Cheating Cheaters' fifteen times. English playwrights used to turn out just such finished plays because they had just that sort of perseverance.

"The next mistake that the American playwright must overcome is trying to be a highbrow, aping the English style. They must get down to the problems, interests and pleasures of the average American people. The American playwright does not turn out gripping drama because he does not see the tremendous possibilities in our political and business life. He thinks there is only one big dramatic situation, encompassed by the eternal triangle, two individuals of one sex and one individual of another.

"Above all things the would-be dramatist must remember that the American theatre-goer likes to see the spirit of youth on the stage. The man has his business troubles, the woman struggles with the high cost of living, and they don't want to see middle-aged problems, and middle-aged love on the stage.

"Under existing conditions the American playwright ought to give himself body and soul to serious work. Some men realize this. You can look for some big work from George M. Cohan. He is today our greatest playwright, the keenest delineator of American character. He's just about ripe to cash in on his experiences in life and his practical knowledge of the theatre, with the big American drama.

"And don't overlook the fact that the American drama, playwright and actor are all making a place for themselves in England. I have now running in London or the provinces the following plays: 'Within the Law,' 'The Girl in the Taxi,' 'Potash and Perlmutter,' 'Kick In,' 'Potash and Perlmutter in Society,' 'The Girl from Ciro's' (known here as 'The Girl from Rector's') and 'Daddy-Long-Legs,' produced in conjunction with Henry Miller at the Duke of York's Theatre, London. 'Cheating Cheaters,' 'Common Clay,' 'Fair and Warmer,' and 'Under Cover' are all scheduled for a London hearing.

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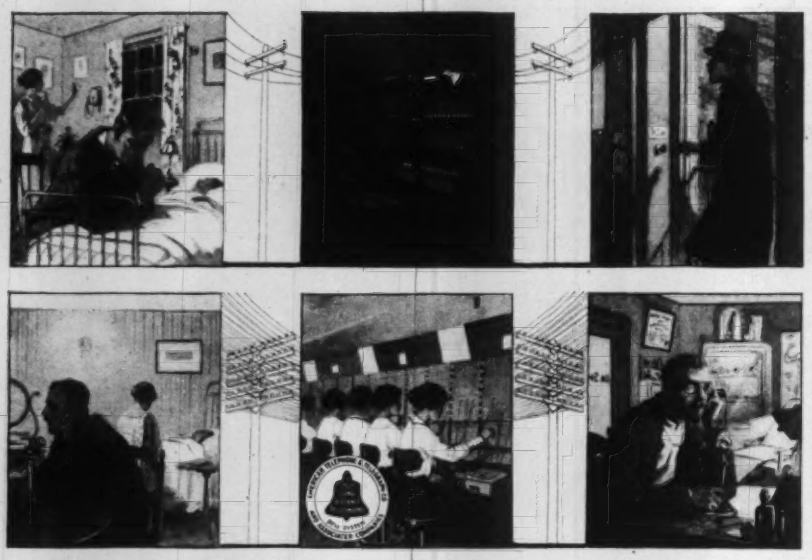

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More About Wasted Childhood

A Letter from a Reader

TO THE EDITOR OF McCLURE'S: Your September number contains a very interesting article by George Kibbe Turner with the startling title, "Wasted Childhood," in which there is much food for thought. Mr. Turner deals with the need of reform in the educational system that obtains in this country. The article is timely; for whatever may be the extent of the need, any improvement that is possible is to be desired.

But there are many things in Mr. Turner's article to which exceptions may be taken by some of us who think that change is not always improvement. I am a product of the little old red schoolhouse and its village counterpart, and of the Colonial schoolmaster, whose work Mr. Turner thinks more diligent than wise. In behalf of the old régime, I beg to offer a few suggestions which deserve to be weighed on the other side:

Perhaps I should not say "on the other side;" for it is a matter which should not have sides. All must agree that whatever improvement can be made ought to be made. Presumably, the old system of training children could be improved. Few things human are perfect. Probably it has been already improved in some ways; though I have yet to be shown that present-day methods produce, on the whole, better results.

Let me set myself right at once, by commending some of the innovations of these latter days. I believe in gymnasiums, and play-grounds, and industrial training, and nature study. I rejoice in seeing that the youth of today have many advantages that their grandparents had not. That is to the good. But that is not the burden of Mr. Turner's complaint. His trouble is, that the boys and girls have wasted much time, and are still wasting too much time, in useless study of useless things.

Now I will not assume to be a judge of the main question how to improve our educational methods. I am not a teacher; and I am not competent to have an opinion on that main question. But let me try to show that some of the preliminary conclusions upon which Mr. Turner bases his ultimate conclusions, are far from being sound.

He falls into error, apparently by assuming that any training is useless unless it results in something that one succeeds in remembering through life, and which serves some certain use. Just what use it ought to have in practical life, Mr. Turner does not explain.

This rule of utility would condemn all exercises in gymnasiums, all time spent in play-grounds, and most of the other things that make men strong, and cheerful, and courageous, and companionable. Would Mr. Turner advise that we cut out the gymnasiums and substitute factories, in order that the time and labor spent there should produce some lasting results?

I do not admit that time spent on cube root — for instance — is wasted, merely because I may have forgotten the rule, or have no use for it. As a matter of fact, it may be a score of years now since I last had occasion to extract a cube root. And then, having forgotten the rule for doing it, I had to fall back on the binomial business of algebra and make a rule for myself, whereby to extract the cube root; just as a foundryman must do the carpenter business, and make a pattern of wood, before he makes his steel casting. But in doing that it did not occur to me that the time I had spent on cube root had been wasted. That time was as profitable for my mind, as were the dumb-bells for my muscles, or the food that I ate for both.

And, though I do not extract cube roots for a living, still I do not call even the forgotten thing useless. One can be more useful and less helpless in the presence of a corn crib, or a frozen water pipe, or a kodak, or the "Essay on Man," or Mr. Turner's plausible article, if he has a fairly clear conception of a cube, and if he knows what its root is good for. And how much time did any of us ever spend on it? Very little.

By way of frightful examples, Mr. Turner gives a list of arithmetical subjects

"which the National Education Association's Committee on Economy of Time last year recommended to be dropped. The list is worth your reading if for nothing but old memory's sake. How much of these subjects do you now recall? What practical value did you obtain from their study?

"Apothecary's Weight, Alligation, Aliquot Parts, Annual Interest, Cube Root, Cases in Percentage, Compound and Complex Fractions of more than two digits, Compound Proportion, Dram, Foreign Money, Folding Paper, the Long Method of the Greatest Common Divisor, Longitude and Time, Least Common Multiple, Metric System, Progression, Quarter in Avoirdupois Table, Reduction of more than Two Steps, Troy Weight, True Discount, Unreal Fractions.

"You knew all this once — probably; acquired it by great weariness of soul. Take stock, if you like, and see how much of it remains. And if any of it does remain you can still ask yourself what use has been to you in all these years all this very 'practical' knowledge, which the hard old practical school tradition of New England pressed on you, and still is loading on your children from nine to twelve. Isn't the acquisition of such knowledge rather absurd?"

MR. TURNER seems to have a naive belief that the mere recital of this list will be proof of his point, and that his readers will agree with him, of course. Let us see.

What subjects of study are more practical in daily life than annual interest, cases in percentage, foreign money, aliquot parts, longitude and time, the metric system, and true discount? How many persons flunk when they have to figure interest? How many foolish questions are asked about the change of time at Buffalo? Is it not worth while to know the apothecary and the jeweler use different weights from those used by the grocer, and to be able to turn to the tables intelligently, if they happen to be wanted? Is it not well to know that the banker computes discount in a different way from the normal way? What is more practical or useful than a knowledge of the value of pounds, francs, marks and rubles, and to have some idea of the money systems of the world? And is it not well worth the while for everybody of ordinary intelligence to know the difference between a mile and kilometer?

But let me confess: If I ever found Alligation in arithmetic, I have quite forgotten it. Though the etymological meaning of the word is clear enough, I do not recall it as an arithmetical term. You see I am writing without referring to the arithmetic or dictionary. But I suspect that if some of my time was wasted in studying alligation, it could not have been very much.

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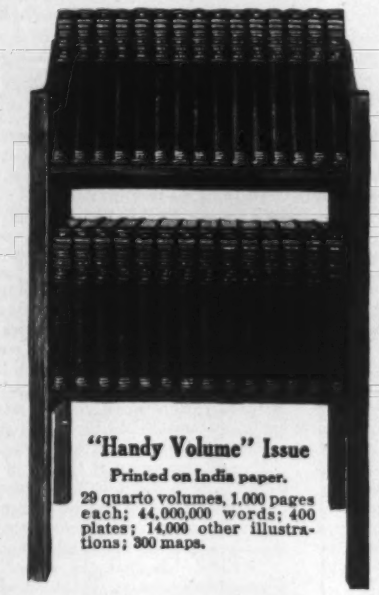

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Then, the matter of spelling. If the National Education Association can devise a system of training which will produce better spellers with less hard work, God bless the association. But the results, so far as my limited opportunities of observation have gone, are not convincing. If it were better to return to the spelling *ad libitum* of Elizabethan days, then there is nothing more to be said. But I doubt.

Then as to grammar. Here Mr. Turner finds much time wasted. He wants to cut out much from the curriculum. He says that someone even proposes to cut out all formal rules and the study of grammar as a science; but that is apparently more than he could approve. He says:

"And as a very moderate estimate of what must go can be quoted the list of subjects, of which the expert studying the Kansas City Schools recently proposed to relieve the mind of the ten or twelve-year child there:

"Exclamatory sentence, Interjection, the Appositive, the Nominative of Exclamation, the Nominative of Address, the Objective Complement, the Objective used as a Substantive, the Adverbial Objective, the Indefinite Pronoun, the Classification of Adverbs, the Noun Clause, Conjunctive Adverbs, the Retained Objective, the Infinitive (except split infinitive) Mood (except possibly the subjunctive of "to be"), the Objective Subject, the Participle (except the definition, and present and past form), the Nominative Absolute, and the Gerund."

"Did this kind of knowledge ever do you any lasting service?" Mr. Turner inquires. And the reader is asked triumphantly: "What do *you* know about these things?" Mr. Turner's style suggests that he, for one, knows all about them. And I beg leave to answer that everyone who would use the King's English fairly well, must know those very things.

It matters nothing whether one may remember those technical and formidable terms, or can give formal rules for his usage. But he must needs be a better man than most of us, who can make correct use of infinitives, objectives, or participles, without learning why.

If modern schools are cutting these things out of the training of grammar, that fact may account for the present loose vernacular, and for the *patois* which has largely taken the place of English in the newspapers.

Verily, it is to be hoped that the methods of the schools may yet be improved, but this does not look like the way to do it.

ARTHUR O. FORDING.

In February: "Summer," Edith Wharton's torrential serial — an amazing novel of New England — greater than "Ethan Frome." Mrs. Wharton has struck twelve; and so has McClure's, in securing this fine serial

The Thing — *Continued from page 26*

biting hum of drills. He hurried to Cleveland. There, after four prosperous months, the idea came to him that if he could dodge the Thing long enough, he might accumulate sufficient funds to provide for himself for the balance of his natural expectation of life. He found a cheaper room and cooked his own meals. He had a considerable hoard in his wallet when he read one evening an item in a Brooklyn paper: a body, washed ashore north of Hellgate, had been identified as his own. This prompted him to compose a long letter to Greta, but before he had posted it he saw on the end of a bench outside the manager's office a soiled brown derby with a black band. He tore up the letter.

A peremptory notice of general discharge was posted in the shop where he worked a while in Chicago, and Strum, guessing the meaning, went to Omaha. There one day, through a thin board partition, he heard the whistle — the tune of "Dixie" — and he hastened on.

With his tools he roamed the continent — roamed it in smoking-cars in which, through countless nights, he sat erect, nursing his pipe-bowl, his leather grip between his knees — sat staring at the black patches of the windows until they turned to gray. Boarding-house rooms were his transient homes — cubical-like places, up flights of dank-smelling stairs with rough matting on the floor. His recreations — only motionless hours stretched in his stocking feet across narrow unyielding beds while he studied map-like strains in the ceilings. Landladies, persons with appraising eyes and bulbous palms, were his only friends.

He never was able to stay in one place long; a month, two months, three at the most, and then — the Thing would arrive. The old methods, the methods which he knew, would be abolished. Each time Hermann greeted the arrival of his soulless enemy with impotent, apoplectic fits of anger. He would rage to the proprietor that the Thing could not do the best work, and a day or two later board a train for the next town, ahead of the man with the brown derby and the drill-points.

There was no way of telling when a fresh blow would fall. He would be enjoying a period of rest and peace when there would be a sudden sign. It came to be that the old German lived in a cold fear. He quaked when he entered the shop in the morning; quaked and shot his eyes from this point to that when he returned from luncheon; cursed when he heard the tune of "Dixie;" caught his breath whenever he saw a brown derby. His nerves weakened. He had frightful dreams and by fall he was chased to Denver, his mustache was entirely white and his massive shoulders had lost the droop of a workman and had drawn themselves together in a settled and defeated crouch. All ruddiness had gone from his features and the skin of his face cracked in small white peelings. His eyesight had dimmed and he wore steel-rimmed spectacles which buried themselves beneath the bulges of his brows, white and straggling. Constantly wisps of hair would work over the rims of the spectacles. He would draw a long handkerchief from the tail of his coat and solemnly wipe the glasses. Then, before he fitted them on again, he would hold them up and gaze through them, puzzled.

At the end of eighteen months he was at the far end of the country. A continent was behind him. With an eye cast apprehensively over his shoulder, he went into San Francisco.

The directory carried him to a wood-carving company near the docks, and the fresh smell of the sea soothed his nostrils as he stood beneath a black-lettered sign and peered up a cavernous tunnel of stairs. In the bright February sunshine the seams on his cutaway coat showed white. His high-crowned felt hat, stained at the brim, was jammed low on his head, so that his ears stood out. With a deep breath he began the ascent, pulling himself along by the rough plank railing.

The stairs opened sheer into the workshop. At the top the familiar scene disclosed itself — the row of windows flooding light on the bench, the line of stooped backs, the footstools beneath the shorter men, the litter of crisply cut chips on the floor; casts, models, and the quietness of the big room. He sighed contentedly. One of the carvers, a tall man with a figure like a bent spike, and a flat, protruding chin, laid down a half-cut picture-frame and came toward him, wiping his hands on his apron. He inclined his head to Hermann.

"Would you be kind enough to tell me who the boss is here?" asked Strum, in a roughened whisper.

"What you want — a job?"

Hermann nodded.

"Mr. Flagelli," the other replied.

"Ah," said Strum. "Italian workmanship — that's good — that's excellent. Well, would you do me the favor of telling him that a graduate of the Munich school with thirty years' experience in the best — the very finest grades of work, is here. Kriedel's the name — Fritz Kriedel. I'm from the east and I've worked in pretty much all parts of the country."

"I wouldn't tell him that last," commented the man, suppressing a smile and bending a kindly brown eye upon Hermann. "This is the far end of the country, you know."

"Well, no matter," said Strum. "Leave that part out. But would you be good enough to speak the rest of the message to him — Munich, and thirty years' experience?"

THE tall man went down the aisle-way to a flat desk in the middle of the room, where a chunky, round-bodied man was busily writing. The workman stooped forward and his flat chin went up and down as he spoke. The proprietor raised his head and Strum saw a weasel-like, purple face against which a line of strong white teeth stood out. As Flagelli looked, Hermann shifted from one foot to the other and turned his hat brim in his hands. He saw the man scowl, shake his head and drop his gaze again to the desk. The spike-like person returned, also shaking his head. Hermann laid a hand on the man's arm and said in his ear:

"Tell him if he takes me on for a while I'll come for half scale." The other looked at him and Strum added, "You see, railroad fares — idleness — all that has — has — well, I should like the position," he finished, with a gesture and a thin smile.

For a second time the man went to the desk and Hermann was standing, blinking behind his spectacles, watching Flagelli, when the noisy clatter of quick footsteps on the bare treads of the stairs reached him. His head turned; he went rigid, his eyes on the tomb-like opening. The head appeared. It was an expressman. Strum relaxed, swallowing to moisten his dry throat and rubbing a clammy palm against his trousers leg.

Flagelli was biting at the tip of a pen and listening, eyes down, to his employee. Suddenly he hopped up and came, heavy-heeled, down the room. Hermann forced back his shoulders and with one hand grasped his coat.

"Kriedel — is that the name?" the employer asked briskly. He stood with his feet apart and jingled change in his pocket. Strum bowed gravely.

"Fritz Kriedel — artistic woodcarver — Munich — experience of thirty years."

"Where you from?"

"The east."

"The east, eh?" Flagelli paused. "And what brings you here?" he questioned with rising inflection.

"Oh, travel. When a man has no ties he travels, doesn't he? It's a pleasure, don't you think?" Hermann mustered a kind of laugh and went on: "I've visited a great many beautiful towns and cities. When I've seen San Francisco, I'll have seen all. I shall cease my travels then." One of the tugged-down corners of his mouth twisted in a smile.

"Do you mean you would be with us steady?" asked Flagelli.

"That above anything—anything at all, I should like," Strum returned in deep-throated tones.

Flagelli was running him up and down. The narrowed gaze traveled from the knobs on the insides of his shoes to the mottled crown of his head. Then it turned down to the frayed cuffs of his cutaway, and the glistening bulges of his knees. Hermann's moist gray eye met Flagelli's, but under his mustache his mouth quivered.

"Well," said the proprietor, drawing a cigar from his pocket and biting it, "what's this about half scale?"

"Oh, that — yes," laughed Hermann. "I need little — very little and," he raised his brows in a glance that took in the big room, "you seem to know workmanship here, Mr. Flagelli." Again Strum bowed, and as he did so there was a flourish to the faded felt hat. The other grinned.

"You're a queer duck — traveling from the east at your age," he said, holding a match to his cigar; "but I'll give you a try."

"Oh, thank you, sir — thank you — that's excellent!" Hermann lifted his eyes questioningly. "Tomorrow morning, eh?"

Flagelli gave a hard laugh.

"Oh, all right; report at eight; that place there," and he pointed to a gap in the bench, a dozen feet away, and went stumping on his heels back to his desk. The spike-like person looked over and nodded; Hermann grinned and waved his hand. His shoulders drooped forward again and he shuffled to the stairs.

Strum, the next morning, was standing a solemn figure in black, pulled forward by the weight of his bag of tools, before the locked door of the wood-carving shop, when at a quarter of eight, Flagelli appeared at the corner, breezing up the street, banging a roll of newspapers against his leg.

"Morning," he chirped, and fitted the key. A little moisture started on Hermann's forehead as he climbed the resounding stairs.

Strum went straight to his hook on the back wall, opposite his place at the bench. He set down his bag and, on tiptoe, hung his coat. Then he stooped to his grip and drew out his worn and grizzled apron. When he had fastened it he smoothed it down and patted the front. Then he crossed to the bench with his tools.

One by one he drew them out from the slots in the case and spread them out before him. Next he brought out his soft chamois cloth. He polished his half-dozen chisels, gouges and knives, rubbing them until they gleamed.

"So," he said as he laid the last tool into the row before him and tapped it.

The bench filled up. The spike-like person threw him a friendly nod. Flagelli handed Hermann a slab of wood and a piece of tissue paper, showing the design of a chair back, and Strum, once more running his fingers over his tools, like a pianist touching a keyboard, drew a deep sigh and set to work. The room fell silent; only the bite of well-horned edges into soft wood broke the stillness.

Presently Hermann reached for his burrow. It seemed dull. He tested the point with his thumb, his mouth pursed, his brows narrowed. Flagelli was sprawled at his papers over his desk. From the cavern of the stairs came a noisy, echoing clatter. Hermann's head shot up and he fixed his gaze on the opening. His thumb ceased its tapping and was poised, motionless, a shade above the instrument. He gripped his lower lip in his teeth and was breathless. Flagelli's button eye left the desk before him and swung inspecting, along the line of backs. It rested upon Strum's profile and rigid shoulders. The steps were near the top; Hermann was like a statue. The employer's purple face creased. The face appeared. It was that of a tardy workman. The old German's head went down, his shoulders limp, and he tap-tapped the point of the burrow.

Flagelli's chair abruptly scraped the floor. His heavy foot-falls echoed rapidly, angrily, down the aisle-way. He came to a stop behind Strum, his head shaking, his arms folded, his teeth dug into his cigar. Hermann was grooving a tiny line on the slab before him. He was hunched up, intent, unheeding. Two deep hollows showed at the sides of his neck. Workmen near by grinned and glances kept swinging from Flagelli's pinched-up face to Hermann's stooped back.

"Kriedel!" Strum did not stir.

"Kriedel!" Hermann continued to work the groove.

"Kriedel!" came in a roar from the proprietor, and Hermann jumped. The whole room was watching; some of the men had stepped out into the aisle.

"I'm sorry, sir — I beg your pardon, sir." He bowed. Flagelli glared. "Come here." And the proprietor led the way across the room to the hooks. The glances of the other carvers burned between Hermann's shoulder-blades. Flagelli pointed to Strum's coat.

"Quit!" was all he said.

HERMANN'S hands fell to his sides, his head dropped forward, his jaw collapsed. For a moment he stared at the set face which confronted him.

"But — what — why ——?" he stammered, his finger tremulously seeking his lips.

"Oh, I know your kind," declared Flagelli, with a wave of his pudgy fingers. "They keep blowing in here — head lifters, stair watchers, every two seconds jumping out of their skins — nervous!"

"Oh, Mr. Flagelli," cried Hermann, spreading out his hands, "that's absurd — altogether absurd. Nervous! That's nothing. Remember, this is my first day — a new shop, all strange. Wait till I get accustomed and then — why —— " He raised his flat palms and his head tipped to one side, he looked to the employer.

"You'll never get used to this place," commented Flagelli, and reaching up took down Hermann's cutaway and thrust it at the carver. "Why, you poor old boob," he continued, standing off and with a rasping laugh, "you didn't even remember the name you gave."

"What you mean?" demanded Strum, clutching his coat in a hand and advancing.

"Mean?" repeated Flagelli in a tense undertone. "Very well! If you must have it, I think you are a crook." He bent sharply forward as he uttered the words, flinging them at Hermann.

Strum stood motionless, transfixed, crouching toward Flagelli. The men from the bench were idling across the room. The proprietor, his hands at his hips, munched his cigar. With a sudden cry Hermann dashed his coat from him. It dusted a track on the floor. He flung himself against the wall.

"Me! Crook! Hah!" he shrieked, his arms above him, his head thrown back. Flagelli jumped forward in alarm; the workmen came running. A circle formed around Strum, in his apron, flattened against the partition. One hand was at his throat and his head worked up and down as he gulped.

"This man says I'm a crook!" he shouted, waving an arm. "I ain't a crook. I'm as honest a workman as ever lived." He paused, and with a wild eye swept the circle. "It's an outrage — an iniquity — that's what it is — to call me a crook. I'm a victim; an honest workman being chased off the map." Again he stopped and shot his glance this way and that. The men were blank with bewilderment; Flagelli, standing off, was chewing on his cigar.

"CHASED off the map," Hermann resumed in the same high key that filled the big room. "By a machine — a nasty little Thing — bright and shiny and no bigger than that!" He held up a long spatulate finger. "That's the trouble — that's why he is able to call me a crook. The damned Thing is eating me alive. I'm a victim — its victim!" And then, in a quieter tone, "And so, my men, will every one of you be — victims — its victims!" He pointed to one man after another.

"Victim!" he said to one in a thick whisper, his face contorted, his mustache twitching.

"Victim!" to another.

"Victim!" to a third. The men smiled; Flagelli spat out his cigar and started to turn away.

"Say, old man," he said with a short laugh, "that's not fair. You're leaving me out."

Strum nodded. "Leaving you out?" he repeated, wagging a finger at the proprietor. "Yes — I leave you out; you're the boss. You'll not be a victim — no — no — no! You'll be richer — richer — richer, while these men — well, they'll get — they'll get just like me — only worse."

"Heaven forbid!" jeered Flagelli, throwing up his hands. The men were sober and inched closer.

"Worse," continued Hermann, nodding solemnly, "by exactly three thousand miles."

The spike-like person with a flat chin stepped out from the group. He reached for Strum's right hand and rubbed the callous spots on the tip of the thumb and the inside of the forefinger.

"See?," Hermann cried, a gleam in his eye. "That's an honesty mark, eh?"

"He's a workman, all right," the tall man affirmed to Flagelli.

The proprietor said nothing; he continued to regard Strum. The other then turned and putting a hand on Hermann's shoulder, said: "Take it easy, old man. What's all this stuff? Don't be so excited. Come down to tacks."

Strum caught at the phrase. "That's it," he exclaimed, nodding approvingly, "come down to tacks. Good! Excellent! I will!" He squared himself on both feet and put his hands beneath his apron. "Well, I told you I was a victim. I'm a victim of the thing called modern progress." He paused and scanned his hearers, his lips pressed tight. They crowded closer.

"It's this way," he resumed. "I learn the trade. I practise it honestly, soberly, skilfully — for how long?" He drew a deep breath and then brought forth at high pitch: "*For thirty years!*"

With short jerks of his head, he met one glance after another in the circle around him.

"For thirty years," he shrilled, "and then — and then what happens to me?" He flattened his hands against the wall and proceeded in a tense whisper:

"Some little fliberty-gibet of a fly-by-night makes what they call an invention — a rotten Thing that can't do the work — rotten! No soul! No spirit, just a Thing!" He shook a finger and then in a louder tone, "You can't whip out saints and martyrs and the best grade of table work like you would shoes. But no matter. The boss thinks the saints and table legs made out of this Thing are good enough. He buys. He gets rich. So does Mr. Fliberty-gibet. But me —— " He raised a tight fist above his head.

"But me!" he cried, bringing his clenched hand down swiftly against his chest. "How about me, eh?" He pounded several times at the top of his vest as he repeated the words. "I ran — scooted — scooted quick!" he cried.

The circle grinned.

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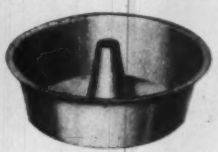

Tubed Cake Pan

By inserting the tubed inset in either the pudding pan or the colander, you obtain a fine tubed cake pan.

Combination Cooker

By placing the pudding pan in the large kettle and inverting the colander, you can obtain an excellent combination cooker. Meat can be cooked in the large kettle while vegetables are steaming in the inset.

Steam Cooker

By placing the colander inside the large kettle and inverting the pudding pan, using the inverted pudding pan as a cover, you have a very good steam cooker, which will cook two articles at the same time, saving space and fuel.

Stew Pan or Steamer

By inverting the colander and placing it on the top of the pudding pan you obtain an ideal stew pan, because the perforation of the colander allows the steam to pass off properly.

Berlin Kettle

The large five-quart kettle when used with the cover makes an excellent Berlin kettle. It is splendid for boiling vegetables or foods in large quantities because of its peculiar shape, which prevents "cooking over."

Bake Dish or Casserole

The pudding pan with cover makes an excellent bake dish, which can be used for the preparation of many different kinds of food, such as baking beans, macaroni, potatoes, apples, etc.

Colander

The perforated pudding pan will be found very handy as a colander for draining vegetables, macaroni, washing lettuce, etc.

Preserving Kettle

The large kettle without the cover will serve nicely as a preserving kettle. Preserves can be cooked in this kettle with no stirring, thus saving a great amount of labor and time.

Double Roaster

A splendid self-basting double roaster can be had by inverting the pudding pan and placing it on top of the large Berlin kettle. Roasts cooked in this double roaster are tender and have a most delicious flavor.

Double Boiler

The two quart pudding pan placed inside of the large kettle and used with the cover can be put to all of the uses of a double boiler, such as steaming rice, making oatmeal and other cereals.

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"You don't believe it!" he shouted. "I tell you it's true — true — true as tides, true as sunrise. Great goodness, it chased me — this Thing — across a continent — a big continent, too. Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver!" He counted the towns on his thumb. "A nasty little Thing!" he hissed. "Bright — shiny — no bigger than — than — than a small rat!"

Crouched forward and rigid, he fixed them with an angry gaze. "And some fine day — quiet and sunshiny — when you're all gouging away and taking it easy and living with happy families — it will come here — up those stairs there — " he pointed to the opening — "come up those stairs — whistling — swaggering — this Thing — and — and then maybe you will watch the stairs, eh?"

There was silence in the room. The men shifted uneasily and Flagelli watched them from the corner of his eye. When Hermann spoke it was in a lower key.

"No, my men; no, Mr. Flagelli, no machine can do my work. It is for the artist that such things are. I'm more than a workman. I'm an artist — and a good one — a very good one." Wheeling upon Flagelli he speared him with an arm. "And you — and you call me a crook! Hah, that's the Thing talking again. Crook! Me! *Ach* —— "

He clapped his hands to his temple and buried his head.

"Dotty," observed Flagelli, a nod to the men.

"No, not dotty," Hermann corrected, a quaver in his voice, "just licked — beaten — useless!"

Flagelli motioned the group away. "Now, old man, come along with me, that's a good fellow. Come along."

One of the men picked up Strum's coat and knocked off the worst of the dust before he held it for him. The carvers began straggling across the room to the windows, talking among themselves.

"That's wild stuff," Hermann heard one of them declare as he turned away, and at the same time the man tapped his forehead knowingly. Strum regarded him for a moment. He drew in his breath and was about to speak when Flagelli caught his arm.

"It's all right — all right," soothed the employer. "I don't guess you are a crook. I'm sorry for what I said, but haven't you a wife, a family, somebody?"

"Somebody?" declared Hermann, jerking his arm away and facing the proprietor. "Have I somebody? I should say I have!" He paused. His white mustache was lifted in a twisted smile.

"Yes, Mr. Flagelli," he said, his head going up and down, "I have somebody! That's what I saved from the wreck. That blasted little Thing couldn't ruin everything — not everything, you know. Now, could it?"

"No, no, of course not," agreed Flagelli, pressing Hermann on the back toward the stairs.

Strum was a little more than half way down, blinking as he faced an oblong of sunshine at the bottom, across which flowed a steady stream of pedestrians. Flagelli's voice from above reached him.

"Hey, old man, you forgot your tools!"

Hermann halted, a foot balanced. Then he turned and leaned against the wall, looking down.

A man with a brown derby was coming toward him. And he was whistling, "Dixie." What need now had the old German of his tools? He raised his face for a moment toward Flagelli's uncompassionate eyes. Then he looked again at the man in the brown derby, who came nearer and nearer. And under his arm he saw that he carried — the Thing.

Next month: Edith Wharton's great new novel, "Summer," begins. The finest piece of work from this distinguished author's pen. A powerful love story of men and women like ourselves

Someone and Somebody — *Continued from page 16*

Chapter XII — Concerning the Ups

PURSUANT to his new-found idea of welcoming the great and glorious happiness so soon to be his, our hero dressed himself quickly. Then he remembered the dining-room, and descended thereto.

His arrival was a function that at first startled, then amazed, him. The headwaiter, walking with the easy grace of a Buff Orpington rooster, escorted him to a choice table, drew back his chair for him, thrust it beneath him as he sat down. Then, handing our hero a menu, he whispered with honeyed sweetness:

"M'sieur?"

Such is the recuperative power of the youthful body, that by now Walsingham VanDorn's inner man proclaimed itself, and loudly. Our hero decided that he would have a smashing good breakfast. At which he ordered a baked apple, a nice sirloin steak if they had it, some baked potatoes, half a fried chicken, griddle cakes and maple syrup, a cup of coffee with milk in it, and a piece of apple pie and cheese. Also two boiled eggs.

Already, you see, our hero is beginning to be inured to great riches.

The waiter took his order unresponsively and uncomplainingly. It is for the rich to eat as they choose. Had they not one guest at the Splendide who had drunk his breakfast for more than twenty years? Had they not one millionaire from Pittsburgh who, for the matutinal meal, always ordered onion soup and champagne? The rich are as entitled to their gastronomical vagaries as to all their others. Why not? They pay for all they eat, don't they? Also breakage? *Que voulez-vous?* Which is French for "We should worry!"

. . . . . .

These dots mean that he has had breakfast.

VanDorn sits back in his chair. The waiter presents his bill. VanDorn feels in his pockets.

There comes over him a sudden sinking sensation. For the search of his pockets has adduced but seven cents. Momentarily he wonders whether they'll arrest him or merely throw him out.

The waiter is speaking.

"M'sieur can sign, if he wishes."

M'sieur doesn't understand at first. He looks up at the waiter, down at the bill; up again at the waiter.

"There," indicates the waiter, running his finger across the foot of the bill.

"What there?" asks VanDorn.

"If m'sieur will sign his name there, it will be charged to his account," explains the waiter.

A Great Light breaks upon our hero. Flows across his soul a flood of healing balm. He is not to be jailed, or ejected! All he's got to do is to sign his name! If you can beat that!

He signs.

As he does so, he notices at the next table another diner similarly engaged. Even as he watches, the diner in question, having signed and delivered the bill to his waiting servitor, removes from his waistcoat pocket a roll of bills, and stripping therefrom a dollar, tosses it easily upon the tray.

VanDorn turns to his waiter.

"I'll give you the other dollar later," he says.

"*Merci, m'sieur,*" says the waiter.

You see, it isn't so hard if you're only observing.

Down to seven cents in cash, however, our hero wonders what he shall do next.

Get more money, obviously. But how?

VanDorn has always earned his money. That one should be able to acquire it in other ways is hard for him to understand. But at length he thinks of Wilkins, sir.

But how to get to Wilkins, sir — there's the difficulty. There's Brooklyn Bridge to stand in one's way.

He concentrates darkly. It is his money, this forty millions. Indubitably. Then Wilkins, sir, is in his employ. And a man doesn't go to his employee. Quite true. The employee comes to the man.

Hence, if he needs more money, the proper thing is to send for Wilkins, sir, to bring it to him.

Having thus achieved a definite result that defies the most carping analysis, he goes to his room, where it won't cost anything, and telephones to Wilkins, sir.

Wilkins, sir, says, yes, sir, he'll be up at once, sir, and how much does he require, sir?

Our hero says a lot.

Wilkins, sir, wants to know if five thousand, sir, will do, sir?

Our hero faintly thinks it will.

SOON appears Wilkins, sir, with five thousand dollars.

Our hero asks him to lay it on the table. . . . Eying it vaguely, as one in a dream, he asks Wilkins, sir, how much his income is.

Wilkins, sir, tells him that it varies, sir.

Our hero asks about how much.

Wilkins, sir, says it's about two million dollars a year.

Our hero pinches himself in the arm. Then he sinks weakly into a chair. He asks Wilkins, sir, if he will bring him a glass of water.

Wilkins, sir, asks VanDorn if he doesn't feel well.

Our hero says yes. Then he says no. Then he says he doesn't know.

Wilkins, sir, waits a proper interval. Then he asks our hero if there is anything else, sir. Our hero says no. And Wilkins, sir, goes out backwards.

By and by our hero gets a pencil and piece of paper. He figures out that his income of two million dollars a year means a million every six months, or a half a million every three months, or two hundred and fifty thousand dollars every month and a half, or one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars every three weeks, or about forty-one thousand dollars a week, which is about six thousand dollars a day, or about two hundred and fifty dollars an hour, or forty dollars a minute, or sixty-six and two-thirds cents a second.

That day finds our hero very busy. He buys himself a new suit of clothes, and a new hat, and a new overcoat, and some new cuff buttons, and some new underclothes, and a dozen pair of socks, and four collar buttons. That night he has for dinner a nice steak, and French fried potatoes and apple pie and ice-cream. And after dinner, he goes to the theatre.

So he starts out to be a spendthrift.

. . . . . .

Our little row of dots leaves us free for a moment to return to our heroine.

We left her by the window, bruised of heart, scorched of soul, thinking of the men that so ruthlessly have robbed and slain her father; robbed him in fact if not in means even as Captain Kidd robbed; slain him as Captain Kidd slew.

She is bruised of heart, scorched of soul. Wide-eyed, she sits, looking out into the night. She cannot even call the moon her friend. Cold and cruel it stands, marshaling about it the stars, the myriad lance-points of the Mighty Army of the Night. Her eyes close. Her lips part wearily. Her back against the unyielding granite wall of the World, she bares her soft breast. If only those hard, those flashing, points would run her through!

Why? . . . Dear God! . . . Why?

Our heroine is hungry, too. Not for her the nice steak with the French fried potatoes, the apple pie and the ice-cream. . . . Our heroine is poor, now — very poor. . . . She has no money. She has no friends. No one, of all the world, cares if she lives or if she dies. . . . In truth, she cares but little herself.

And now it is that even we may not help her; no, not even a little.

Truth calls, so must we leave her, broken of heart, scorched of soul, breast bared against the myriad cruel lance-points of the Mighty Army of the Night, wishing to God only that they might run her soft flesh through.

. . . . . .

We are now back with our hero. It is a week later than when we left him. He possesses now three new morning suits, a dress suit, a dinner-coat, a new watch and chain, a pearl stick-pin, four pairs of shoes, and is thinking of buying a pair of gloves and a stick.

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Also he has had demonstrated to him seventeen kinds of automobiles, and is seriously considering a purchase.

As yet he has had no more cocktails. But fear not. For, as I have said, it's the easiest thing in the world to make a fool of oneself, if one has the price.

. . . . . .

Two weeks more have passed. Our hero is now the proud possessor of an automobile that looks like the result of a successful cross between a steam roller and a Pullman car.

He has learned that caviar is not something that you put on roads, but, instead, an edible, if you don't care what you eat.

He has made a lot of friends. That is, he thinks they're friends. He met one in the bar one night. His name is S. Reginald Beverwyck. And he can drink enough liquor to float the Oregon. The rest came naturally.

He has fallen off the water-wagon, clutching at a straw — two straws, to be exact; two straws inserted in a frosted glass, with a dark green substance all jumbled up with fruit.

He knows two chorus-girls, from the Midnight Revels on the Old Amsterdam Roof. And the dashing devil has called one by her first name. That is, he thinks it's her first name. It's Marye. You pronounce it Mah-ree. As a matter of fact, however, her first name is Bridget. Still, ignorance is bliss; thus is our hero darkly happy.

She has called him a good kid. Which has suffused him with a secret joy. She called him that to his face. Later she remarked that she liked the poor slob at that; and it seemed a shame to take the money; which means fifty dollars that she had borrowed of him to pay off the mortgage on the old farm, so that her poor mother wouldn't be thrown out in the snow. It was old stuff. Nobody was more surprised than she to find out that it would still go. Particularly the snow part. Her mother lived in Louisiana, and she had just put that in to make it harder.

Following which fiscal event, the other coryphée, known professionally as Gwendolyn, but privately as Gertie, had asked him if he had heard the new one about the chicken crossing the street. Our hero said he hadn't. At which she almost fainted.

But she, too, later was heard to remark that you couldn't help liking the poor nut and she hoped no designing dame got her hooks on him because he was nothing but a big, kind-hearted boob and needed a good wife, though he needed a guardian worse. And gee, but he was a swell-lookin' feller, at that, wasn't he?

And thereafter, whenever they were hungry, or wanted to take a ride, or needed money or anything, they called him up. For, though indubitably there are chorus-girls who maintain limousines and twelve-room apartments on twenty-five dollars a week, Mahree and Gwendolyn did not. They belonged to the Other Kind. Hence was our hero as safely secure with them as he would have been in Grant's Tomb. As a matter of fact, though he didn't know it, they took care of him like a couple of mothers. And they shooed their designing *compañeros* away like a hen with chickens. Which you would have found it hard to believe if you could have seen them working at their honest toil. Mahree wore a combination with pink ribbons. Gwendolyn was clad principally in yellow balloons for male drinkers to blow up with lighted cigars or cigarettes. The frank display of their feminine graces would never have led you to believe that the main ambition of the one was to acquire honestly sufficient means to buy a cow and place to keep it; while the other was waiting for a fellow named Gus to accumulate enough money from the retail sale of boots, shoes and rubbers to endow a flat for her in Dubuque, Iowa, preceded by a wedding-trip to Niagara Falls.

Nevertheless, such was the fact. For there is much truth in the world that nobody believes, even as there is much falsehood that everybody believes. Whereby the two individuals that looked like our hero's direst enemies were in point of fact his dearest friends. And I hate to think of what might have happened to him if he hadn't had them.

Our hero also has acquired a check-book and a fountain pen. Both seem to be self-fillers.

He thinks he'll hire a chauffeur; for it's such a lot of trouble to hunt up your car when you come out from a late supper. And the garage is two blocks from the hotel.

Also he wonders what's the matter with his head when he wakes up mornings.

Chapter XIII — Concerning More Ups

THE Turrets stands upon a gentle knoll, half hiding its ivy-laden walls of granite amid great maples and wide-flung pines. Before it spread gentle lawns, velvet green. Beyond these the rocks, against which break the broad billows of the sea, soft singing in the peace of summer, in the winter's storms flinging themselves upon the jagged cliffs in mighty masses of dull-green only to be flung back in white and slithering foam.

Vast and broad are the lands about The Turrets. There are stables and garages; wide gardens; houses for grooms, for chauffeurs, and for the gardeners that bring the beauties to the sunken garden, that keep the lawn its velvet green, that work tirelessly upon path and walk. There are bath-houses, there in the little cove with its made beach of glittering sand.

Mrs. Lispenard Stuart seated herself upon a heavy Roman bench, backed by clustering cedars; for the sun for May was oppressive as the view of spreading lawn and ocean was refreshing after a season of town; not frightfully refreshing, that is, but still refreshing. Tall and stately, Mrs. Lispenard Stuart had high cheekbones touched with rouge, lips limned carefully of the same substance and a nose that matched the bench. Nature, a rigid course of diet, and an expensive corsetière, had accorded her a figure that, while fully twenty-five years younger than her due, had made it alike uncomfortable for her to stand up or sit down. But of the two, she preferred the latter, even though she couldn't lean back. Except in bed, Mrs. Lispenard Stuart hadn't leaned back since she could remember.

As Mrs. Lispenard Stuart, her mind thus bent on sitting down, unlimbered herself by easy stages, like a camel, Thérèse VanZandt, at her side, sank lithely to the greensward. Thérèse was twenty. Thérèse wore no stays. Hence, while to Mrs. Lispenard Stuart sitting down was an event, nearly, though not quite, as momentous as getting up again, to Thérèse it was almost an involuntary action, like winking. For Thérèse could dance for hours; Thérèse could swim like a duck and run like a deer and play polo like a lady centaur; given, of course, that lady centaurs played polo. Also Thérèse had a ripping game of golf, and was simply spiffing at tennis.

While Mrs. Lispenard Stuart panted, (for, if you will remember, the day was warm and she had walked a long way — fully two hundred yards) Thérèse produced from her trousers pocket a gold cigarette case, crusted with diamonds and rubies and — that's so! We forgot. Thérèse had been riding, of course . . . oh, not at all! . . .

As I say, Thérèse took out her cigarette case. Flipping it open, she extracted a cigarette that bore a coat-of-arms to which a London expert of heraldry the year after her father had hit copper so hard, had solemnly assured her that she had every moral right, lit it, deeply inhaled of the smoke of the especially imported tobacco, lay back on one arm, crossed her booted legs and eyed the glories of nature before her.

A bit of all right, it was; but deadly dull. She hadn't done a thing all day. And she was dying for a drink.

Thérèse had a lean young body, muscled like a hound's. Also Thérèse was exceedingly pretty. At length she yawned, flipped her cigarette away, rolled over on her face, and listened to Mrs. Lispenard Stuart squeak.

Finding this singularly unthrilling, at length she spoke.

"Who's coming?" she queried.

To Mrs. Lispenard Stuart, the thought of naming the forty guests, even if she knew 'em, was too much.

"You'll see," she answered.

Thérèse rolled over on her back again.

There was a pause. The sea and the sky and the land did their best, as did also the glories of an afternoon of spring. But both Mrs. Lispenard Stuart and Thérèse had seen it all before. The sky was blue, and the sea was wet, and grass was green, and spring, which came once a year, was warmer than winter and not so warm as summer, and there you are.

By and by, Mrs. Lispenard Stuart began to think that she had sat down long enough. So she began to think of getting up. It seemed rather a sensible thing to do. So she decided to do it.

First she planted her feet firmly on the ground. Then she took a long breath. Then she leaned forward. Then she gave a heave.

Finding herself relieved of contact with the bench, she exerted more strength and straightened her knees. Then she straightened her waist. And at length she stood majestically erect, like the Soldiers and Sailors' Monument. Thérèse leaped lightly to her feet; her own, of course.

"Ready, my dear?" said Mrs. Lispenard Stuart.

"Yes," answered Thérèse.

"Then suppose we go back," suggested Mrs. Lispenard Stuart.

The pilgrimage began.

I HAVE told it all in such detail so that you may understand and appreciate how scintillant is the conversation of most of the proud possessors of inherited or easy wealth. For both Mrs. Lispenard Stuart and Thérèse are typical.

Sometimes they talk more. But seldom do they say more.

On arriving at the house, they found that the guests, of whom Thérèse, so to speak, was a scout, had begun to arrive.

It is useless to name most of them. They were just guests; that's all. The women were well-gowned and had an air of boredom that was not acquired. The men were well-groomed and had the same manner. They mingled around for a while, having a few drinks and cordially disliking one another. Then they went to their rooms to dress for dinner. Anent the ladies, someone has particularly inquired, "If that's all they put on, why does it take 'em so long?" In answer, we can only say that, when they are married, they have to stop to fight with their husbands. And when they are single, it doesn't.

Thérèse, being single, lingered behind, over a Fish House Punch. There lingered, too, Mrs. Pell-Rennolds. Mrs. Pell-Rennolds was in effect single. She had been married; but it didn't take. Mrs. Pell-Rennolds had deep, dark eyes and a figure like a houri. Very, very beautiful she was. Which was why all the women hated her. The men — but we didn't come here to gossip.

Bob VanVechten had said it. In the early days of her evanescent matrimony someone had opined how very attentive her husband was. VanVechten had corrected. Her husband was not attentive. He was merely watchful.

She drank but little; she smoked not at all. It was not from moral grounds. It was that beauty was all she had and she didn't intend to lose it any sooner than necessary.

As she and Thérèse sat on the terrace, in company with the said VanVechten, the Duc de Rochan and sundry other admirers, there came to their ears distant explosions, as of a machine gun. Nearer they came, and nearer. . . . Nearer yet. . . . And with an almost deafening whir, there leaped up the drive a long, low, hungry-looking car, stripped for racing. It was of dull gray, with screened hood and open exhausts. It bore on the rear a heap of tires; in the front seats two hooded, dustered figures; on the mechanician's perch a chauffeur, verging on nervous prostration.

"Hello!" observed VanVechten. "Here comes our little playmate, Reggie Beverwyck, and his chariot of fire."

"Who is it with him?" queried Thérèse.

"Time will tell," returned VanVechten. "Even if Reggie doesn't."

But even now, the latter, shucking off his duster, was with them. He anticipated their queries.

"New chap," he said, sotto voce. "No end amusing. Babes in the wood beaten a city block. Pie for breakfast and everything! Met him at the Splendide. Never had tasted champagne. Bought him some. Also Royal Smiles. Oh, mommer!"

He leaned close to Mrs. Pell-Rennolds and Thérèse, placing a hand familiarly on the knee of each.

"Forty millions!" he whispered. "Not only amusing, but profitable as well. A word to the wise is deficient. Go to it, girls!"

He turned to make presentation.

"Mrs. Pell-Rennolds — Mr. ——"

I knew you'd guess it. Yes, our hero, of course.

To them all he was introduced. With the men he shook hands, remarking only that they all looked so much alike that he'd never be able to tell them apart. He had a hard time to keep from staring at Thérèse and her trousers. He had seen 'em like that on the stage. But he'd never been right up close before. . . . Mrs. Pell-Rennolds looked him full in the eye as she held out a small, white hand. He winked a little, and felt strange, inside. He heard Thérèse speaking to him. With an effort, he turned. He caught a look from Mrs. Pell-Rennolds to Thérèse. This, too, he did not understand.

Still dazed and incomprehensive, he was led to a room. A wonderful room it was. A man-servant was laying out his things, his bath already having been drawn. Bathed and shaved, he adorned himself in the evening clothes that he had bought. And by and by descended to dinner.

Cocktails, by now, had become an admitted fact. He drank four. He found himself seated at a table, a blaze of light and of color. At his right was Mrs. Pell-Rennolds. At his left was Thérèse. Liveried servants came and went, bringing things to eat and things to drink. Strange foods he tasted. Strange wines he sipped. Strange people sat all around him saying strange things. Out of all the strangely confused strangeness came alone two vivid impressions. On his left was the lowest-necked gown he had ever seen in his life; on his right the most beautiful eyes.

But all that was strange to him was to the others as patent as the noon-day sun. Reggie Beverwyck had tipped them all off. And the fun was on. The victim had been thrown to the lions, and thumbs were permanently down. His mental, physical, financial and moral evisceration were about to begin! Here was Something New! Here, at last, was a House Party Worth While.

Nero and his tribe were of the Useless Rich, of the long ago. Mrs. Lispenard Stuart and her tribe are of the Useless Rich, of the now. Nero and his tribe were without doubt a little more messy. But they were not more cruel.

The victim has been flung into the arena. The lions are ready. The game is about to begin.

Let us give our hero a little row of dots.

. . . . . .

Heaven knows he needs them.

[*To be continued*]

What has happened in the foregoing instalments of

The Lifted Veil

SHORTLY after young Bainbridge comes to New York as assistant rector in St. Mary Magdalen's — a fashionable church on Fifth Avenue — he is called upon by a heavily veiled woman of evident wealth and position who declines to give her name. She tells him that when she was barely twenty a Canadian had wished to marry her, but she had become interested in a wealthy New Yorker who was living abroad, and married him. After her husband's death, four years later, she returned to New York and went to stay with a cousin and her husband for a short while. Later she had taken a home of her own and she and her cousin's husband had become intimate. This had been going on for two years, but the time has come now when she is unhappy about it and desires to wipe out the past. Bainbridge is able to give her considerable encouragement to start out afresh, and she leaves him in a much more peaceful frame of mind. Bainbridge has all but forgotten his mysterious visitor some eighteen months later, when a Canadian, Sir Malcolm Grant, calls on him with a letter. The letter is not signed, but the contents show it to be from the veiled woman who had visited him, and asks Bainbridge to tell the Canadian about her past life. The clergyman refuses to reveal any part of the woman's story, preferring to consider it in the nature of a confession.

Sometime after this incident, Bainbridge meets a very beautiful young widow, Clorinda Gildersleeve, whose charms quite overwhelm the clergyman. Just before Christmas he begs her to marry him, but she is unwilling to give any definite answer until she has been able to think it over. At last, just as they return to Clorinda's home after a long drive, she invites Bainbridge in, promising to give him her decision. As they enter the house they find Malcolm Grant waiting for Clorinda, and for the first time the clergyman realizes that the woman he loves and the veiled woman who had visited him are the same.

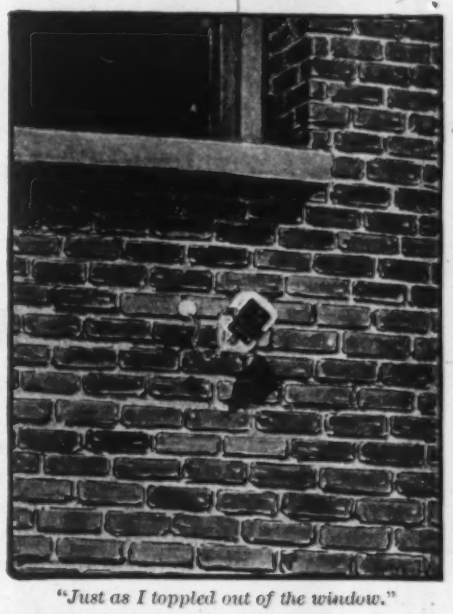
The Thrilling Adventures of Mr. Bull

by

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

"We're both good or we couldn't have lasted."

Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "Cordelia Blossom," "Making of Bobby Burnit," "A Business Man's Love Story," etc. Illustrations by Haydon Jones. This series of stories by Mr. Chester, by courtesy of Mr. William Randolph Hearst.



"Just as I toppled out of the window."

The Adventure in the Hospital

I liked the surgeon. As the wounded were brought in from the wreck, he was here, there and everywhere in the big, cool hospital with its long rows of white cots, deciding, directing, working. I liked his firm, clean-shaven face, I liked his clear eye which could snap with merriment, or soften with sympathy, or harden with purpose, I liked his stubborn hair, gray at the temples, and I liked the cheer he put into his voice, as, after treating twenty patients, he bent over the cot where my porter lay, and said:

"Well, George, what did you bring us? Oh, shucks; nothing but a few bruises! We'll have you out of here in a jiffy."

Hearty to the last word, but as he turned away a touch of fatigue came into his eyes, and he held out his hands before the interne at the door. They were trembling slightly.

"Funny," he said; "if that had been another operation I could have gone through, but as it is, I'll have to rest a minute."

Just then he saw me on the floor, where I had been dropped from the porter's pocket. He needed me. He picked me up swiftly.

"My birthday tobacco," he laughed. "Born in the same year I was, eighteen-sixty-six, fifty years ago. We're both good, or we couldn't have lasted."

Hurrying to his own room, he deftly rolled a cigarette, and propped me in the window.

Only half a dozen puffs, but in those half dozen puffs I steadied his nerves and refreshed him for the work he had still to do. Just as I toppled out of the window, I looked up at his wholesome face, and I liked that friend of mine. It was a privilege to have helped him! Great work, that, "Bull" Durham, great work.

[*Other "Bull" Adventures, by Mr. Chester, in this Magazine, every little while.*]

— and his thoughts carried him back to the period of Reconstruction, when he used to see his Dad seeking solace in rolling "Bull." The nation needed comfort, and found it in "rolling their own."

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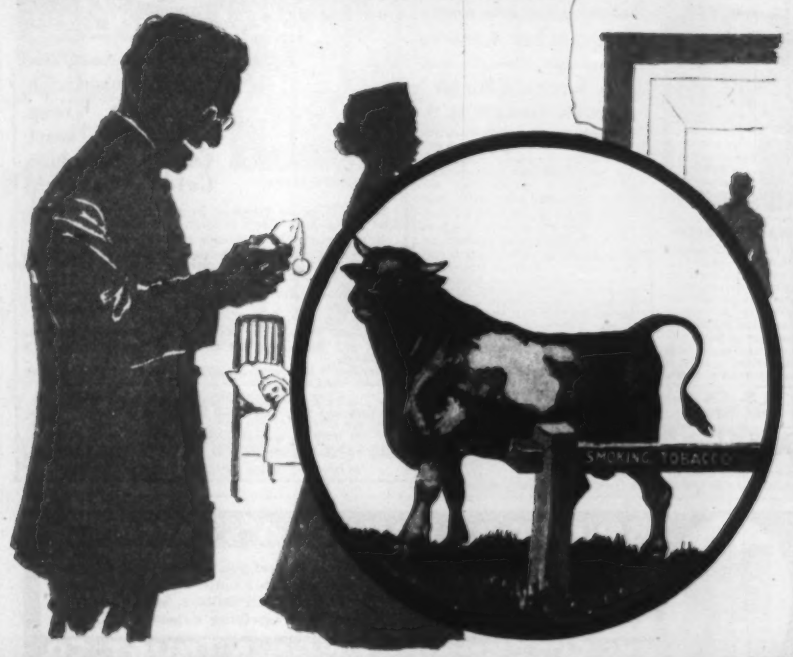

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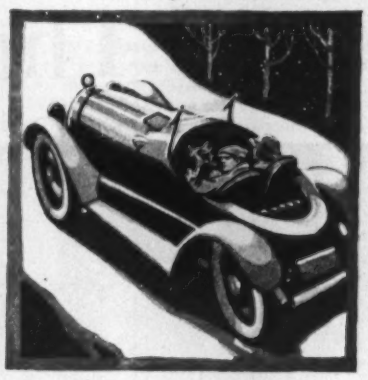

The Cost of Mere Mud

What the Automobile Has Done for Our Roads

By Waldemar Kaempffert

Editor of Popular Science Monthly

NO doubt there were worse roads in 1908 than that between Bristol and Kingsport, Tennessee; but its muddy wretchedness typified the highway conditions of the United States before the coming of the automobile. I saw a picture of it recently in the Office of Rural Engineering at Washington, a picture, I was told, that did but scant justice to its treacherous pools of muddy water alternating with ridges of mushy clay. It was easy enough to imagine the plight of farmers as they floundered and splashed homewards, sinking occasionally hub-deep into the mud and cursing their way out with the assistance of the usual stable oaths, bellowed at their straining animals, and of a team borrowed from the nearest village.

The Office of Rural Engineering made a special study of the road. It has recorded the difficulties of a farmer who had to haul barbed wire over that road for a distance of twenty-three miles. He drove a two-horse team, and his maximum load was five hundred pounds. It took him three days to make the round trip. To haul one ton, therefore, required twelve days—nearly half a month.

In that part of the country a team and its driver earn $3 a day. The hauling of a ton cost $36 at that rate.

But the story of the road between Bristol and Kingsport is more than a chronicle of high transportation costs, of horses and wagons splashed with mud, and barbed wire painfully hauled for days to its destination. Farmers who went to Bristol by way of that road and the people of Bristol themselves suffered.

During the winter of 1908 as many as ten carloads of farm produce were shipped into Bristol to feed the town. Potatoes were selling for a time at $1.40 a bushel. And yet only a few miles away one hundred bushels of Irish potatoes were rotting away in a cellar because the farmer who had grown them could not use the road to Bristol.

Then the automobile came. Bonds were issued for the improvement of the road. The team that hauled the barbed wire can now make its round trip in two days instead of three. What is more, the load in the wagon can be increased from five hundred pounds to a ton.

And so the cost of hauling a ton has been reduced from $36 to $6 — from $1.56 a mile to twenty-six cents. Bristol is no longer entirely dependent on the railway for food. And as for the farmers, they haul their produce into town when they please, which means at the time of the best market prices.

There are literally thousands of roads, mere tracks in mud, like the unimproved highway that once led from Bristol to Kingsport. Such as they are, we have 2,312,000 miles of roads. Of that mileage about 241,000 are classed as "improved." Of these less than 50,000 miles can be designated as permanent, ballasted, graded and surfaced highways. In other words, only a trifle over ten per cent. of the road mileage in the United States is improved in the restricted sense.

Why does it cost fifty per cent. more to live now than it did twenty years ago? There are a thousand reasons. But whatever the best reason may be, this much is certain: Good roads help to keep the cost of living down. Reduce the cost of handling the freight of the country by only one cent a ton and you will save $20,000,000 a year. It costs more to haul a ton of freight from the average farm to the nearest station than from Pittsburg to the seaboard. Do you see now what muddy roads mean to you personally in dollars and cents?

If you are not convinced, let me give you a few statistics — only a few — collected by the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Agriculture. It costs the United States about $37,375,634 a year to haul its cotton crop, including the seed. Suppose the South were to wake up and improve its roads so that only five per cent. of that amount would be saved — about $1,868,781 a year. Would it not be worth while to cheapen hauling by building good roads, even though the investment entailed an annual interest and maintenance charge of one million dollars to the cotton states?

And so it is with other things. The estimated cost of hauling the corn, wheat, oats and hay crops is $125,000,000 every year. If that Tennessee farmer who hauled barbed wire at a ruinous price on the road between Bristol and Kingsport, about which I have told you, could reduce his hauling cost to one-sixth of what it was simply because his county improved the road, why should it not be possible to reduce that $125,000,000 to $25,000,000? Why should it not be possible to prevent the cost of mere living from going up by the simple expedient of converting mud into a real highway?

IT is the cost of bringing necessities to you that is the great business problem of today — not the task of manufacturing cheaply. Because the problem of getting things to you quickly by good roads has not been solved with anything even remotely approaching finality, we have to resort to grain elevators and cold storage plants. To be sure, storage will always be necessary. But it ought not to be necessary to pay Chicago elevator companies as much as twelve and a half cents for keeping a bushel of wheat a year, simply because marketing is not possible with equal facility at all seasons of the year. The annual tax imposed on us by the tolerance of mere mud has been placed at seven billion dollars a year. If that estimate is correct and if our population is 100,000,000, every man, woman and child is paying seventy dollars a year for bad roads.

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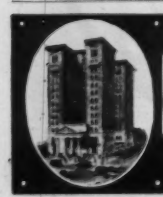

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Freight cars and locomotives cost more than twice as much as they did in 1890. Fifteen years ago, it cost less than half a cent to haul a car a single mile. It costs over eight-tenths of a cent now.

The cost of railway transportation must of necessity go up; the cost of motor-vehicle transportation must go down as roads are improved.

Only the long haul pays in railway passenger traffic. Most branch lines are conducted at a loss. Increase the number of good roads and they will disappear almost altogether. The trolley car has made them unprofitable, and the automobile, when good roads come, will make them still more so. An indication of that is to be found in the fact that the sale of mileage books has declined nearly twenty-nine per cent. in three years. Firms who employ commercial travelers find it cheaper to supply their men with automobiles, so that they may visit five towns in a day, instead of three. The time lost in waiting for the next "down local" or "up express" is saved. Increase the number of good roads, and mileage tickets, created primarily for commercial travelers, will decrease in importance even more.

When the interurban trolley car came into existence, railway presidents were troubled. Later they rejoiced. The trolley became a feeder to the railway. It made the branch lines unprofitable, to be sure; but branch lines never pay much at best. Only the long-distance traveler pays the railway. And so the trolley proved a boon, because it took the place of the unprofitable branch road and because it fed long-haul passengers to the great trunk lines.

When our good roads will outnumber our bad, the motor truck will play its part in helping the railway to prosperity. It will be a feeder of freight and of farm produce. The money-losing freight-branch running often only to a single large factory, will be abandoned.

The good-roads improvement started in the days of the bicycle. It has gathered strength since the advent of the automobile. Cyclists did little beyond urging the benefits of good roads; automobilists contribute cash to their construction.

There were registered in the United States for the year 1915 no less than 2,445,664 automobiles. Their owners paid a total of $18,245,713 for registration and licenses. In forty-two states laws have been passed which stipulate that all or the major portion of this motor-vehicle revenue must be expended on roads or on a highway department. Ninety per cent. of the fees collected in 1915, or $16,213,387, was spent for the building and maintenance of county and state roads.

That the automobile has indeed played its part in giving us better roads, the history of license laws abundantly proves. New York was the first state to collect fees. That was in 1901. The amount collected was $954. In 1915 New York collected $1,991,181. In 1906, when there were only 48,000 motor cars in the whole country, automobile owners contributed only three-tenths of one per cent. to the road expenditures of the country, and the total amount collected by all the states in 1905 was only $62,500. Fully seven per cent. of the national bill for good roads is now paid directly in fees and taxes by automobile owners. Moreover, they voluntarily contribute through their clubs to the county road expenditures and buy highway bonds.

Whenever you pay for your automobile license you have the satisfaction of knowing that not only have you made touring easier but that you have helped to solve the problem of keeping down the cost of food and clothes.

We owe it primarily to the automobile that Congress has passed the Federal Aid Road Act, which provides for the expenditure each year by the Federal Government of a sum that begins with five million dollars in 1917 and increases five million dollars each year until 1921, when the Federal Government will apportion twenty-five millions among the states for the improvement of roads. In less than five years the United States, as a nation, will have spent eighty-five million dollars on highways, which sum includes one million dollars a year for ten years, appropriated for building roads in national forests. France has been spending forty million dollars a year for the maintenance of roadways amounting to four hundred thousand miles. But France considers this too little, and so an act has been passed which approves the spending of fifty million dollars in ten years for the tarring of six thousand miles of national routes.

The Lifted Veil— *Continued from page 23*

acorn, let us say, and one reaps the deadly nightshade."

"Why not say a rose?"

Bainbridge saw her look toward himself, with eyes curiously shining. "Well, I'm willing to say a rose — on certain occasions. My point is only that you never can tell. Whether it's a rose or the deadly nightshade it's equally surprising when you're looking for an oak."

"And would you rather have the oak?"

"One would rather have what one is prepared for, wouldn't one? One doesn't always want to be hurled about, from one astonishing situation into another ——"

It was Grant who threw the personal note into this. "I hope you don't mean my coming and waiting for you this afternoon. It was a bit cheeky on my part ——"

"Oh, dear, no," she tried to answer lightly. "I'm so glad you did."

"You see I've only this one day—just now."

"Does that mean that you'll be coming back?"

"Not exactly coming back; but they may send me here as a sort of agent to the Canadian government — for buying supplies. New York's the most central point for that, and they've asked me how I should like the job. I told them to move me about as if I was an inanimate object." A new flash came into his eye as he added, quietly: "All I am and all I have is at the country's disposal."

The flash was answered like a signal by one from her. Bainbridge knew how this sort of engagement in a great adventure would appeal to her. "Of course," she responded, warmly. "It would be — but it's splendid, isn't it? It's like taking part in a great sport, which is more than a sport because it's vital. If this country went to war it might revive some of our old-time patriotism. I should like to hear a little of that now, after so many years of hearing our own people condemning our own country. And yet," she reflected, "it comes back to the personal, doesn't it? Life is so amazing. It sends its sorrows — and its *joys* — from quarters whence one so little looks for them. That's what impresses me. I keep wondering whether we're mere flotsam and jetsam, that have nothing to do but toss in the current; or whether there's anything that will steady us, and take us along a definite road with some amount of confidence." She glanced toward the fire, so as to include her other guest. "Mr. Bainbridge, do you know?"

The question forced Bainbridge out of himself, though he was not ready to join in a conversation in which he had no heart. Moreover, he divined on Grant's part an impatience of his presence, while he considered it only fair to give his rival — if they were rivals — the one opportunity that could come to him. "Do I know what?" he managed to ask, after a second in which he seemed to stare at her unintelligently.

"Do you know how we as individuals can be prepared to meet the surprises of which life keeps such a vast variety in store for us?"

Bainbridge took up the theme only because he was obliged to. "What do you mean by being prepared? If it's the elimination of fear ——"

"Well, perhaps it *is*," she agreed, promptly. "I never thought of it before; but if preparedness, as the word begins to go, means anything, it means that. The elimination of fear! If we could only reach that state, personally and nationally! But we can't, can we?"

Again Bainbridge answered only because he could see she spoke a little feverishly, and he was eager to do his part in steering the conversation safely. "We can, if we go by the right road — which is what very few people will do."

"The right road to eliminate fear? Why, surely, if there is such a road it's the one we should all like to take. If we weren't afraid, it would be because we knew we were safe; and if we were safe —" she laughed with the slightest hint of excitement — "if we were safe, why, it would be — it would be bliss. Do tell us how to find the way."

"Not now." He endeavored to smile, rising as he spoke. By way of getting out of the room still on the wholly non-personal note he continued, as he went forward to take his leave: "Preparedness isn't a matter of explanation so much as it's one of life. You can't prepare by fits and starts; neither can you prepare for one thing and neglect another. It's got to be a big business and a thorough business and a long business; but when you've given yourself up to it ——"

"Then what?" the Canadian asked, looking up at the clergyman.

"Then you can feel tolerably — secure."

"But secure against — how much?" came from Clorinda.

The reply was more to himself and his own inner needs than to his companions, as Bainbridge said: "Against practically all we have to dread." With deliberation, because he was thinking of himself, he went on to enumerate: "Against — against horror — against difficult situations — against loss of nerve — against not knowing the right thing to do — and — and —" his voice dropped slightly — "against not being able to do it."

Clorinda clasped her hands. "Ah, but that would be heaven!"

"Well, yes," Bainbridge agreed. "If the kingdom of heaven is within you, why then, as you just said, you can be safe." He held out his hand. "I'm afraid I must go now ——"

"Oh, *don't!*" There was a plea in her tone which sounded as if she felt herself in the presence of some form of danger. Her own ear seemed to have caught it, for she added, at once: "Do stay and talk to us. You've said there was a road to safety; but you haven't told us what it is. Won't you?"

"Not now. Some other time — if you should really want to know. Don't ask me unless you do; and it's probable you don't."

Still eager to detain him, she exclaimed: "Oh, why do you say that?"

"Because very few people do want to know it. We're all agog for preparedness, so long as it's a toy or a fad; but we're a volatile people both nationally and individually. We're subject to hysteria, and so we make our efforts mere flashes in the pan. Real preparation is continuous and basic; and the continuous and basic are what most of us don't want. But, if you'll excuse me, I really must be off. . . ."

He had forced his farewells and turned to make his way to the door when he heard Clorinda say, with a clear precision of tone which was in itself a token of distress, and possibly of something more: "Perhaps I ought to tell Sir Malcolm Grant before you go away that we — Mr. Bainbridge and I — are — are engaged —" she hesitated an instant, before adding, as if to make herself irrevocably understood, "to be *married*."

As Bainbridge turned again he saw Malcolm Grant rise from his chair with a look which could only be described as thunderous. It was directed not so much toward Clorinda as to Bainbridge himself. "Then I suppose I must congratulate you both."

The sincerity of the words was contradicted by the anger which seemed to shake the Canadian's huge person — an anger before which Clorinda momentarily quailed, rising and seeming to shrink from the baronet's proffered hand.

ON his way home Bainbridge dropped in at Grant's hotel, and wrote:

"DEAR SIR MALCOLM GRANT:

"If you are at leisure this evening may I ask you to look in on me at my house, as I have something of importance to say?

"Yours sincerely,

"ARTHUR BAINBRIDGE."

At half-past eight the Canadian arrived. "I got your note," was his only form of greeting, as he strode into the room and stood still.

"I'm glad you've come," Bainbridge said, quietly. "There are two or three things I wanted to say."

And yet they were seated for several minutes on either side of the smouldering fire, in the relative positions of two years earlier, before Bainbridge had mastered himself sufficiently to begin. "I want you to know," he forced himself to say finally, "that anything that's new and — and astonishing to you in our present situation is just—is just as new and astonishing to me."

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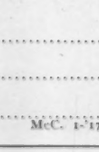

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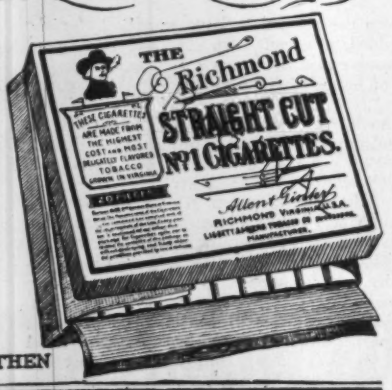

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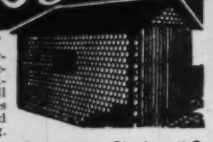

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The expression Bainbridge called thunderous had not left the banker's face. It hung there like a great cloud, lowering and full of storm. "If you want me to know anything," Grant said at last, "you'll have to speak more plainly."

"I don't want to speak more plainly than I can help ——"

"Hasn't the time for delicate niceties gone by?"

"Possibly; but not the time for sympathetic consideration — for everyone concerned."

"Oh, sympathetic consideration! If it's only that ——"

"If it's only that we don't gain much; but we do get a point of view. The important thing seems to me that, in our present curious and difficult conjuncture, all three of us — you, Clorinda, and myself — should take the right attitude from the start."

The visitor towered in his armchair, his hands on his hips. "If you think I'm blaming anyone, I'm not — nobody but myself."

"As to that, of course, I've nothing to say. I don't know what reason you have for blaming yourself ——"

"I've the reason," Grant declared, with the brutality that comes of suffering, "that I didn't take her when I could have had her."

Bainbridge felt as if he had recoiled from a blow, though outwardly he maintained his quietness of bearing. "Ah? You could have — have had her?"

"I could if — if I had gone the right way to work."

"And — and you didn't — go the right way to work?" Bainbridge asked him.

"No."

The monosyllable was emphatic, so emphatic that it seemed to cut the conversation short. A long minute went by before Bainbridge could resume. "As to that you may tell me as much or as little as you choose. I know that something must have happened between you, after you left this house two years ago — or that you had reasons of your own for — for not wanting anything to happen at all. I merely beg you to understand that ——"

But Grant had no attention to spare for what was not the aching and reproach within himself. "She'd have accepted me if it hadn't been for the way I put it."

"Indeed?"

"I told *her* I'd — I'd marry her if she was — if she was in the gutter."

Bainbridge stirred, leaning forward eagerly in his seat. "And she ——?"

"She said she wouldn't marry me — if I were on a throne."

"And were you surprised at that?"

"I was — then."

"But you wouldn't be now. Is that what you mean?"

"I'm two years older, and — hang it all! — the war has been an eye-opener in some respects."

"In showing us the difference between accepted standards and real ones. Is that it?"

"In showing us that some things are more important than others; and that we've often thrown the weight into the wrong scale. But what's the use of talking? She's going to marry you ——"

"She may be going to marry me; but even so she can't do it without some inner reference to you."

"She would have done it without any inner reference to me, if I hadn't turned up, what?"

"But you've turned up. That's the main thing."

"It may be the main thing to me; but it can't make any difference to you or her."

"Then you think that, with three people so intimately involved as we are, the main thing for one can pass over the other two and have no effect?"

"What effect *can* it have?"

"I'm not sure that I know, beyond the fact that we need have no personal ill-will. Since it's a moral axiom that whatever blesses one blesses all, I can't be happy at the price of your unhappiness ——"

"Ah, don't come that over me, for God's sake!" begged Grant. "I know the sort of thing you want to say — that it may be all for the best. Why, man, she — she belongs to me; we were made for each other."

Bainbridge seemed to study the tips of his fingers which he fitted together. "Perhaps that may not be as obvious to others — to her, for example — or even to me — as it seems to you; but even if it was ——"

"She'd have married me," Grant broke out, hoarsely, "if I hadn't hurt her pride."

"You did more than that; you destroyed your own vision."

Grant stared, vacantly. "My own vision?"

"Your conception of the woman whom you wanted — and whom apparently you still want — as your wife. Once you had degraded that ——"

"That was done for when I found you knew something about her you wouldn't tell me. When I went back to her and told her that, she said — she said she'd tell me herself."

"And you say she did?"

"God, yes! Finest thing I ever saw. No scene in a play ever came up to it. She stood in the middle of the room and told me —" he swallowed hard — "told me she — she'd — she'd lived with a chap — for the best part of two years."

Bainbridge bowed his head. On another man's lips the words were cruder, crueller, than when merely uttered silently within his own heart. They lifted Clorinda before the world, pilloried and despised. He asked himself if he had done right in refusing Grant the information that would have spared her the task of making this confession for herself. By the time he had assured himself that in that there had been no choice, Grant went on again.

"I had my chance then," he declared, speaking with parched lips. "If I could have played up in the way — the way she wanted she — she'd have jumped at me. I could have sworn she was as much in love with me as I was with her — up to then. If I hadn't been ——"

The habit of the confessional impelled Bainbridge to assist the penitent when in difficulties for words. He spoke with head still bowed, his chin resting on his interlocked fingers. Without saying so to himself he found the stare of the big, upright man, stuttering out his pain on the other side of the fireplace, impossible to endure. "If you hadn't been what?" he asked, when Grant found himself unable to go on.

"If I hadn't been a crazy fool. That's what I was — a fool — and crazy. I seemed to want to attack her, like a bear with a shot in its body. I said it. I said it just as an animal might make a blind rush, because it's been maddened. I didn't mean everything it — it implied."

"And yet, in a way, you did."

Grant accepted this. "I — I suppose so," he admitted, humbly. "I didn't see her as — as I saw her after I got away. When she told me all that, I thought of her as ——"

"You needn't tell me what you thought of her as. It's enough to know that when you got away you saw you were wrong. What I don't understand is why, if you felt that, you never came back to tell her so."

"By George, she showed me to the door," he blurted out, with a kind of naiveté. "I'd have come back if it hadn't been for that."

"And yet you've come back now?"

"Because I couldn't stand it any longer. I've tried — the Lord knows I've tried! It was easier in the first months than it was later. When war began — well, that threw us all on our backs, what? We got down to hard pan — to what you call the real standard — not the accepted one. So far as —" he gulped, till he could control his voice — "so far as I've got a real standard it's — it's somehow connected with — with her."

Bainbridge mused for a while in silence. When he spoke it was quietly, and without raising his eyes. "Why do you say that to *me? — now?*"

The reply was prompt and naive, like so much else about this big, elemental man. "Because you're in wrong, old boy. You won't make a go of it."

It was Bainbridge's turn to look up and stare. "Making a go of it," he said, after a brief space of thinking, "is secondary. If one does what's right for the minute the making a go of it will take care of itself."

"And you call this *right?*" The thunder

NEXT MONTH, *Bainbridge, thoroughly aroused by the publication of further slanderous articles concerning his friends the Pallisers, has a dramatic interview with Miss Higgins. He throws all his cards on the table. Basil King has never written a more tense and striking scene, one more crowded with the play of human emotions.*

of the voice recalled to Bainbridge the simile just used of the rush of an animal in pain.

"It may not seem right to you ——"

"You can bet your life it doesn't."

"That's what I was afraid of; and we shan't be able to start right unless you know the truth. If you're obliged to add the sense that you've been wronged to what you have to suffer otherwise ——"

"Oh, I don't say wronged. I suppose that if I stepped out you had a right to step in, even if, for a clergyman ——"

"But I didn't step in — in the way you mean." He waited a minute before saying gently: "I didn't know that the veiled lady who came to see me, now more than three years ago, and the lady who has promised to be my wife were one and the same person till — till this afternoon."

Grant bent forward, his hands on his knees. His attitude was that of a man trying to take in words beyond his power of comprehension.

"You — you didn't know — what?"

Bainbridge repeated his statement, putting it as simply as he could.

The Canadian raised himself and fell back into the depths of his chair. "Good God! So you were caught in a trap!"

"No. The unexpected isn't necessarily a trap."

Grant asked his question as a man who feels that much may hang on the answer. "But now that you know it — what difference will it make?"

"None. Why should it?"

"But, man ——"

"Am I doing anything you wouldn't do yourself?"

"I'm not — not a clergyman. And even I, at first ——"

"Is there any reason why a clergyman should be less honorable than another man?"

"There's a reason why he should — should set a high example."

"And what would be a high example — in this case?"

"Surely it wouldn't be to marry — marry a woman ——"

Bainbridge helped him out. "Marry a woman who has admitted to us both that she's — a sinner. Is that it?"

Grant nodded an assent.

"But what's a sinner?"

"A sinner is a person who has done something wrong, what? And when it's a woman ——"

"You can think of only one kind of wrong. But what of you? — and of me?"

"We're not women."

"But we've sinned. It's possible that we may have sinned in just the way that she has."

"But we're men."

"What difference does that make?"

"It makes all the difference. I know that some people talk of one law for both men and women; but you can't make it work."

"But that's just the point. In my case I *mean* to make it work."

The baronet struck his knee with his closed fist, with some emphasis. "My dear sir, you won't; you can't; it's not in nature."

"But if it's in *my* nature ——"

Grant shook his head violently. "But it's not. It's not in any man's nature. If he thinks it is ——"

"You mean that what can be wrong for the woman can be right — or almost right — for the man."

"That's about it."

"And yet we have a case which most of us would consider to have some authority in which it wasn't treated so. It's a case, too, which the general consensus of human opinion holds to have been dealt with supremely well."

By his looks and his silence Grant appeared to ask what case.

"There was a woman taken in adultery, and brought before One whom I fancy you and I both revere. Those who brought her were men. Except for herself there were only men in the company. And yet it was to them, to this group composed entirely of men, that the Saviour said, 'He that is without sin among *you* let him first cast a stone at her.' He made no distinction between their sin and hers. They themselves saw no distinction, for one by one they went out and left her there. It seems to me," he concluded, "that we may be like them."

Grant surveyed the carpet, the hearthrug, and his boots. "It's the position," he said, at last, still looking at the floor. "As my wife, don't you see, she could carry it off — at a pinch? As yours — I don't see how she can."

"You mean as the wife of a layman ——"

"And a man who lives in another country and belongs to another people — but especially as the wife of a layman, as you call it ——"

"You forget that it wouldn't be as a clergyman that I should be marrying her — not any more than you would do the same as a banker. In both cases we should simply be men."

"In both cases a drayhorse and a racer are horses; but they're different in breed and in qualities. A woman who has a choice between a banker and a clergyman has a choice between men; but she also has a choice between two kinds of life, what? She might take to the one as a filly to the pasture, and find that she didn't have the lungs or the speed for the other."

Bainbridge was not offended by the nature of this comparison, but he was disturbed by a hint of truth in it. Rising abruptly he began to pace the room with a kind of agitation to which he didn't generally yield. He had never forgotten that Clorinda herself had said: "That I should be the wife of a clergyman is inconceivable." Somehow it *was* inconceivable. It had always been inconceivable. Now that Malcolm Grant was there he, Bainbridge, understood how the man could put forth his savage claim that Clorinda and he were made for each other. They were — in a sense. They had similar traditions and a similar knowledge of the world. In both there was a minimum of soul, even if a soul was in process of emerging, while each suggested the fine animal, the thoroughbred, the creature noble of body and gentle of temper and winsome and high-spirited and strong. Could the one go tamely off about his business? and could the other be broken to the yoke of the parish round, with its petty, if benevolent, interests, and its tea-cup quarrels, and its old wives' tales?

He was still pondering these questions when Grant strode across from his place on the hearthrug and laid a hand on his shoulder. He could do it, partly because he was so big, partly because, when all was said and done, he was the elder.

"Look here, Bainbridge," he began, in a kindly tone, "you're a good fellow — by God, you *are* good!"

"You forget," Bainbridge smiled faintly, "that the laws of conduct are my business just as the methods of finance are yours. I hope that the world needs both of us, and that I can serve my turn."

"You bet you serve your turn — but I don't believe that your turn is in the direction in which you're looking for it now. I — I *don't.*"

"But if I do ——"

"Then you're wrong." The bigger and older man now laid a hand on each of the shoulders of the younger and smaller one, holding him at arms' length. "A woman who's had the experience *she's* had might be my wife — she could fit herself into the position — and — and so could I — now — but she couldn't be yours." He added, as with a little shove he withdrew his hands: "There you have it from me straight."

Bainbridge stepped back, looking at his rival with the clear, deep gaze of eyes with an unusual capacity for candor and intensity. "And what you have straight from me is that love can work miracles. A man's love," he went on, "can do anything for a woman ——"

"So you've told me once already; but you added, 'If it's of the right sort.'"

"And mine is."

"Mine wasn't," Grant declared, firmly. "I confess to that. But it is now, by George — and if it isn't I'll make it so."

"Then it seems to me we can only leave it to her."

"*Will* you leave it to her?"

"I'll — I'll leave it to more than to her. I'll leave it — leave it to the great principle of right, which I have to serve before I serve anyone or anything else."

"Done!"

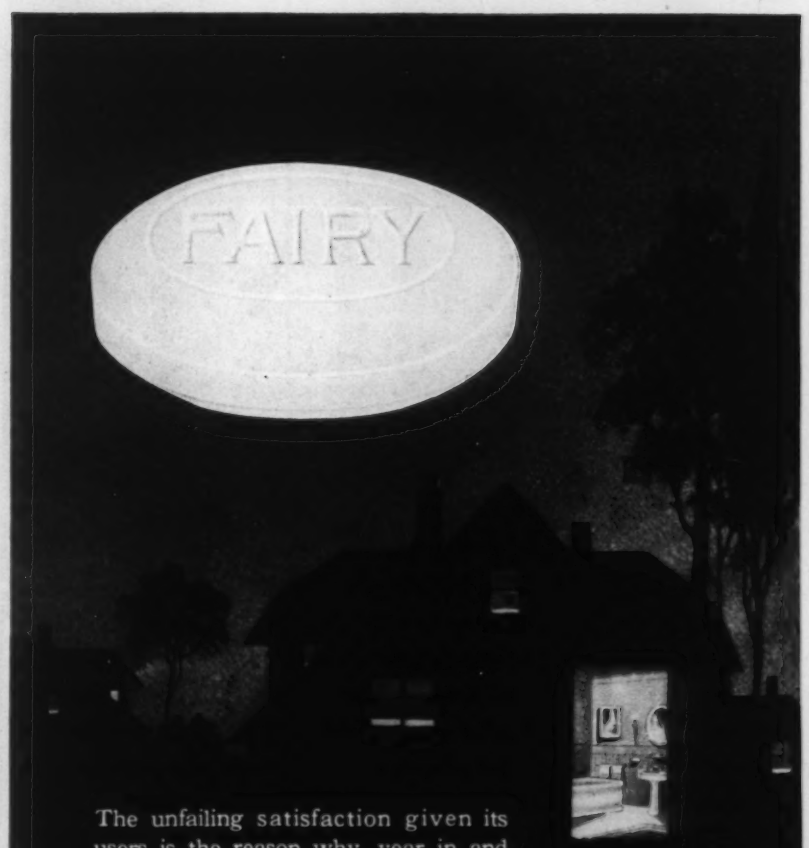
And on the word they clasped hands.

IT was the first time Bainbridge had ever seen Clorinda's anger flame out against himself.

"I told you then, for the express reason that I wanted him to know. It wasn't the minute I should have chosen above all others; but before you left me alone with him I wished to make the situation clear."

"But my point," Bainbridge endeavored to say, as he watched the storm, "was not that you should have told me then; it was that you should have told me, and told him, at a time when new circumstances might have made it well for you to wait."

For the minute she too watched the storm. Past the window of her little office-sitting-room the drifts whirled like a procession of wild wraiths. In the air, on the ground, the snow danced and flew and piled and deepened, eddying into the middle of the street, pelting itself into the crevices of eaves and



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windows and doorways, lashing the faces of the rare passers-by, blurring the arc-lights that were just beginning to come out like wan twilight stars, flying down from heaven and up again, or swirling off into infinity.

In its force and grandeur and terror and exhilaration Bainbridge found it akin to something within himself. Clorinda had renewed her promise to marry him. She had renewed it with deliberation and a kind of splendor. "You know already that I mean to do what you've asked — and be your wife."

It was characteristic of her that she should have made this declaration standing, in the royal attitude with the grand manner of one who confers distinction and knows that she is doing it. When Bainbridge had bowed over the hand she offered him, she allowed the other to lie lightly and caressingly on his head.

It was the touch that made him nothing but a man.

WHEN after a minute, if the time could be measured by tickings of the clock, she released herself from him, not without a struggle, the gesture with which her hand went up to the scarlet spot on her cheek might have been that of a princess outraged and amazed.

"You mustn't —" she began to stammer, tremblingly.

"I mustn't — what?" he challenged.

"You mustn't —" she began, tremblingly again, "you mustn't startle me."

He, too, was flushed. His eyes glistened as she had never seen them glisten before. "Oh, Clorinda, don't you remember telling me you were made for love?"

She was still the amazed and outraged princess. "Yes; but you weren't."

"Oh, yes, I was — with one side of my nature. It's a side that now ——"

Though the back of her hand was against her cheek as if she was hiding a stain, she contrived to smile faintly. "Yes, yes; but not too — not too suddenly. I must get used to you —" His look may have touched her, for she extended her hands to him at once, with what might have been compunction. "There! You can take my hands — both of them. They're — yours. Only — only don't — don't startle me again."

Once more she allowed him to cover both of her hands with kisses; once more she released one of them and ran it lightly across his hair. This done, she detached herself and moved away to a place of greater safety. "Sit down," she commanded, pointing to one of the armchairs. Having seated herself at the French eighteenth-century desk that combined the attributes of business and elegance, she subjoined: "Now we can talk."

Talk was not Bainbridge's primary need. For the first time he was seized with a pang that seemed to transform his being into a sheet of flame. He could not have said that it was either jealousy or rage; it was rather as if scales had suddenly fallen from his eyes so that he saw her as she was. Not in this way had she yielded herself to the man who had been her lover for two years. He had forgotten the words in which she had told him so, but he had retained their general significance. In that case there had been an electric flash of emotion, violent and irresistible, in comparison with which nothing would have mattered, not if it was to be death at the next moment. There had been no shrinking from *him*, no keeping him at arms' length. She had been his, and his willingly.

Not till he saw her remove herself from him had this thought really come to him. In the duality of his own outlook he had viewed her hitherto less as a woman than as a soul. Even since the discovery of her actual identity, made twenty-four hours earlier, he had been able to think of her as of the sinning woman of the New Testament, with her qualities of pity, glamor, and picturesqueness, while the sublime, "Neither do I condemn thee," had chanted itself like an anthem in his heart. Now that was gone. Something had dispelled the vision and stopped the song. What he saw was the woman whom he loved, noble, magnificent — and defiled. For a minute he understood the passion of the Othellos and Don Josés of the world, which can kill more easily than it can do anything else.

"You love me, don't you, Clorinda?"

Though there was more anguish than assurance in the question, Clorinda smiled. "I told you on Christmas Eve that I was afraid I did — and — and I do." Before he could make a response she added, softly: "It's one of the kinds of love."

He stared blankly. "One of the kinds of love? What do you mean?"

Her agitation struggled with her efforts to be self-controlled and calm. "I mean that if there are more kinds than one this is the kind I can feel for you."

"And you could feel another for someone else?" he asked, suspiciously. "Do you want me to understand that?"

"No; but — but it's a question you shouldn't ask me. When I tell you that I do love you — sincerely and honestly — enough to marry you — you ought to be content."

"But — but the kind you can feel for me? What kind *is* that?"

She looked down at the paper-weight with which her fingers toyed. "I suppose — I suppose the kind one can feel for a — for a clergyman."

He flushed to a deeper shade of red. "But I'm not a clergyman — in this relation. I'm only a man."

She continued to finger the paper-weight. "You're a clergyman before you're anything else to me. If you hadn't been a clergyman ——"

"Well? What then?"

"Oh, then — I don't suppose I should have cared anything about you."

He fell back into the depths of his armchair. "Clorinda, you're amazing! How can I follow you?"

"Perhaps you can't," she returned, gently. "But I don't see why you should try when the matter concerns only me."

"Concerns only you?"

"I'm doing what you asked me to do; and I'm doing it from what seem to me the highest motives." She glanced obliquely toward him, with a certain diffidence. "I care for you because — because you're the best man I've ever known. It's precisely because you are the best man that I do care. You've been wonderful to me — from that very first time we talked. You remember? But you wouldn't have been so if you hadn't been what you are professionally. One can't imagine a lawyer, or a doctor, or a ——"

"Or a banker," he suggested, cruelly.

She accepted the word. "Or a banker, being able to say the things you've said to me, or knowing anything about them. I told you once that you were different from other men — that you spoke another language. You do. I've thought of you a little as one thinks — don't be shocked or offended! — I'm saying it in quite the right way! — but I've thought of you a little as one thinks of Christ when they brought to Him the woman ——"

He cried out imploringly: "Don't, Clorinda!"

"Then I won't. And yet how should I not? Nobody else would ever have met me as you did — and recognized me — and seen through me — and known about me the things you knew — and been so perfect toward me always. If I speak of it more than you like it's because — because it — it makes my happiness. It's given me back some of the things I thought could never become mine again. And so," she went on, tremulously, "you'll always be a clergyman to me. You couldn't be anything else. And that brings me to — to the explanation it seems I have to make."

He was so busy with the question as to whether or not it was his duty to tell her that he hadn't recognized or seen through her in the way that gave her happiness that he could only murmur, half absently: "Make it."

She continued in some confusion: "It's just this — that you must give me time. You must let me get used to you in — in a new light. When —" the scarlet came back into her cheek again and she averted her face — "when a *priest* does what — what you did just now — it's so — so terrifying ——"

He leaned forward till he could grasp her skirt. "But, good God, Clorinda, I'm as much a man as — as —" the name forced its way out — "as Malcolm Grant."

Her first act was to detach her skirt from his clutch, which she did with gentle, unhastening deliberation. With the expression of displeasure in her eyes she was able to look toward him, though she had been keeping her head turned away. "Why do you mention *him* — especially?"

"Because he's come back."

"What difference does that make to me?"

"I can't tell you. I only know the difference it makes to him."

"Then you've been talking me over."

"How could we help it when ——?"

"When I sent him to you in the first place. Yes, of course; I remember. I accept the responsibility. And the difference it makes to him is — what?"

"He seems to feel that he still has a claim upon you."

"Indeed? And you agree with him?"

"Not unless you do yourself."

"And what makes you think that I possibly could?"

Before the calm pride of her bearing he

could only have answered in the stress of an intense feeling made up of many blends. "It seemed to me strange that you should have said that you'd marry me ——"

"I see — at that particular moment and in that particular way." A second's reflection impelled her to add: "But since I did it you might have given me the credit for having had a reason."

It was the agonizing fact that she had withheld herself from him, when she had not done so from others, that whipped him on. "Oh, I know you had a reason; but if it was to inflict on him a kind of revenge ——"

"Revenge? Why should I inflict revenge on him? What has he been telling you?"

"Nothing that isn't kind toward you," he thought it fair to say; "only — only I gathered that he was still in love with you ——"

He got no comfort when she interrupted him with: "So other men have been."

"And that," he struggled on, ignoring the stab, "he was not without hopes ——"

He could see that her displeasure was heightening into anger. "And did he send you to plead for him?"

"No," he declared, with spirit. "I'm pleading for yourself, Clorinda — that you won't marry me — that you won't marry anyone — till you can marry him as a *man*. And furthermore, if there is anyone whom you could marry as a man — marry *him*."

Impulsively she went toward him, placing her hands on his shoulders in such a way that he was held down in his chair. Nothing had ever thrilled him in his life like the struggle between indignation and tenderness in her face and eyes as she bent above him. "You must let me do what I can," she insisted. "Don't try to force me, or to turn me into something I'm not. It's possible that some day I may see you as you want me to see you; but for the present you're to me just what I've said — no less and no more. You're more to me than a man — you're a saint — or an angel — or a priest — or any other high messenger you choose to name. Merely as a man —" Withdrawing her hands with an abrupt little gesture which told him that merely as a man he would not have appealed to her, she went to the window, where, with her back to him, she stood looking out on the storm. He was wondering how he could demolish the halo with which she surrounded him when she began again. "Since you're curious about Malcolm Grant — if curious is the word — I'll explain to you. I told you then for the express reason that I wanted him to know. It wasn't the minute I should have chosen above all others; but before you left me alone with him I wished to make the situation clear."

Half contrite he followed her to the window. It was something to be near her, even if she shrank from his caress. "But my point," he endeavored to say, as he too looked out on the storm, "was not that you should have told me then, but that you should have told me, and told him, at a time when new circumstances might have made it well for you to wait."

"Wait?" she exclaimed, imperiously. "What should I have waited for? He — he insulted me. He used language toward me I never could forgive."

"Yes, in the heat of a great shock; but ——"

"The shock was the test. It was the kind of test that comes in fire or shipwreck — by which a man is either made or broken. If a man proves himself a coward you can never forget it, even if he's a coward only because his ship is going down. If you had been in the same situation — as you have been practically — you wouldn't have humiliated me by so much as a thought. To beat a woman when she's down is the commonest and most brutal of the human instincts. To take her by the hand and raise her up again, as you've done ——"

His eyes were haggard as he turned them toward her. "Yes, Clorinda; but love is something different."

"Is it? Wasn't there a woman in olden times whose sins were forgiven because she loved much? — and wouldn't the converse of that also have been true, that she would have loved much because her sins had been forgiven?"

"Yes; but there's love and love. There's the love we feel toward God, and the love we feel toward man. They're different; we mustn't confound them. They spring from different sources; they're not of the same nature. We come there to a place where language is meagre and clumsy; but the heart *knows*. I didn't forgive your sins, Clorinda. I'm only a man. It's as a man I love you; love me as a man. If you can't ——"

"If I can't it's because I can't."

"If you can't it's because . . . Clorinda, tell me: How near did you come to marrying Malcolm Grant?"

The promptness of her answer took him by surprise. "I came very near — so near that if his point of view had been different I should have done it."

"But if his point of view is different *now?*"

"That's exactly it. It's what I guessed the minute I saw him yesterday. It *is* different now. And it's because it's different now that I was anxious not to — not to leave the door open to him, as it were, a minute longer than I could help."

"Nor to leave it open to yourself. Wasn't that in it, too — even if no more than subconsciously?"

She drew herself up, though her look and her tone touched him. "That's cruel. I didn't expect it of you. If I'm shutting doors that have been open to myself, it's only because I'm groping to find the worthiest way. That you should taunt me with that ——"

"But I don't taunt you with anything," he cried, passionately. "I'm only afraid that you don't recognize your own motives. If you can't love me as a man it means that you can't love me at all. If you can't love me as — as — as —" he struggled with himself, but the words were beyond his control — "as you loved the others ——"

"Stop!" She drew away from him, right to the other side of the room. "You offend me," she declared, from a distance. "You beat me down again after having raised me up. If you knew how hard the struggle is for me ——"

He remained where he was, by the window. "What struggle, Clorinda?"

"Between what you call — in your language of religion, the flesh and the spirit ——"

"And I represent the spirit while Malcolm Grant is the flesh? Is that it?" He remembered the way in which he had thought of her. "I'm not a figure in stained glass, Clorinda. I'm a man, with a man's passions and hungers ——"

She threw her hands apart with a fatalistic gesture. "Ah, I've seen so much of that. I thought — I thought I was getting away from it. If you've only dragged me out of the fire to pull me back into it again ——"

"Well, what then?"

"Then I might as well —" But she kept that thought to herself, swerving off to another. "Aren't your old church legends full of tales of sinful women — women like Thais and Pelagia — won back from their wicked lives by holy men, whom they've followed and imitated?"

He almost shouted. "But I'm *not* a holy man, Clorinda — no more than you're a Thais or a Pelagia. We're just a man and a woman ——"

There was a repetition of her fatalistic gesture. She studied him, too, with a sad half smile, her head slightly to one side. It was as if making a resolution that she said at last: "Very well, then. Here I am — for you to do with as you like." With the words she advanced toward him, slowly, meekly, her hands behind her back.

WHEN, some fifteen minutes later, Bainbridge came down the stairs he heard voices in the dining-room. The bass was that of Hindmarsh.

"Now that's the fruit-knife and that's the fish-knife and that's the butter-knife." There was a sound of the shuffling of silver, the articles being laid out again on the table. "Now, shaow me the fish-knife."

As he paused on the lowest step of the stairs Bainbridge saw Pansy, neatly dressed in black with a coquettish white apron, emerge into the circle of the dining-room light and peer over the table for the inspection. Hindmarsh looked on with an interested smile.

"Nao!" he laughed, when Pansy had made her guess. "You *are* a little silly. But pytience 'll do it. That's the butter-knife. Now let's try again. All you need is a little pytience. I'll learn you in taime."

Bainbridge put his hand to his forehead and tried to think. What was it Pansy stood for? It was the next step he had to take — but what? The last half-hour had blurred it into a black spot in his memory, as fire scars a wood. He heard Hindmarsh begin again.

"Oh, well; you'll soon pick it up. Pytience'll do it, I always sye. Now let's try agyne. That's the fish-knife, and that's the butter-knife. . . ."

But Pansy having given him the cue, Bainbridge went forward to pick up his hat and overcoat and face the storm.

[To be continued]

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Taxing the Investor

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Editor of McClure's Monthly Financial Department, "Your Money and How to Make it Earn"

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"WILL you please, in some of your advice on investments, include a consideration of taxes. I infer that you recommend a good 5% bond as having a better yield than a non-taxable 3½% municipal. That is not so with us, for our taxes are 1½%. A good municipal 3½ at the present time costs us 99½, and the taxables are sold to yield only about 4.40."

This letter comes from the head of a department in one of the leading universities in the state of Ohio and his point is well taken. Possibly one reason the subject of taxation of investments has never been discussed here is because of its great complexity and confusion. We have forty-eight states, each with a different system of taxation, and conditions which baffle the investment bankers, tax officials and scientific experts might well be expected to prove bewildering to the individual whose only interest lies in the purchase of a sound security which will net him a reasonable return.

Few persons who purchase bonds, mortgages and stocks know much, if anything, about the tax regulations of their own state as regards securities, and nothing whatever about those of other states. Invariably they do not make inquiries along this line when they contemplate purchasing, and for the reasons already stated, bankers, bond salesmen and financial writers touch this subject as little as possible and usually not at all. Yet it frequently happens that the very persons who can least afford to bear such a burden have a third or even more of the income upon their investment taken away from them by unjust, unreasonable and wholly unscientific methods of taxation.

There are two very serious groups of facts to be dealt with. First, no one denies that a large proportion of all wealth is now represented by what are called intangibles, that is, securities. There is no reason why this form of wealth should not bear part of the expense of government. Also it is a well-recognized fact that whatever the cause there are plenty of rich tax dodgers in this country. One illustration is afforded by the savings banks of New York State. In this and many other states savings deposits are exempt from taxation, the idea being that such deposits represent the savings of the poor. But there are persons who have deposits up to the maximum, $3,000, in a dozen or more banks for the very purpose of escaping taxation although they are the very persons who should pay. Then we have the well-known fact that great numbers of men and women of large wealth reside in Washington, D. C., where securities are not taxed at all, for reasons which I need not enter into.

Dodgers though these people may be they are partly excused by the manifest injustice of many of the tax laws. The problem would begin to solve itself if we had no state lines, but we have so many different jurisdictions that the question constantly arises whether a man should be assessed in the place of his residence or where he derives his income. No community is satisfied to see a man of great wealth living in its midst without paying taxes, and the sentiment is not altered by the fact that he may be paying heavily elsewhere. So there is the constant danger of double taxation, and as a result men of large means employ lawyers, brokers and all manner of devices to escape the injustice.

But this is perhaps a minor fault compared with the fact that many persons of small means are too heavily taxed upon their securities. The fundamental difficulty is that many state constitutions still provide that all property be assessed alike. This general property tax is considered unworkable, unjust and long out of date by nearly all experts, and yet it persists in many states. In numerous localities the general property tax rate varies from something over 1% to 2 and even 3%, and in a few cases more. It is possible that directly owned wealth can afford to pay as high as 2% taxes, because there is at least the theoretical opportunity of shifting some of the expense to the consumer, such as in the case of a factory or farm. But the owner of a bond or mortgage paying a fixed rate of 5% can shift nothing. If he has to pay a tax of 2 or 3% his income is reduced to a figure so small as to absolutely necessitate evasion and subterfuge.

Now of course a farm or a factory or railroad cannot be concealed. But the possibilities of concealing stocks and bonds are so enormous, especially on the part of those who can afford to employ lawyers and brokers or who possess much expert knowledge, that many billion dollars of securities habitually escape all taxation. Indeed it is a common and notorious fact that taxes are not paid on the vast majority of investment securities. In the large cities as tax day approaches, obliging brokers for a small fee trade exempt securities for those which are taxable and thus the investor with a relatively clear conscience is able to make out a statement which contains nothing taxable.

Owing to the different laws in nearly fifty different states and the innumerable exceptions to every set of laws, officials often find that it is not worth the time, trouble and expense required to search out every item. But unfortunately owing to court records, widows and orphans and trust funds in general are almost always caught by the officials. Innumerable instances might be cited where persons who could least afford such a sacrifice have been obliged to pay over to the state a third or a half of their income.

This article is written from the point of view of the individual buyer of securities rather than from that of the tax expert. Space therefore does not permit many details. The most important practical suggestion that can be made is this. Never even consider the purchase of any security unless the broker or banker that offers it to you can give you assurance that you will not be unjustly taxed. There is no reason why you should not pay a reasonable amount such as those imposed by the Federal Income Tax, or by the new law in Massachusetts. The same is true of the recording tax in New York and in a few other jurisdictions.

Bankers, trust companies, investment dealers and brokers always make a detailed study of the tax laws regarding the particular type of securities they sell in the states in which they operate. Don't be afraid to get some service out of

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your banker or broker. When you get a circular advertising the 6% mortgage or the 7% preferred stock or the 5% bond, write back to the dealer immediately and ask him what tax you will have to pay on his offering. Sometimes he explains this fully in the circular, and should always do so. Many of the large trust companies have published exhaustive literature dealing with the various tax laws.

Progress is constantly being made in bringing the laws into accordance with reason and justice. It is found that a very low rate of taxation on securities brings in a relatively larger return than a high rate, because there is less dodging. In 1910 under the old general property tax only 6,200 persons in Minnesota paid the taxes on "money and credits," whereas in 1914 under the low rate plan 73,000 persons were assessed. Several states, of which New York, Connecticut and Michigan are examples, have a registry fee. That is, by voluntarily paying a certain fee you can exempt your investments from taxation for a period of years. In New York mortgages and also many bonds can thus be registered. By paying ¾ of one per cent. you can exempt bonds for five years. The increase in revenue over the old 2% general property tax is almost unbelievable, and perjury, friction and ill-feeling are largely eliminated.

In Pennsylvania, Maryland, Iowa, Minnesota and Rhode Island securities are taxed at a low rate, usually a small percentage as compared with the ordinary large property tax and one which does not in any way burden the investor. Wisconsin and Massachusetts have income taxes which are approved by nearly all experts. The law is especially welcome in Massachusetts because formerly securities were heavily burdened in that state. Stocks of companies organized in Massachusetts were formerly exempt, with the result that thousands of persons bought poor local stocks who would have been glad to buy high-grade bonds if the tax upon them had not been prohibitive. Now* Massachusetts has a law which places a tax on practically all securities of 6% of the income. Of course this is so moderate that no public-spirited citizen will try to dodge the law.

New York and New Jersey do not tax stocks at all. In Delaware and the District of Columbia there are no taxes at all upon securities. Most of the other states have very severe and to a considerable extent unjust systems. Ohio is one of the severest, as this state does not even exempt all of its own municipal bonds. It may be stated in general that a great number of states impose no tax upon the bonds of the state itself or any of its political subdivisions. About the only class of investment which is exempt from taxation in Ohio appears to be stocks of corporations organized in that state, and about the only advice which can be given to the college professor whose letter heads this article is to investigate local corporations with a view towards purchasing stock, or to stick to exempt municipals.

In general it may be stated that where the laws are especially severe there is nothing to do but consult the local banker or investment dealer. In every large city there are bankers who make a specialty of local tax-exempt securities and conditions generally are such that no one can regard the citizen who consults such experts as doing an unpatriotic act.

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Tillotson & Wolcott Company, Cleveland, Ohio, will send upon request a booklet describing a series of new, attractive offerings now being made.

Hambleton & Company, 43 Exchange Place, New York City, will send upon request an elaborate booklet dealing with various classes of high-grade investment securities. Send for booklet "Investing One Hundred to Ten Thousand Dollars."

McClave & Company, 67 Exchange Place, publish a leaflet on systematic saving which they will be glad to mail upon request.

Almost every investor appreciates the advisability of placing at least a small portion of his money in good preferred stocks. One of the best of the more conservative kinds of preferred issues is being offered by Hodenpyl, Hardy & Co., Inc., 14 Wall Street, New York. A circular may be had on request.

Peabody, Houghteling & Company, 10 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, have just published a new booklet which describes a wide variety of attractive securities in established sections of the United States and Canada. They will be glad to send it to investors on request.

A. B. Leach & Co., 62 Cedar Street, New York, have issued a circular dealing with the present possibilities in bonds of the various governments abroad. These, on account of the current low rate of exchange, are highly recommended by conservative bond houses and investors. A copy of this circular will be sent to anyone requesting it.

Hartshorne & Battelle, 25 Broad Street, New York City, will send upon request a booklet describing a number of new foreign securities. Send for booklet K-2.

"The Premier Investment" is the title of an excellent booklet on Municipal Bonds published by the Municipal Bond House of William R. Compton Company of New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati. A request to any of their offices will bring this booklet.

In addition to their Odd Lot Booklet U-14, describing the partial payment method of buying stocks, Hartshorne & Picabia, members of the New York Stock Exchange, 7 Wall Street, are distributing copies of an interesting letter on the earnings and financial position of the Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie Railway.

"Bond Topics," published monthly by A. H. Bickmore & Co., 111 Broadway, New York City, contains many interesting discussions on bonds in general, with particular references to Public Utility Bonds. Copies free upon request.

"How to Invest in Standard Securities by the Partial Payment Method" will be sent upon request by Harris, Winthrop & Company, 15 Wall Street, New York.

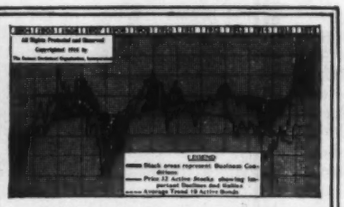
On account of the unusual situation in the copper market a Book just issued for free distribution by L. R. Latrobe & Co., 111 Broadway, New York, which gives capitalization, earnings, dividends, high-low prices, etc., on about 150 different copper companies, should prove of timely assistance to investors.

"14 Utility Companies" is a booklet describing the strong features of public utility bonds, which are rapidly increasing in popularity among conservative investors. Copies may be had from P. W. Brooks & Co., New York, on request for "Utility Review M."

The Investors' Guide is the title of a booklet which gives definitions of technical terms; compares stocks, bonds and real estate mortgages, and in an interesting manner outlines the principles and methods of Investment. Free copies may be obtained from E. F. Coombs & Co., 120 Broadway, New York City.

Williams, Troth & Coleman, 60 Wall Street, New York, will send on request an interesting booklet [Mc-41] describing a varied list of high-grade public utility securities.

Valuable information on Oregon Farm Mortgages may be obtained by writing for list 12 to the Cronan Mortgage Company, 902 Spalding Building, Portland, Oregon.



What's Coming?
Babson's investment bulletin, which will be off the press about January 1, will carefully analyze
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It will discuss the extraordinary conditions of the stock and bond market here and abroad.
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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
251 Fourth Avenue, New York

S. W. Straus & Company, Straus Building, Chicago, and 150 Broadway, New York City, will send to McCLURE readers who write for it Straus's Investors' Magazine, also booklet No. A-551.

Possible pitfalls of the small investor are brought to light in condensed form in a new leaflet, "Partial Payment Precautions," just issued by John Muir & Co., of 61 Broadway, New York, N. Y. It will be forwarded to those interested on application.

A pamphlet dealing with proposed changes in the Income Tax Law should interest a large number of McCLURE readers. This is being distributed by The National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City.

The Babson Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass., furnishes weekly reports and charts which help its subscribers to anticipate the larger movement in security, commodity, and labor prices.

Sheldon, Morgan & Company, 42 Broadway, New York, publish an interesting book, D-2, explaining their plan for the purchase of standard securities in any amount.

Investors desiring to acquire $100 Bonds of the best known issues and of a class that are legal for investment by Trustees and Saving Banks, should send for the special list that has been prepared by Merrill, Lynch & Co., Members of the New York Stock Exchange, 7 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

Slattery & Company, 40 Exchange Place, New York, issue a publication fortnightly called "Investment Opportunities," which treats of securities possessing the greatest investment and market-profit value, consistent with stability of principal. The current number of this publication, as well as future issues, will be sent free of charge upon request for 31-A, including booklet explaining The Twenty Payment Plan.

A booklet has recently been issued by The F. B. Collins Investment Company, Oklahoma City, Okla., which gives valuable information to prospective investors in Farm Mortgages.

Booklet T, issued by E. J. Lander & Company, Grand Forks, N. D., tells about 6 per cent. farm mortgages on rich agricultural lands in the Northwest.

"Bonds of our Country" tells how bonds accepted by the United States Government may be purchased in $100 denominations and on partial payment plan. Write for booklet K, New First National Bank, Columbus, O.

No advertisement is accepted for the financial section of McClure's until after careful investigation by trained experts of the personal integrity of the advertiser and of the soundness of the proposition. While we cannot guarantee the result in any particular case, the acceptance of the advertisement by us is evidence of the strongest character that the advertiser is worthy of public confidence.

The Straight Road — *Continued from page 28*

answered Philip. "It doesn't make any difference." And I couldn't conceal a little nervous shiver that went over me.

Instantly he lifted the wrap from my arm and put it around me; and just then Mr. Stanley got back, breathing a little short. He took us in at a look, and inquired sharply, "Well, have you told him?"

"Why, no, Lucius, we waited for you," said his wife.

"Waited for me to say it, heh? Well, Philip, I judge from that report of yours they read here this evening that you believe you know better than I do how to run a hop ranch. You think if you had Las Palmas there would have been no labor troubles on it."

"There would be no labor troubles on any ranch I had the management of," came the answer.

"All right, sir — you'll get the chance to try that out. Your mother and I have about made up our minds to offer you —— "

"Milt's position? No, thank you."

"Your father doesn't mean that," Mrs. Stanley came in between them. "He doesn't mean anything of the sort. Las Palmas stands in my name, Philip. I never want to see the place again. Will you take it over?"

"I'm sorry, mother," Philip spoke with more deference; "but really, I can't see my way to managing the property for you."

"Would you manage Las Palmas if you owned it? I don't want to give the ranch to you and have you sell it. It wouldn't bring its value now. If it belonged to you, would you go ahead with it — keep it for the present, anyhow?"

"Do you mean an outright deed of gift?"

"I should think — " Mr. Stanley was beginning, when Philip interrupted.

"Let mother answer, if you please, sir. In this matter of property you know that I feel I have some rights —— "

"And plenty of wrongs!" snorted the older man.

Philip didn't flare up at the taunt. But again it was iron on iron as he answered coldly: "Well, if you and mother want to give me the ranch—without a string to it—I'm willing to take it. We might shake hands on so much."

And they did. It was a strange thing to see. Again Mr. Stanley stepped to the door.

"Watkins!" he called. "We're ready for you, now."

Harvey must have been prowling right at hand. He came instantly.

"Oh, bring your wife," Mr. Stanley added. "We've only got one witness here."

Mrs. Stanley turned to me with: "That's what I sent for you for. I have the deed ready; and I thought you might care to witness it."

"Certainly," I said, and my voice was steady.

Harvey and Delia came in; the formality was gone through of signing and witnessing a deed of gift for Las Palmas ranch, in Chavez County, from Adelaide Fielding Stanley to her son Philip Stanley, "in consideration of love and affection."

Harvey bore it better than Delia. As a lawyer he would have often to meet people where the circumstances were — or should have been — embarrassing to him. Yet he never once looked me squarely in the face. Delia, hushed, subdued, in spite of her mauve, her paradise aigrette, put her name down as witness, looked from one to the other of this impossible group of people, and said doubtfully:

"Foncie, I — I'm sure I'm glad that it was true, after all. I congratulate you."

I stood there, not a word said; Mrs. Stanley lingered.

"Well," said her husband impatiently. "Adelaide, are you coming?"

"Yes, yes, Lu," she answered, still with that puzzled look from her son's face to mine.

I tried to say something, but couldn't think of a thing that would be reasonable, in this perfectly unreasonable situation. Mr. Stanley caught his wife's arm and started on; Delia gave Philip a frightened glance and decided not to offer him any congratulations, but put right after the Stanleys, Harvey walking beside her.

Without a word, Philip, facing me, his eyes on mine, stowed that deed in a breast pocket. We went down the stairs — the elevators had stopped running — and out through the darkened store, its counters piled with goods and covered. The only words spoken between us were the few that concerned his putting me into his machine which stood at the curb. The others that had stood there when we came in were all gone.

"The Poinsettia," he said as we started out. "Arbolado and Fortieth?"

"Yes," I answered very low. (If I could just get home!) "I have the back-yard bungalow there."

We wheeled through the business part of town, all silent now, with darkened shop windows, past the dying bivouac fires on Clarke Street, a few humped figures around them.

"Poor devils," said Philip, absently; then as I shivered again, "Cold? We'll soon be there now."

"Yes — no — it doesn't matter," I halted out. He didn't appear to notice. He drove fast, staring straight ahead of him, plainly in a hurry to get me home — where I would have to thank him, and bid him a civil good-night. I braced myself for that moment; I thought I was ready for it when he brought the car to a stop at the opening of the green alleyway, got out and reached to help me.

"This is it?" he asked.

"Yes." I wanted desperately to say that decent good-night there, and make an end. But I couldn't utter another word. I let him walk with me back to my door. Orma, who had been sitting with Boy, heard us coming, and called, "Good-night, Mrs. Baird," as she slipped out the side way.

And there, in the shadow of the vine, where I couldn't see his face, Philip didn't say a word — left it all to me. A sort of rage against him rose in my heart; the despairing rage that tears so because it is against the one we love. I spoke out abruptly.

"I would ask you in — but —— "

"You needn't," he said. "I'm coming."

"Oh, don't!" I cried out. "Don't you think I've had enough to bear tonight?"

His answer was to catch my wrists and pull me with him into the lighted house where he could see my face. His own looked grim and pale. "What?" he said, "what? Callie, just what do you mean by that?"

"You know well enough." I was afraid I'd break down and cry. "Oh, if you'd only go away! You needn't think you have to —— "

I couldn't get any further; I stood mute and looked at him, there in my little sitting-room — after all these years — Philip. Philip, with his faults and virtues upon him — I had seen them both in full display tonight — and after all, the only man in the world for me. I felt a dreary certainty that it would always be so. In the old days he had been like a young prince; yet he was helpless, too, when it came to our parting; I had never held bitterness against him for that. But now — a rich man, and free — that he should throw me a crumb of civility in saying good-by — that he should insist on doing so! I couldn't keep up — I couldn't carry it through. I lifted the hands that he still held by the wrists and put them over my face.

"Callie!"

I dared not believe what I heard in the tones of his voice as he spoke my name. I dared not look up. And he said it again.

"Callie, listen to me — I'm going to make you listen."

Oh, it bridged the seven years! Love, what has it to do with time? When he caught me to him, I was a girl again in Philip's arms, under the oaks in Kesterson's pasture. Gently he pushed one of my hands away, slipped his own in about my cheek, and stood looking down at me.

"How many times I've dreamed of you — like this," he said huskily. "Never good dreams, Callie. They couldn't be. I'd behaved like a dog to you. When it was too late — when you were married — I'd have crawled on my knees to get you. And then when you were free again — I knew the first minute I saw you standing there on the store porch at Las Palmas that you'd got over loving me — that part of the time you pretty well hated me —— "

"I don't! Philip, I —— "

"I'm not blaming you. I didn't blame you even that first day, when you gave me such a broadside without ever meaning it. I saw you trying to be decent to me. You didn't like to look at me — never spoke to me if you could help it. It was hard to take; but I did take it. You notice I always came back for my licking. Callie, I walked in here tonight to ask you to marry me. No — to tell you that you've got to do it."

"I —— "

"You needn't tell me any of those things! — I failed you once — you can't trust me — you don't love me? I'll never fail you again, dear — I'm going to trust myself — and *I love you.*"

He held me a minute just looking at me.

"I've intended this from the first, when I had anything to offer you. And now would I let you slave, alone, when I'll have plenty — plenty?" A little shake of my shoulder. "I tell you we'll be married — tomorrow. I'll take my chances on teaching you to love me again." He stopped, then added softly: "Say something to me, dear."

I reached up and put my arms around his neck, whispering: "I wanted to say it all the time, but you wouldn't let me."

[*The End*]

Mrs. Wharton's novel, "Summer," begins in February. Nothing finer has ever appeared in an American magazine.

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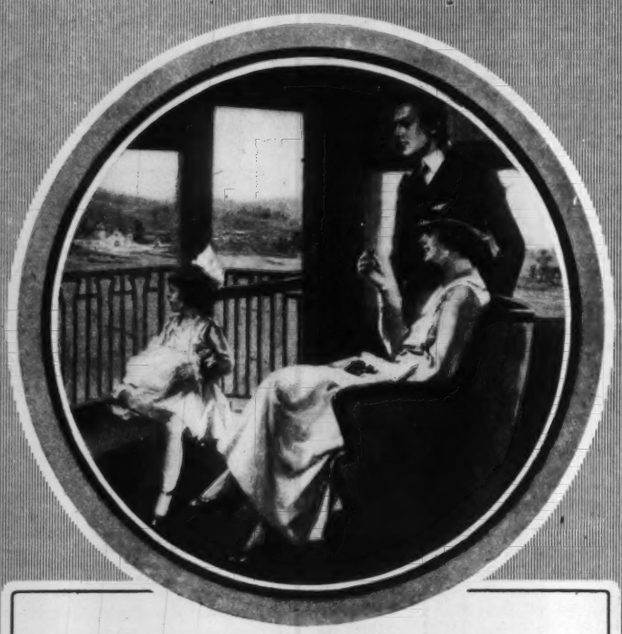

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Questions Concerning Foods and Drugs

Discussed by Lewis B. Allyn

Professor Lewis B. Allyn, of Westfield, Massachusetts, the creator of the Westfield Standard, is Food Editor of the McClure Publications, and will answer, without charge, any question from a McClure reader on foods, beverages, or toilet preparations. Please inclose a stamped envelope for reply, as all questions are answered personally, and not (unless of general interest) through the magazine. Address Professor Allyn, care of The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York.

To Settle An Argument

WE note in McCLURE'S *where readers are entitled to send samples to you for analysis. Inasmuch as there has been some controversy with one of our customers in regard to Beech-Nut Catsup, we are sending you by prepaid express a sample bottle, which we will be glad to have you analyze and report on. We are sure that your analysis will carry the necessary weight with our customer. We have no doubt but that the analysis will show that it is everything that we claim for it.*

G. D. M. Grocer Company, Missouri.

This acknowledges receipt of your query. The sample in question was received after some delay.

Beech-Nut Brand Tomato Catsup—Beech-Nut Packing Co., Canajoharie, N. Y.

Contents claimed	½ pint
Contents found	1% above ½ pint
Total acidity as acetic	1.69%
Total solids	35.81%
Artificial coloring	None
Chemical preservatives	None
Yeast spores, mold and evidence of putrification	None

This is an exceedingly high-grade tomato-catsup, free from any adulteration. We believe it to be one of the highest grade catsups on the market. Agents for benzoated catsup have frequently circulated the report that the unpreserved catsups contain an abnormally high per cent. of acetic acid, much more than is present in the benzoated varieties. This is untrue. Professor LaWall of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture reports that there is no basis in fact for the allegation of the use of injurious amounts of acids and spices in brands containing no benzoate of soda.

Silver Hair Dye

WILL you kindly tell me whether you think the Mary T. Goldman, St. Paul, Minn., Hair Restorer and Hair Tonic all right to use? My hair has been falling out. I am afraid of getting bald, so I wish to have a good hair tonic that will make hair grow, and I am also getting prematurely gray. Therefore, I wish to know about this Goldman Restorer which has been recommended to me very highly.

M. N. R., New York.

We do not feel competent to advise you as to what hair preparations would be best suited to your own case. This is something you will have to determine by experimenting, as hair tonics, shampoos, and the like do not act the same on all scalps. Mary T. Goldman Gray Hair Color Restorer is a weak ammoniacal solution of silver nitrate. The silver nitrate present, of course, acts as a dye, the silver being reduced on contact with the organic matter of the hair. It would seem that such a powerful caustic must be injurious to the hair. We have examined many hundreds of dyes and hair-coloring preparations, and have always found them foolish, ineffective, or positively dangerous. There is nothing known, so far as we have any information, that has any effect on restoring the color to gray hair. If the hair has once begun to lose its color, there is no known method to prevent it. If the dyeing of hair is once adopted, it must be continued, and even then the victim becomes more or less an object of ridicule. We cannot recommend the use of any hair dye. The only thing you can do is to keep your scalp in a clean, healthy condition by occasional shampoo and massage followed by the application of any good scalp disinfectant.

Benzoated Margarine

WE have for some months past been using the product under the name of Nut Margarine, made by the Nucoa Butter Company, of Soho Park, N. J. So far as taste is concerned, it is most satisfactory, the whole family preferring it to any form of creamery butter. A round of boils in the family has made us fear that we have been eating something not just right, and we have been a little nervous over this Nut Margarine. If this material has gone through your hands, we would be glad to know the results. *W. H. P., Pennsylvania.*

We have made several examinations of Nut Margarine manufactured by the Nucoa Butter Company, Soho Park, N. J. The product is one of merit except for the reason that it has been drugged with benzoate of sodium, a practice which is reprehensible from the standpoint of pure food though legal under Federal Laws. It is not likely that Nut Margarine has anything to do with the boils, since benzoate of sodium has a more specific action upon the kidneys and other excretory organs. The presence of benzoate of sodium puts this otherwise meritorious product outside the pale of pure foods.

A Hawaiian Food

IF permissible, I would like to inquire about invalids' food, especially in reference to Taroena made for a breakfast or invalids' food, from the Taro plant. I have received, by quick transit, some of the "poi," but it soon sours. What is the composition of Taroena and what variety of foods would you class it with? Even the dried preparation does not agree with me, and I am wondering if it is adulterated.

F. M. C., Minnesota.

Taroena is a food high in starch, containing over 71%, only about 1½% protein, and 5% fat. We do not believe it is adulterated. Quite possibly you cannot tolerate such a starchy food.

Suspicious

UNDER separate cover, I am sending you two bottles of Paloma, a new drink bottled in Tampa, Florida, which we think is beer or near-beer. Will you please analyze it, and send me the analysis? This is a new drink put on the market since our country went dry, and that makes us suspicious. It sells for fifteen cents a bottle. *M. E. M., Florida.*

With reference to Paloma would advise that our analysis shows it to contain .33% alcohol. The extract or solid matter contained therein is 6.21%. There were no preservatives found. It is quite possible that the makers intend the foamy appearance and slightly bitter taste to simulate that of ordinary beer, but you will note that it contains only a small percentage of alcohol. It is not even a near-beer.

If you wish a sample tested, send the article to be tested in an original, unopened package to Prof. Lewis B. Allyn, McClure Laboratories, Westfield, Mass. Where the article itself is not sent, the trade name, the manufacturer's name, and that of the dealer from whom the article was purchased, should be given. For bulk goods, a sufficient quantity should be sent, as well as the name of the dealer from whom purchased, and date of purchase. All applicants for this service should state whether they are readers of or subscribers to McClure's.

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"I have not yet begun to fight!"—John Paul Jones.

A Great American Naval Victory!

IT was eight o'clock, and the full moon lit up the scene. Jones brought up his marines, and by a sustained musket fire kept Pearson from disengaging the *Serapis*. One of his men, hearing that Jones had been killed, ran up to haul down the flag and surrender. The flag had been shot away, and the coward called for quarter. Jones knocked him down. Captain Pearson at the cry called out to Jones asking if he had surrendered. "I have not yet begun to fight!" was the reply that flashed back.

Then the tide of battle turned. An American sailor climbed out on the main yard of the *Serapis* and threw a hand grenade, which fell into a mass of cartridges on the main deck. A terrifying explosion immediately resulted. Panic seized upon the British, and finally, at half past ten o'clock, Pearson struck his colors.

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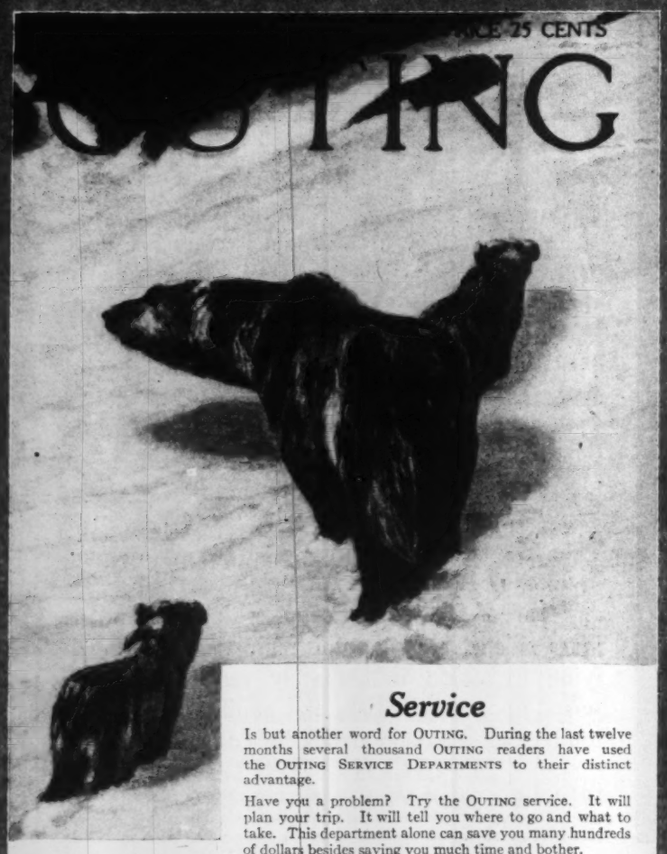

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The Bitterest Pill

[*Continued from page 8*]

was so situated that I could hear the front door open.

Along about eleven o'clock I heard Mrs. Haley's voice, sweet and gay and sort of excited. Then I heard other voices — a man's — and a woman's. I put down my book and went out. *It was Senator and Mrs. Ashe — both of them.*

They were all laughing and talking together and Mrs. Ashe said to me that they had insisted on coming home with Mrs. Haley to see that wonderful house — that they'd really kidnapped her and made her bring them. She was graciousness itself. They went about looking at this and that and laughing and talking like old friends. I had the servants get some supper and presently we all sat down and ate a little something. I must say — of all the pieces of luck!

I had never seen Mrs. Haley look so well. If she was beautiful when she went out, she was magnificent now — radiant, glowing. She was almost as tall as Senator Ashe; and his little hawk-faced wife, in spite of her personality, was utterly lost beside her. He was tall and spare and dark, with patches of silver showing at either temple. When he was younger they had called him the handsomest man in Congress — that was before they had come to respect his mind and his political deftness. He was handsome now, though worn and hard.

When at last they were ready to go, I saw something I shall never forget. You know the moment in "Tristan," when the two fated things have drunk the love-potion, and stand gazing into each other's eyes, while *Brangeane* hides her face in dread of what she has wrought, and the chorus of sailors outside rings out that land is near? That was the tense look that I caught between Senator Ashe and Mrs. Haley. They stood there in that great, glowing medieval hall and looked into each other's eyes — he, tall, dark, powerful — she, fair and tall and eager. I, myself, dry old stick, felt the electric wave that seemed to pass between them, the unbidden something that cannot be denied. It was as if something fateful and stronger than they held their eyes together.

I looked at Mrs. Ashe — she was fastening her cloak and was not looking at them. I thanked God for that. But in another instant it was all over and they had gone and I saw that drab little imperious woman put her hand in his arm possessively as they went out to their carriage. I turned to Mrs. Haley. She was staring straight before her, like a woman in a dream.

"Well, you've done it," I said. "After this, there's nothing in Washington you can't have."

I said it as lightly as I could, but she didn't answer me. She put her hands over her eyes for a moment and then dropped her arms at her sides with a deep sigh. At last she said, low and not as if she was speaking to me at all: "This has been the most wonderful hour of my life!"

And with that she turned and went up the stairs, trailing her gray draperies after her and looking, to me, more like poor fated Iseult than ever.

"Oh, come, Janey Pennewill," I said to myself, "don't get to imagining wild things about a patent-medicine widow, and a stiff old political proposition like Luke Ashe. You're going crazy in your old age."

But honestly, though I tried to make myself not believe it, I had seen and felt something that kept me awake for hours, shaking with excitement.

Late in the morning, when I waked, I was ready to call myself an old fool again, everything was so peaceful and orderly — the servants bringing in the coffee and the sun shining in on Mrs. Haley sitting at her desk and going over her business papers just as she had done every morning since I'd known her.

The dinner party, Mrs. Haley said, was small and everything was done in the most quietly elegant way. There were two Cabinet members, one Ambassador — all of these with their wives — the Ashes, Mrs. Haley, Miss Totten and her sister and three men, two from New York and the other, the richest old bachelor in Washington, and probably the ugliest in the world. The list wasn't given out to the papers — I had been sorry for that, because I thought it would be a lift for Mrs. Haley if it had been. Thanks to the Ashe visit she didn't need any lift now. But when we got to the Ashe visit, Mrs. Haley's raptures changed. She'd been frankly delighted, like a child, about the dinner and the good time she'd had, but now she got dreamy — abstracted.

"I didn't know there was a man in the world like Senator Ashe," she burst out, finally. "Miss Pennewill, when I think of the sort of people I've spent my life among — oh, Mr. Haley was a good man, and a smart man in his way, but he wasn't ——" she paused, and then went on. "And the men that work for me are smart men, too, but so limited — and stodgy. The most of the men I've known have either wanted to marry me for my money, or else they've been married men who made love to me in a beastly kind of way. I've never liked men much. But a man with a real — intellect —" she paused again.

"Senator Ashe has got a head on his shoulders, of course," I said, "but don't you make any mistake about him — he's ruthless, the old pirate. He's not the flower of chivalry, by any means."

But, my goodness, I might just as well have talked to a deaf woman. It's a terrible thing for a woman who's never felt any real emotions to meet a man who's clever enough to make her feel that it's his brain she's interested in — when all the time he knows it isn't. I flung up my hands. I thought maybe a miracle would come along and save her. As for Luke Ashe, I didn't care what happened to him.

Of course he called in the afternoon — with a book they'd been speaking of the night before. Other people were there, luckily, and he hardly got to speak to her. He said, so that all the others could hear, something about him and Mrs. Ashe having been there the night before and I could see Mrs. Haley's stock going up a hundred per cent. with her other callers. He went pretty soon and the book he had left lay on the tea-table beside her — and she never took her hand off it, just touched it gently, like a little caress.

AFTER that he came often. To be sure, Mrs. Haley went to the Ashes' dinners and receptions — she even helped Mrs. Ashe receive. And Mrs. Ashe helped Mrs. Haley receive at the first big reception we gave. Mrs. Haley was right in the thick of things — I had to pick and choose for her harder than ever. She was almost as exclusive as Mrs. Ashe, even if she didn't have so much prestige. She was invited to be behind the line at the White House — you know what that means — and the whole of official society came to our house.

It wasn't always smooth sailing, though. I remember one woman — a feline if there ever was one — who asked Mrs. Haley — oh, so smoothly, and before a big crowd of people — if she ever sampled any of the medicines she made? "I understood," she said, purring, "that you had a very great interest in your business — I wondered if it took a really practical form."

Mrs. Haley just looked at the woman and smiled. "I take them all the time," she said, sweetly. "May I send you some? The Digestive Pellets are *wonderful* for the complexion."

The woman who had spoken was splotched and sallow, covered with paint — but they said she got red clear through her make-up. And then white. That story went the round of Washington before another twenty-four hours and everybody shrieked over it. That one ripost of Mrs. Haley's did more to make her liked and respected than all her kindnesses and charities — for she was kind and charitable — and I let her be, except to social climbers.

Senator Ashe was enormously amused by Mrs. Haley's retort. He came in one morning on his way to the Capitol to congratulate her about it. He was laughing and gay and the hard lines around his mouth didn't show so much as usual.

"Do you think," he asked her, mock-serious, "that Haley's Digestive Pellets would improve my complexion? Perhaps you'll send *me* some, if they will."

Mrs. Haley laughed and flushed, too, the color making her more girlish looking. "I'm sure they'd do your complexion good," she said. "I'll send you a large box, if you'll promise to take them."

"Then I'll write you a testimonial," he said, teasing. "Here — give me a piece of paper, I'll write it now."

He reached over on her desk and seized a pen and paper, and scratched away for a minute or two. "Listen to this," he said. And he read it out loud:

"I have used Haley's Digestive Pellets for many years and have found them invaluable. They have prolonged my life and strengthened my health, greatly impaired by my arduous duties to my country. All men in public life should take them regularly. Signed — LUKE ASHE."

"Give it to me," said Mrs. Haley, stretching out her hand. "That's a very valuable testimonial." She was laughing, too.

He reached out the paper and gave it to her, but he touched his hand to hers as he did it. "I'd give you anything I have," he said, and the laughter died out of her face just like a high light turned off. Yes, and out of his, too.

They sat there looking at each other as if they had been turned to stone. They realized then what had got them. Oh, I tell you, people may talk and poets may sing about young love and passion and all that, but when youth is well past and the man and woman each has strength and personality and position and attainments — if love comes then, it makes young love seem a feeble flame indeed. There was real fire in the hearts of these two — consuming, ravaging, intense. I felt the scorch and beat of it.

Well, that was the beginning. I don't think either of them put it into words, even to themselves — then. But they knew.

I don't think he wanted to compromise her, and I know he didn't want to compromise himself. Yet he couldn't keep away from her.

She was quite different from any women he had ever known, and then, you remember, she imagined him a great statesman, a regular tower of godlike wisdom and exalted patriotism. She was willing to listen to everything he had to say and believe it — and if that isn't the subtlest, most insidious flattery that can be offered a man, what is? In spite of all her money and her beauty, she was so conscious of her lack of experience and her ignorance that she was always modest and a little diffident. If it had been put on, it wouldn't have been half so effective, but being natural, you can imagine how it appealed to a man who knew the whole sophisticated game, and was sick of it.

She'd go to the Senate whenever he was going to speak and he would drop in to see her at times when no one else was calling, and talk over things with her — committee matters, political jugglery, everything he was handling. She made a wonderful audience — she thought everything he said was gospel. And while they were talking all this dry old stuff, I can tell you their eyes were saying something quite different.

The atmosphere of our house was jumpy. I ate my breakfast over a volcano, lunched on the edge of a precipice and took dinner one jump in front of a swiftly moving avalanche — at least, that is the way I felt. I lost eleven pounds of flesh I could ill spare, trying to be everywhere at once and keep things going normally. Once or twice I had a great mind to reason with Luke Ashe and tell him that for his own sake he'd better pull up. But I don't know — I didn't do it.

THE winter — and it was a gay one — wore away gradually, and when spring came and the old darkies began to come out on the street corners with their trays of violets and primroses and arbutus, I certainly was glad. I thought that if we could only get away somewhere for the summer, everything would be all right, and I figured on a good long trip abroad, Scotland and Sweden and Norway and anywhere where we could get a real cool atmosphere. Winter or no winter, the past season had been too heated for me. Things were about wound up in Washington. The diplomats were choosing their summer homes in Newport, Manchester and Bar Harbor, and there were only one or two more affairs scheduled. Mrs. Ashe usually closed the season, and this year she proposed to give a big ball. She didn't ask Mrs. Haley to receive with her, but they had lunched together and Mrs. Ashe had told her some of the plans for it. Among other things Mrs. Ashe had said that she was going to have cards of admission — there had been a lot of trouble among Washington hostesses that winter about uninvited guests coming in to big affairs.

The day before the Ashe ball I had been out to see about some upholstering and I hurried back, because it was nearly tea-time and I usually was there so that I could pour the tea if Mrs. Haley didn't want to. I let myself in and went straight to the drawing-room. To my great astonishment, there sat Mrs. Ashe, alone.

She got up the instant she saw me. She spoke in a queer, constrained way. "I'm afraid I can't wait for Mrs. Haley, Miss Pennewill," she began. "I came in for a moment to ask her — to say ——"

She walked right on past me while she was talking and opened the door herself and shut it while I was gaping at her.

"She's gone crazy," I said to myself, and I rang for the footman. He was a new one and green, but I found out what I wanted to know.

"Did you let a caller in just now — a lady?" I asked.

"Yes, mem. Almost fifteen minutes ago. A smallish lady, she was, with spiky feathers on her hat, mem. I showed her into the drawing-room, mem."

"Did you take the lady's name to Mrs. Haley?" I asked.

He goggled his eyes at me — so stupid. "But Mrs. Haley said she wasn't to be disturbed, mem," he said.

"Where is Mrs. Haley?" I asked.

"In the library, mem, with the gentleman."

"That will do — you may go," I said. I walked through the drawing-room and pushed aside the velvet and gold curtain that divided it from the library. Mrs. Ashe had been sitting directly before that curtain.

There stood Mrs. Haley and Luke Ashe, facing each other, their hands in each other's and such a look on their faces as I hope I shall never see again. She had been crying. And he was ravaged with remorse. No need to wonder what they had been saying to each other. But I heard him say, "How can I endure it any longer, Mary, when ——"

I dropped the curtain back, turned on the drawing-room lights and deliberately knocked over one of the high Italian chairs before I rang for tea. It made quite a bit of noise.

By the time the tea-table had come, I judged it would be safe to go into the library again. "Tea for three, today," I said, idiotically enough, but if I'd said, "Twice six is twelve," it wouldn't have made any difference. Senator Ashe muttered something about a conference, and went right on out, very much the way his wife had done, and that left Mrs. Haley looking at me like a baby that's been struck or hurt some way.

"I don't want any tea," she said, and went out and on upstairs.

So there I was left with the tea-table and the situation. What in the name of heaven was I going to do?

When I got upstairs I found that Mrs. Haley had locked herself in her room and wouldn't see anybody. I took a slip of paper and I wrote on it, "I have something of the greatest importance to tell you," and I slipped it under her door. She never even pulled it through, for I left one end sticking out where I could see it!

"All right," said I. "After this, the deluge!"

Well, I waited all that night — never got a wink of sleep — and I waited all next day. Mrs. Haley never opened her door, except to let her maid in. I didn't make any further effort to see her, for I thought it would look queer to the servants, and so I simply told them, "Madame is indisposed," and I cautioned Francine, her maid, to say nothing. Some flowers came, without a card, and those I sent in by Francine. From the Senator, I supposed.

It was dreary waiting and drearier still thinking of that woman in there by herself, fighting the thing out. She must have realized and he, too, that their love for each other was nothing less than disaster for both of them. It wasn't only his wife that stood between them, but his career, and his position, and her own reputation, for though Mrs. Haley had yellow hair and a good figure, she certainly was as good a woman as ever lived. Yet, here they were, divided by everything they had, and crazy about each other.

It never occurred to me that Mrs. Haley would go to that ball after all, though I daresay I might have known that she would, if I'd thought. She'd be mad to see him again, of course. After dinner I was in my room and about half-past nine I heard a commotion in the hall and Francine's voice, raised a little, so I came to the door and looked out.

Mrs. Haley's door was open now and I went over there. She was standing before the mirror, dressed in white satin, and she had put on her pearls and diamonds.

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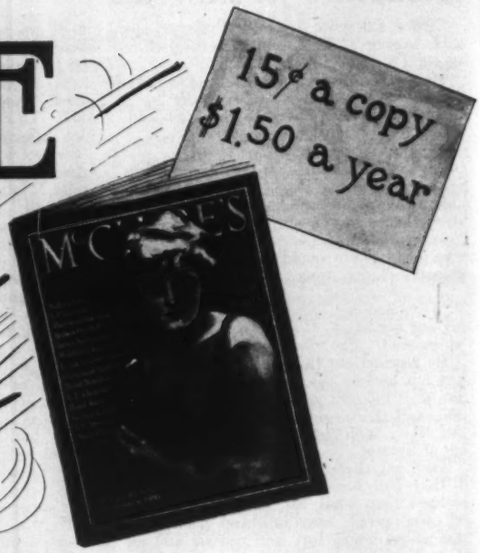

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"Surely," I said, "you're not going out after being ill all day?"

"I shall need some rouge, Francine," she said, as if she hadn't heard me. And Francine put it on her.

"But, Mrs. Haley," I began, fairly wringing my hands, "you mustn't go. I've something to tell you — it's — it's —" I stopped and looked at Francine, who was one living question-mark.

Mrs. Haley turned sharply and looked at me. "You haven't anything to tell me," she said, "that could make me any more unhappy than I am." She snatched up her lovely white-and-silver cloak and flung it on and was out of the room before you could say "knife."

Oh, yes, I ought to have done *something*. I ought to have followed her and shrieked out everything, even if the servants did hear. I ought to have caught hold of her and made her listen! But I didn't.

And this is what happened. I wasn't there, but I heard the full scene afterward from those who were. It was terrible.

Mrs. Haley went right into the ballroom when she got to the Ashes'. You have to walk up a little flight of steps, five or six, from the big foyer to the ballroom, and Mrs. Ashe always receives right at the head of these steps. It was there she received Mrs. Haley, with crowds of people all around.

She looked Mrs. Haley square in the eye and she didn't speak to her. She called the nearest servant and she said, so that everyone could hear her:

"I think there must be some mistake. Will you ask this person for her card of admission?"

The man was an old servant and knew Mrs. Haley perfectly and had let her in a hundred times, I suppose, more or less. He stood there, stammering, "But — Madame — but, Madame ——"

Mrs. Ashe went right on, her face like steel. "Please take this person to the door."

Mrs. Haley didn't say a word — she was just struck dumb. She flung one hand up to her throat and stood there, staring at Mrs. Ashe, with the rouge patches standing out on her white cheeks. The manservant made a move toward her and she shrank back. Somehow, she got down those stairs, and out into the hall, and into her carriage. She didn't get her cloak.

And Mrs. Ashe waved her fan and said to Miss Totten, who was receiving with her, and who was almost struck dumb by the unexpectedness and the cruelty of it: "Some of these pushing creatures here in Washington must be taught a lesson, my dear. There's a limit even to my good nature."

Of course, everyone who had heard and seen it all, told everyone who hadn't, and the Ashe ball was about as excited an assembly as you could find. People almost forgot to dance. They just buzzed round with excitement. Pretty soon, another cause for excitement came up. Senator Ashe didn't appear all evening and his wife told everyone that he was not very well and had been obliged by the physician to keep to his room. A sudden attack. Oh, nothing serious. He was so sorry to miss the ball. Oh, yes. Oh, yes!

As for Mrs. Haley, she huddled into her carriage and when the footman got off the box to open the door for her at home, he found her lying there in a dead faint. He and the coachman lifted her out and brought her in and called me and Francine. We got a doctor as soon as we could. Such a time! She had one fainting spell after another, and in between she had hysterics. Finally, the doctor gave her something to quiet her, and she went to sleep — he called it sleep, but I called it a drugged stupor. All this time I didn't know what had happened, and just thought the effort to go out had been too much for her; but I was soon undeceived. About midnight the door-bell began to ring — reporters — one right after another, till I thought I should go crazy. Not knowing anything I couldn't tell them anything, but I learned a lot, especially when one or two that I knew showed up. Finally, there came Colonel Henry G. Driggins himself.

"Give me the inside story, Janey," he said. "It's not for publication. I was standing right there and heard the whole thing and I thought I must be drunk or crazy. I tried to get through the crowd and offer Mrs. Haley my arm, but they were packed around worse than a muster. When I got through she was out and gone. What in the name of God possessed Anne Ashe! If she thinks she can behave in this way to a lady of Mrs. Haley's character and reputation, she's mistaken. I knew old Matt Haley, and a rough customer he was, and better off dead than living, but his wife's a lady, and she's got friends — more friends than Anne Ashe for all her airs. What on earth is it all about?"

I lied like a trooper. "I've got no more idea than you have, Cousin Henry G.," I said. "I'm so dumfounded I don't know which way to look. Why, Mrs. Ashe called here only yesterday, as friendly as you please."

"Women are the devil," said Colonel Driggins. "Begging your pardon, Janey. Well, I couldn't stay under the roof of that hell-cat — please excuse my language, Janey — another moment; and I came here to offer my friendship and services in any way."

"Keep it out of the papers as much as you can," I said. "That's all you can do."

EDITH WHARTON is the latest addition to the big list of big authors who will write for McClure's during 1917. Next month she begins her greatest novel, called "Summer," and a more gripping serial it would be hard to find. It is the tense, human revelations of Charity Royall, a New England girl, whose love story will touch your heart. She lives and breathes — a heroine to cherish and remember. F. Walter Taylor has made the striking pictures.

Finally, I got rid of him. The whole thing was as plain as day. Mrs. Ashe had heard what her husband had said to Mrs. Haley in the library, and had thought out what would be the meanest, cruelest way to revenge herself. I knew she'd done it, too, for though a few people like Colonel Henry G. might stick, every door in Washington worth entering would be barred to Mrs. Haley from this time on.

Then, my gracious heavens, just as if enough hadn't happened, here came a new sensation!

Senator Luke Ashe was dead — died the day after his wife's big ball! Heart disease!

I didn't even care, except that I'd have to break the news to Mrs. Haley. I was busy nursing her, and she lay there day after day, not eating, not speaking, just wasting away and dying by inches from the shame and humiliation on top of her other unhappiness. The only time that she'd display any feeling was when the mails would come in. She'd look through her letters so eagerly, and then push them away. One day, when she was doing this, she looked up at me and she said, pitifully, like a child: "Why doesn't he write?"

Down I sat on the bed and I put my arms right around her.

"Oh, my poor dear," I cried, tears running off my face, "he'll never write again. You'll never be tormented by thinking of him as hers any longer — he's passed beyond her and her pettiness and meanness."

"What!" she cried, sitting up — the first time for a week. "What are you saying? It isn't true. It can't be true."

"It is true," I said, and held her closer to me.

She was still for a little while and then she said, quietly: "Then she killed him." And she lay back on her pillows.

I sat beside her and talked to her and tried to argue her out of it, but it wasn't any use. She just lay still and looked at me strangely and didn't answer for a while. Finally she said, with a glint of something hard coming into her eyes: "Now I shall get well. He's gone — he'll never feel anything again. But she's got to pay for it all. To pay for what she did to me, and to pay for — for —" and she began to sob.

Crying ought to have done her good and I let her cry. She didn't cry long though. She insisted on getting up and dressing. She called for food and ate something. She began to get well, right then and there.

As she got well, it was clear that what I'd suspected had come to pass. She'd been put outside the pale of society. No one of the women who'd entertained her and been entertained by her and ridden in her carriage and solicited her help for their charities ever came near her. The first time she went out and met people she knew, she was cut dead by one right after another. She didn't say anything, but it was just as if all her lovely soft beauty got hard and cold. She looked harder than Mrs. Ashe herself. She stared back as unrecognizingly as those she met, or turned her head away ostentatiously.

I urged her to shut up the house and go traveling.

"Not yet," she said. "I've got something else I want to do." And she began calling her business men in and talking with them for hours at a time. It seemed as if she was arguing with them about something they didn't want to do. They all expostulated with her like mad, but it didn't make any difference. It went on for a month, and finally one evening she saw in the paper that Mrs. Ashe, widow of the distinguished Senator so recently deceased, had returned to her home in Washington for a short stay before spending the summer quietly in her mountain retreat, "Restful Camp," in the Adirondacks.

"That's what I wanted," said Mrs. Haley. "Now — it's my turn."

My dear, when I picked up my paper the next morning, I was confronted by a full-page advertisement of Haley's Digestive Pellets, only it wasn't Haley's any more. She had re-named them the Ashe Digestive Pellets, and printed in facsimile the testimonial that he had written her in joke so long before. She put his picture in, too, very large with a mourning border!

Then, when we went out driving, I saw that the whole city was plastered with posters that carried the same advertisement, only larger — *enormous!* Great big billboards everywhere you looked. We went out toward the Ashe house and on a vacant lot right in front of it there were huge boardings covered with the posters. There wasn't a window of the Ashe house but looked at that poster somewhere. It was the most diabolically perfect thing I ever saw.

Mrs. Haley looked at them with satisfaction. "How do you like my new scheme of advertising, Miss Janey?" she asked me, in her new, hard voice.

"I reckon I'd better not say anything," I answered, "for I wouldn't be able to say what you want me to say. It's a dreadful thing for you to do, Mrs. Haley, even if she does deserve it."

"She made me the laughing-stock of Washington," said Mrs. Haley, harder yet, "but now I think the tables are turned. I'm going to devote myself to seeing that she sees this advertisement at least once a day wherever she goes and whatever she does."

"But won't it ruin the business?" I asked, curiously. I'm not much of a business woman, but this seemed a mighty poor way to sell a patent medicine, to me.

"I have plenty invested," said Mrs. Haley, carelessly, "and I've still got enough left to do what I've set out to do."

I thought it over on the way back and when we got home I told her I reckoned I'd better go back to my old job as society editor of the *World*, with Colonel Henry G. She said, "Do as you like," as indifferent as could be. Honestly, she wasn't any more like she'd been before than night is as day. Talk about people's blood turning to vinegar — hers had turned to gall! And the stormy passion for Luke Ashe that had engulfed her had turned into an engulfing hate against his wife.

I left the next day and she stayed on in that big house for a while, until she could sell it to advantage. Then she left. I never saw her again.

Yes — she did what she set out to do. She harried Mrs. Ashe out of Washington and out of the Adirondacks and out of Saratoga, and out of a dozen other places where she went to escape those advertisements. Finally, Mrs. Ashe went abroad and settled down in some little fishing village in the north of France. She couldn't go among her old friends, for she knew they were all laughing at her. They were none too fond of her, you know. She'd been very high-handed. It must have been pretty hard for her to live that way, for being a social leader was really all she cared for in life. Oh, yes, Mrs. Haley had her revenge all right. The Ashe Pellet was too bitter a pill for Mrs. Ashe to swallow.

Honestly — come right down to it — I don't blame Mrs. Haley so very much.

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Is Honesty the Best Policy?

[*Continued from page 21*]

because our social order is unfair to women and because many husbands give their wives inadequate allowances; and it ill becomes men to charge women with being the more dishonest sex when men *know* that, if women really were dishonest, they could levy a toll upon masculine unfaithfulness and hypocrisy that would stagger the nation. But women do nothing of the sort; they guard what they know about men in their own hearts, they are fair and loyal and merciful to men far beyond anything that the men have a right to expect.

In order to test the general honesty a Chicago newspaper some years ago developed the ingenious idea of dropping a number of pocketbooks on various streets, each one containing several dollars in money, together with a plainly written address of the owner. Detectives were employed to shadow to their homes men and women who picked up these pocketbooks and to learn the identity of these unsuspecting citizens.

I am not sure what the result was, although I was informed that the pessimists, as to average honesty, had much the better of the argument, inasmuch as less than half of the pocketbooks were returned to the owner.

More than two months ago McCLURE'S undertook a similar experiment, but one conceived in such a way as to give complete control over the kind of persons whose honesty was to be studied. The test could be applied, for instance, to showing whether women were more honest than men, whether school-teachers are more honest than saloon-keepers, whether druggists are more honest than plumbers. And so on.

The original idea was this: Suppose a person receives through the mail a dollar bill sent by mistake in a letter evidently intended for another person. Also suppose the other person's address is plainly written under the signature. The question is, will the average man or woman return this dollar to the rightful owner or will he or she keep the dollar?

The following is a copy of a letter that was sent to a hundred individuals, chosen at random, each one of whom would see at a glance that there had been an exchange of envelopes and that a letter intended for the Novelty Supply Company (an imaginary concern) had come to a wrong destination:

"THE NOVELTY SUPPLY COMPANY,
"GENTLEMEN:
"Enclosed please find a dollar to pay for one of your Boy Detective flash-lights, large size, with extra battery, as advertised. I will be much obliged if you will send this at once.
"Very truly,
"(Mrs.) H. CLIFFORD,
"153 East 56th Street,
"New York City."

The persons to whom this letter was sent (with a dollar bill enclosed) were divided into two large groups, fifty women and fifty men. The women were divided into ten smaller groups as follows:

Group 1. Five wives of prosperous citizens.
" 2. Five actresses.
" 3. Five stenographers.
" 4. Five trained nurses.
" 5. Five teachers.
" 6. Five successful business women.
" 7. Five miscellaneous women.
" 8. Five working girls.
" 9. Five doctors.
" 10. Five lawyers.

The men were divided into ten groups as follows:

Group 1. Five successful business men.
" 2. Five lawyers.
" 3. Five rich men.
" 4. Five saloon-keepers.
" 5. Five plumbers.
" 6. Five New York aldermen.
" 7. Five newspaper men.
" 8. Five actors.
" 9. Five doctors.
" 10. Five New York policemen.

Great care was taken to have all addresses accurate, and there is no doubt that each one of the hundred persons selected received the letter and the dollar bill. I may add that the letters were not typewritten but were done by a woman's hand on note-paper. Also the address given is my own house and the name signed is that of my private secretary.

Several weeks (in most cases six) have passed since this honesty test was made, so it now seems fair to give the results. If a person has not returned the dollar to which he was not entitled at the end of six weeks it is very unlikely that he will ever return it.

Taking the fifty women by groups we find that, of the five wives of prosperous citizens, three sent back the dollar. Of the five actresses, three sent it back. Of the five stenographers, three sent it back. Of the five trained nurses, three sent it back. Of the five teachers, four sent it back. Of the five successful business women, five sent it back. Of the five miscellaneous women, three sent it back. Of the five working girls, three sent it back. Of the five doctors, three sent it back. Of the five lawyers, three sent it back.

Summing up the female test it appears that of the fifty women thirty-three were honest and returned the money, whereas seventeen did not return it.

Taking the fifty men by groups we find that of the five successful business men, three returned the dollar. Of the five rich men, four returned it. Of the five lawyers, four returned it. Of the five saloon-keepers, one returned it. Of the five plumbers, three returned it. Of the five New York aldermen, three returned it. Of the five newspaper men, four returned it. Of the five actors, four returned it. Of the five doctors, two returned it. Of the five New York policemen, three returned it.

Summing up the male test we see that of the fifty men thirty-one were honest and returned the money, whereas nineteen did not return it.

It may be objected that this test requires that the persons tested take some trouble for a stranger, namely, to stamp and address an envelope, to put a dollar into this envelope and then to post it. In reply to which I submit that a good citizen should be willing to do more than that in defense of his honesty.

I may add that we also sent five of these letters with an enclosed dollar bill to five other persons, namely, a rich man who was prone to haggle over his golf bets (he did not return the dollar), a building contractor who was not scrupulous in fulfilling his obligations (he did not return the dollar), a well-to-do woman who had broken a lease and repudiated honorable obligations (she did return the dollar), a literary man who had never been very particular about paying his bills (he did return the dollar), a doctor who had been criticized for various things bordering on irregularity (he did return the dollar).

It is also to be noted that the women were more prompt in returning the dollar than the men. One woman sent the dollar back by special delivery.

IS there more dishonesty in America than in foreign countries?

We have the answer from no less a person than ex-President Taft, who said recently: "The prevalence of crime and fraud, which is here greatly in excess of that in European countries, is due largely to the failure of the law and its administrators to bring criminals to justice."

And listen to Judge Wier in the proceedings of the American prison association (1914): "In America 250,000 persons *whom the law never touches* are engaged in the systematic pursuit of crime."

The judge goes on to state that more than four times as many murders are committed today in every million of our population as were committed twenty years ago, and that *only two murderers in every hundred* are punished!

It is evident that if murder, the most serious of crimes, is committed in the United States with such impunity there can scarcely be any limit to the extent of ordinary stealing.

A friend of mine knew a man who called himself the King of Panhandlers and who boasted that two hours a day of his peculiar work gave him a good living, allowed him to dress well and to travel, and left him some money for gambling. He could not imagine a pleasanter existence and he had never thought of changing it.

"Do you mean to say that you can always make as much money as you need in two hours' work?" asked my friend.

The panhandler nodded with the pride of an artist.

"Would you like to see me work? All right. You can satisfy yourself that I have no money. You can search me. Now where shall we start?"

My friend thought a moment.

"Over in Brooklyn, back among the quiet streets."

"Good."

It should be understood that a panhandler is a superior beggar, a keen student of human nature able to change his stories and adjust his supplications according to the person he encounters.

This fellow began as a mechanic who had unfortunately left his tools in New Jersey and who ventured to ask for three cents to get across the river to Manhattan. The ferry was only two miles away and he did not mind walking two miles. He would be grateful for three cents.

Three cents meant a nickel, the casual pedestrian did not trouble about pennies, and some gave an extra nickel for carfare. One sympathetic lady gave him a quarter, and a prosperous-looking citizen, after listening to his story and asking some questions, gave him half a dollar.

The panhandler worked both sides of the ferry across to New York, then he zigzagged his profitable way along Twenty-third Street, using a new story here about a sick wife.

At Madison Square he turned up Broadway and now he was a printer from Springfield, Massachusetts (with a Union card to prove it), and asked ten cents towards a night's lodging. He would have work in the morning and would be pleased to return the ten cents if the gentleman would give his address, which the gentleman never did.

In a businesslike way the panhandler kept track of the time and, when the two hours were up, he stopped at the Hoffman House and counted his money. He had taken in over seven dollars.

"We'll call this a day's work," he said to my friend. "Are you satisfied? Come in and have supper with me. Yes, I often stop here; I like the cooking. Nice old place, the Hoffman House."

As presenting the contrary view of honesty I once heard, while traveling in Massachusetts, the inspiring story of a Frenchman who was then working in a modest capacity in a New England shoe factory. It appears that a few years back this man had been one of the great shoe manufacturers of France with a fortune of several million francs. His trouble came over an immense contract with the French Government to supply shoes for the army. In ordinary times this contract would have netted him a large profit, but there had arisen an unforeseen scarcity of leather and the price of hides had advanced to such an extent that he could not fulfil his contract except at a heavy loss.

He laid these facts before the French Government and asked for a readjustment of the contract, but the Government refused. He begged that the contract price be advanced at least enough to cover his actual expenses in making the shoes, but the Government still refused. He had made the contract and he must abide by it.

"But I shall be ruined if I do that," he protested.

The French Government shrugged its shoulders, so to speak, and stood pat.

Of course, the manufacturer was free to break his contract, to refuse delivery of the goods; the worst that could happen to him in that event would have been an unimportant loss in damages after a lawsuit, but he would not take this way of escape. Above all earthly possessions he valued his reputation as an honest man. He had never broken his word. If he could not be honorably released from this obligation he would fulfil it though it took his last dollar. He did fulfil it! And it did take his last dollar!

I want to take as my text for a few remarks on dishonesty the following detestable case of a calloused conscience. A man of unusual intelligence and culture, having come to live in a community of strangers, won everybody by his inspired words at religious gatherings. He spoke so eloquently and sincerely, as it seemed, that all hearts were touched and he made friends on every hand. He was implicitly trusted and a neighbor in moderate circumstances loaned him six thousand dollars without asking or receiving any security.

Then it was the old, sad story. The man fled with the money. From the start he had acted with deliberate duplicity. He meant to steal this money and he did steal it, although it half ruined his friend. And, before his flight, he used all his power of fascination to persuade a fine woman, one of his benefactors, to marry him (she told me this), although he was already married.

The question is how will a scoundrel like this suffer for his crookedness, assuming that he is never caught and sent to prison? Will he suffer from remorse? I doubt it. A man able to feel remorse would be incapable of such baseness. But he will suffer in a different way; he will suffer the inevitable consequences of dishonesty.

What are these inevitable consequences? Let us consider some of the disadvantages of dishonesty.

THE great argument against dishonesty is that it shuts off the power of love, which is as necessary to men and women as sunshine is necessary to trees and plants. Dishonesty is the violation of the rights of others; therefore it is unloving, and the person who practises it becomes progressively more and more unloving, since habits grow with their exercise. We speak of a hardened thief, a hardened criminal, and we mean that the gentler attributes of kindness, tenderness, human sympathy are gone from this person, the love-power is dead, the soul is — hard!

Therefore dishonest persons never know the pleasures of friendship, of service, of honest toil, since these call for a loving quality, a willingness to give, a joy in sacrifice, all of which are wanting.

Another point is that dishonesty injures the health. This statement will surprise no one who is familiar with the latest teachings of science regarding the immense influence of mental states, good or bad, in maintaining health or creating disease. The success of Christian Science rests on the established fact that many physical ills can be cured by a right attitude of mind. On the other hand, physiologists have demonstrated that a wrong attitude of mind may cause grave disorders like diabetes and digestive disturbances, these disorders being the result of chemical changes in the vital organs produced by precisely such violent and harmful emotions as dishonest persons harbor in themselves — namely, fear, envy and rage. Therefore it is not a fancy but a statement of literal truth to say that hatred produces destructive changes in our bodies, while love produces beneficent changes. A great moral teacher, anticipating the latest laboratory discoveries, has coined an illuminating phrase, *the chemicalization of the love of God!*

There are many other arguments to support an honest policy of life, one of these being that, if honesty is *not* the best policy, then dishonesty must be the best policy and this leads to numberless absurdities. *Suppose that all persons were dishonest as a matter of principle!* Why not, if dishonesty is the best policy?

The slightest consideration makes it clear that the amount of honesty in the world is overwhelmingly greater than the amount of dishonesty. And this would not be the case had not billions of people through the centuries learned by experience that honesty *is* the best policy; and learned that dishonesty kills industry, disintegrates character, defiles the fountains of love that must pour into our hearts lest we perish.

For one thing, honesty is the *easiest* policy, since dishonesty, with its endless lies and trickeries, calls for extraordinary memory and resourcefulness against difficulties that would not exist had not the liar and trickster created them.

Dishonesty, furthermore, hampers the cunning purposes of those who practise it, since it dulls their perception of truth. By living in an atmosphere of deceit crooked people themselves, through the power of self-suggestion, become easy victims for other crooked people, just as gamblers are notoriously facile prey for other gamblers. Who are the credulous dupes of bunco-steerers, gold-brick artists, green-goods manipulators and confidence-men generally — who but cunning, greedy, dishonest citizens with a warped vision that makes them see a possibility of getting something for nothing when there is really no such possibility?

As illustrating the immense potency of love over dishonesty I may mention a case that I know about of a young burglar, a man of desperate courage who, after a daring escape from prison, came under good influences through the interest of a lawyer who defended him and finally gained his release.

This kindness, together with the teachings

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Send me 13 numbers of Vogue, beginning with the Lingerie Number, for which I enclose $2 herewith. (OR) Send me 12 numbers of Vogue, beginning with the Lingerie Number, and I will remit $2 on receipt of bill Feb. 1st. (Foreign $3.75; Canadian $2.75).

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of some devout Christian people, made the ex-convict resolve to lead an honest life, and for five years he battled against temptation and against extreme poverty. At one time, being without work and without money, and feeling that he could no longer resist the bad impulses about him, he rode three hundred miles under a freight car to reach the friends who had saved him, knowing that they would not abandon him now — and they did not.

At last the tide of adversity turned and this young man was rewarded for his steadfastness in right living. He prospered in his work. He married. Everyone respected him, and strangers, looking into his face, said that it was like a ray of sunshine.

Then came his great honor. He was recently chosen for a mission of extreme danger and responsibility in the European war zone. He was chosen by a group of men and women who knew his record and had followed his spiritual development step by step. They could find no other man possessed of the same bravery and honesty, the same willingness to die for others. And, by a unanimous vote, they entrusted him with the distribution of large relief funds! *This one-time burglar!*

Just as dishonesty, even undiscovered, harms us indirectly, so honesty helps us indirectly. Suppose a tradesman sends you his check for twenty dollars explaining that you have over-paid him by that amount through some bookkeeping error. How pleased and grateful you are! For years you recommend this man to others. You spread the story of his high integrity. That twenty dollars may bring him back thousands.

And how quickly you rehabilitate in your esteem a man who returns some trifling loan that he has left unpaid for months or years! In an instant you cast out the unfavorable judgment and, by way of atoning for it, you gladly do him a good turn when opportunity offers.

They tell in Chicago an amusing story (I believe it is well authenticated) of a foreigner who started in business with the deliberate intention of being dishonest. He had been a tricky pedler, a manipulator of various flimsy games for fleecing farmers and he had now worked out a scheme to get goods on a ninety-day-credit plan, his idea being to sell all that he could in a temporary shop before his bills fell due and then to depart ingloriously on the eighty-ninth day, leaving his creditors to worry.

But he did so well that towards the end of the third month he decided to repeat the experiment — that is, to pay what he owed and stock up again for another ninety days, not abandoning his crooked plan, however, but postponing it to the end of the second period.

Again his business prospered so that he really could not afford to be dishonest, and once more he paid his bills. This went on for a year or two and gradually, to his great astonishment, this man found himself launched in a successful and honestly conducted business. He had become honest in spite of himself, and not only did he remain honest, but he developed into one of the foremost merchants of Chicago, the rich and conservative head of a great department-store founded on the indisputable proposition that fair dealing to all is the only basis for business efficiency and success.

HAVING read so far, I can imagine a person protesting that I have not yet disposed of the original contention that this land abounds in men of great wealth and power who have achieved their success by dishonest means and have never been made to suffer for their cruelties, injustices and oppressions. What about these giant transgressors, wreckers of railroads, plunderers of insurance companies, tyrants of the mines and oil fields whose operations have been on so huge a scale that the ordinary rules of honesty are not applied to them? In fact, they are not called transgressors at all, but distinguished citizens, philanthropists, patrons of the arts, for they give freely of their easy-money accumulations — what about them? Is there anything in their careers to point the word that honesty is the best policy?

The answer is that we must not be misled by exceptional cases. The mills of the gods grind slowly, and a day of reckoning may come for these arrogant malefactors who know, even though they escape punishment, that they will presently die and be judged by history — judged for exactly what they are. And if they have been harsh oppressors of the people, super-criminals defiant of the law, men who have given the world nothing and taken from the world everything, then history will condemn them and despise them (and their children will share in this odium) as great cheaters in the game of life, receivers of millions that they had not earned and did not deserve.

This knowledge makes their way hard for rich transgressors as they descend the shadowy path that takes them to their last and permanent abiding place among "*undesirable citizens who made oppressive and greedy use of great opportunities.*"

Summing it all up we must conclude that the old morality is sound. Each generation discovers and re-discovers these ancient truths for itself, will not believe them until it has learned by sore experience: pride *does* go before destruction; the way of the transgressor *is* hard; poverty *does* overtake the slothful; people *do* curse a withholder of corn, and he who committeth adultery *is really* void of understanding. Also, beyond all questioning, honesty *is* the best policy.

Coming in February: Edith Wharton's most brilliant novel. It is called "Summer," and will run through seven issues in generous instalments. The story of a great love in a little New England village. Mrs. Wharton's art has never reached a higher level.

In a Japanese Garden

[*Continued from page 19*]

sought his. He, however, steadily regarded the well-kept fingers which, restless, tapped the arm of his chair. And his voice, in reply, hinted the sharpness of controlled irritation.

"I think some fool's been talking to you. That idiot of a doctor, I suppose — he tried some of the same brand on me. I suppose he considers himself a philosopher!"

He laughed; and the girl — though the listening fisherman feared she might — didn't cry. And that dark and sinister presence seemed to hover closer over the flower-decked room.

The flowers attracted the old man's comment when, after some commonplace questions and answers, he rose to leave. Finally he noticed the garden.

"Why do you have this thing so prominent when you've so many beautiful flowers?" he asked. "I'll move over those —— "

"No!" protested the girl quickly. "I like the little Japs. They're so quaint — I adore watching them."

The old man brought his neutral-tinted eyes nearer the garden.

"Who sent it?" he asked.

Why did those tiny red spots come suddenly to her cheeks?

"I don't know," she murmured. "So much has come — I've just asked them to save the cards till later."

Even as she uttered the lie so inexplicable to the listening fisherman, a mysterious light crept into her eyes — starlight washed in dew!

And then the old man, her husband, as he watched her, suddenly dropped that tired, distinguished mask, impetuously leaned down and kissed her.

"God! your eyes!" he breathed. "They haven't been able to change *those!* — eyes to lure men on and master them!"

But that impassioned kiss, evidently, was not exactly what the live princess desired. For, after the old man, her husband, had departed, she began to weep in a low, dispirited way, passionless as the winter rain.

The doctor, when he came again, decided she must have no more visitors for a while; the strain had proved too much. So, all through the endless murky hours of the day, and the longer black hours of the night, she lay there alone but for the nurse, the garden-folk, and the thoughts that saddened her eyes.

The little painted fisherman sat in a maze. So sadly tangled, it seemed, was life in the outer world. Of course the pretty live princess was unhappy; for the old man, her husband, had yellow cheeks and dead, dead eyes. And he didn't love her truly, but for her fragile, fleeting beauty. And this it was which terrified her — but *why?* For, if she didn't love her husband, why should she care to hold *his* love? Why? — when there was that other, who had the red sap of youth in his cheeks and the ardor of youth in his eyes? Why — why?

The little painted fisherman, peering up toward his painted princess, for the first time was almost glad they lived in a lifeless garden. Never a blemish might come upon that lovely painted cheek — or, if so, he might never see! And never might that pompous personage relinquish his smirking bow for a critical, deadened stare, and so bring tears to starry eyes.

Nor, here in the garden, might he, the faithful lover, ever be shut from his beloved's presence.

Compassionate thoughts of that other, shut-out lover, so tall and young and comely, disturbed the fisherman deeply.

And then, one afternoon, after an interminable night had passed, and a golden morning and still afternoon, and night and morning again — when the afternoon was drifting toward its drowsy close, the tall, slim young man at last appeared.

The doctor had said there should be no visitors yet. But when the nurse was summoned out and came back to say who was waiting, the patient pleaded so persuasively that the nurse had to go and bring him.

And the eyes of the live princess, waiting, were as the moon reflected on a shimmering sea; and her lips were as sweet as arbutus blooms. And pain and gloom fled the room; and came soft peace such as fills an orchard at dusk.

Then he entered. And he came straight to the bedside and stood very still, for a long time, it seemed, just staring down at her.

Then he sank to his knees beside her, and buried his face in the coverlet.

"Oh, Lotie!" he said brokenly. "I thought I couldn't bear it — you here suffering — and I couldn't be with you!"

And in the eyes of the live princess that light the most wonderful in the world! Yet, suddenly, came a quick breath or two, and then a little sob.

The young man raised his head.

"Lotie," he pleaded. "Don't cry! I can't bear to see you cry."

A smile glimmered through her tears.

"Won't you please wipe them away, André?" she said happily. "I don't *want* to cry — I'm so happy — but I can't wipe 'em away. I can't move my hands yet, you know."

"Oh, Lotie," he murmured again, touching her white hands with fingers of compassion. Then he took out his big handkerchief and gently wiped away the tears.

By the time that was accomplished, they were both composed again. The girl, now, had found again those laughing eyes of a nymph.

"Thanks so much for the darling garden, André," she said. "I love it — every inch of it. And I've made up a romance about the poor fisherman and the haughty lady on the bridge. And I've named the fishes — let me introduce you to 'Hero' and 'Leander.' Only I don't know which one is the capitivating Hero; and *she* doesn't know enough to stay out of the Hellespont long enough to let her gallant swim to her!"

"You silly little thing!" said the young man. "You adorable, silly little thing! I knew you'd get fun out of the garden."

The girl sighed contentedly.

"It's awfully nice to have someone you can be silly with," she observed.

And then, swiftly, before he could answer, in tones of mock reproach, she went on: "You haven't said a word about my get-up, André. Don't I look like a mummy? I make believe that's what I am — and, of course, I'm the most beautiful and wicked

lady-Pharaoh of them all! *Now*, how silly do you think I am?"

She challenged him with her merry eyes.

"How silly do I think you are?" he echoed soberly. "I think you're the bravest thing in the world."

And then, as he gazed at her like that, gradually the shadow crept back into her eyes till, deep and dark like a forest pool at dusk, they stared back at him.

"No! Don't *you* say that, André. I can't bear to have *you* say it! I'm not brave at all. A woman's *got* to confess the truth to someone — and I can't bear to hold up a mask to you, André. I'm a coward — an ignoble coward! I've been desperate. I'll always be scarred, disfigured! They've tried to ease it off for me — but I *know*. And I've been panic-stricken. About Wilfred. It's been my looks he's always cared for, and — and ——"

The young man suddenly broke in harshly:

"For God's sake! If you mean that he doesn't love *you*, for *yourself* — disfigurement or no disfigurement ——"

"Hush, André — you're speaking too loudly," she reminded; then, with sad composure, she went on:

"It's true. I've always known it. And *now* ——"

"Now," he interrupted impetuously, springing to his feet and flinging his arms wide, "if he acts like a bounder, it lets you free again! And you can come to me!"

He took a quick turn to the window and back, and slid again to his knees beside the bed.

"Oh, Lotie!"

She gave a little laugh, but tears filled up her eyes.

"No, dear," she said. "I nearly ruined your life once — when I threw you over. I don't see how you forgave me. I've never forgiven myself. You should have forgotten me."

"Forget you!" he echoed derisively. "There isn't a man born that could forget you, once he'd seen your eyes!"

"Are you trying to make me hate myself more than I do?" she asked.

"No! no! I want you to be happy — to give yourself a chance. That's all I care for in the world, dear — your happiness."

Even a greater mournfulness seemed to thicken in her eyes.

"That's just the point, André. You see, I'm not worthy at all. I'm such a weak, vain, superficial thing. I want your love — I want it so desperately, dear. That's why I've never been able to be generous to you. And yet — I *can't* give up my flesh-pots — don't you see?"

He caught up her pale hands and pressed them hard in his, as though to press through that tender skin his own conviction.

"Oh, this ghastly world!" he cried. "How we live! — stultified by the false values it crams down our throats, blinded by false splendors, letting slip the precious truths!"

"That's what the doctor said," said the girl. "He's right. You're right. But ——"

"Oh, Lotie! You won't give yourself a chance! You're too fine and sweet to let the world blind you, and trap you, and cheat you! Oh, Lotie! Be true to the finest within you. Just give yourself a chance — that's all I beg."

But he poured out his young ardor and hope and faith in vain. Their voices, broken by emotion, went on and on. Dusk, once again, painted its shadows in the corners of the room; and the flowers drowsed vaguely amidst their unseen perfumes.

And, at last, his shoulders, shorn of their young pride, bowed like an old man, the young man went away.

And, when she was alone, the girl sobbed great, hard sobs which would have touched a heart less human than even a painted figurine's.

When the young fisherman could endure it no longer, he concentrated his attention upon his little painted princess. There she stood — never changing: stately and graceful as the water-willow; and, all he could see of her face, the adorable tilted tip of her nose. Never might he glimpse more.

Many years before a young poet had watched a pair of lovers, caught for centuries immovable upon an ancient vase. And immortally he sang:

"Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal — yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!"

The young fisherman had never heard of Keats. But now, as he glimpsed his unattainable ideal, ever lovely, ever remote from human emotions, he thanked his gods.

The garden showed gracious in the paling light, breathing out tranquil calm. The bridge arched delicately above the lagoon and, beneath, a boat of merrymakers drifted languorously on the water's bosom. Orange-trees and plums and willows cast shadowy images into the still water. Up in the branches above a white bird sat slumbering. And he, on his mossy rock amid the green rushes, sat peacefully casting for the fishes of gold.

So much easier is life in a garden!

Edith Wharton's splendid novel, entitled "Summer," begins in February, with pictures by F. Walter Taylor. Nothing finer has ever appeared in an American magazine — a story of tremendous import and full of the drama of life

The Empty Lifts

by

Archibald Sullivan

THE hurried, hurried crowd has gone;
Each lift is but an empty cage
Vacant of all the animals
That sped the ways of Youth and Age.
I hear their paws on city paths,
Crawling beneath the city star,
Dear God! When animals pass out,
How desolate the cages are!

The bars are down, the trap is closed,
But with the day there will be heard
The stinging bell that breaks the heart
Of every colored earthly bird.
While business roads are purged of love
And commerce chatters loud as sin,
Dear God! the animals return —
Be tender as You drive them in!

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"HAL most popular make."

A. P. Witteman, Philadelphia, Pa.:—
"Supreme car produced in America today."

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